



P. Mignard pinx.

Vertue sc.

*John Baptist
Poquelin, de Moliere.*

Printed for B. Lintot at the Cross Keys in Fleetstreet.



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THE
WORKS

OF

Monsieur de MOLIERE.

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

transl. by John Ozell



*(olden
translation)*

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at
the Cross-Keys, between the Two Temple-
Gates, in Fleetstreet. MDCCXIV.



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SIX VOLUMES



LONDON

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THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *de* MOLIERE.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The PREFACE.

The LIFE of *Mr. de*
MOLIERE.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

The AMOROUS
QUARREL.

The AFFECTED
LADIES.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT,
MDCCXIV.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. de MOULIERE

VOLUME FIRST

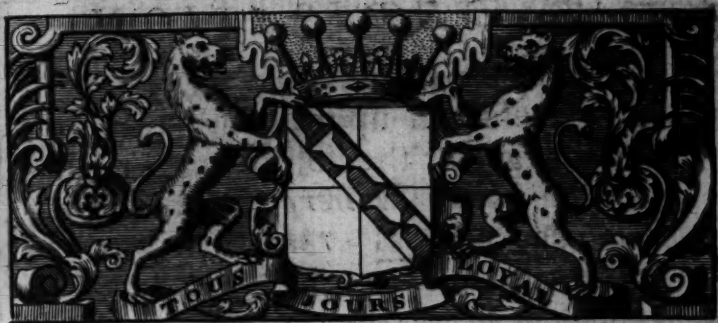
CONTAINING

THE PREFACE
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
THE HISTORY OF THE
THE HISTORY OF THE
THE HISTORY OF THE

LONDON

Printed for HENRY ADLINGTON

MDCCLXXII



To the Right Honourable

L I O N E L

E A R L O F

Dorset and Middlesex.

My LORD,



HAVING the Honour
to be Personally known
to Your Lordship, and
being a Witness of that
Urbanity and Genero-
sity of Temper which
Your Lordship inherits from Your
Ancestors, and for which They
A 3 were

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were ever particularly remarkable, I have presumed upon Your Lordship's Patronage for the following Translation of M. de *Moliere's* Works. *England*, as well as *Italy*, can boast of more than one excellent Comic Writer; but *France* has none but *Moliere* to keep her from envying her Neighbours. His Plays have not only been Translated into *Italian*, but likewise into *High-Dutch*. To the Account of the Author's Life, (which is the only one I have seen) must be added a Circumstance too Glorious for *Moliere* to be forgot, viz. That the *French King*, happening one Day to be speaking of *Moliere* and * *Lully*, after their Deaths, said Sighing, that the Loss of those two Men could never be repair'd.

But to return to Your Lordship. If instead of launching out into the Praises of Your Lordship, I fill this
Epistle

* *Master of Musick.*

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Epistle with Encomiums of your Noble Ancestors, it is what I know will put Your Lordship to less Pain, and will in time be perfectly fulfill'd by Your Lordship; *tandem fit surculus arbor.* A Person of Your Lordship's Natural Endowments and acquired Parts, improved by Travel, and an early Acquaintance with the best Men, cannot fail of making good all that Mr. *Prior* has said of Your Excellent Father, with this Exception, that Your Lordship's Character is perfectly free from those Sallies and *little Violences*, as Mr. *Prior* calls them, which attended the Beginning of his Life.

'Tis with Your Ancestors, my Lord, as with the Family of the *Fabii*. This latter was one of the most Illustrious of old *Rome*, and for several hundred Years had supply'd her with her greatest Men, both for the Gown and Sword, as is testified by all the Latin Writers, some of whom fetch their

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Original from *Hercules*. This Noble Family was, about the 277th Year of *Rome*, reduced to one single Infant, who afterwards was advanced to the chief Employments of that Republick, tho' extreamly young, and gave such Proofs of his Wisdom, that the Senate had no cause to repent of raising him to the Consulate. He was likewise the Father of the greatest Soldiers and Statesmen which *Rome* ever knew. 'Tis of this Infant *Livy* speaks: *Unum prope puberem etate relictum stirpem genti Fabiæ, duhiisque rebus Populi Romani sepe domi belli que vel maximum futurum auxilium.* The same might have been said some few Years ago of Your Lordship, in whose single Person the Stream of the *Sackvilles* was limited, and in danger of being dry'd up. But that Fear is now at an end, and may it never more return! How would it have fill'd with Regret the Breasts of all who revere the Memory of what is Praise-worthy, to see extinguished that Family who came in with the Conqueror,

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ror, as appears by an ancient Manuscript or Chronicle of *Britain*, where he is call'd a *Chieftain*, and is the seventh Man ranked in a Catalogue of Names there. His Family, *Frenchmen* born, had taken their Surname from a Town in *Normandy*, call'd *Sackville*, whereof they were then Lords, and perhaps had been so from Time immemorial. *This Gentleman*, (says a careful Searcher into Antiquity) * *was the Father of three Noble Knights, and of a virtuous and beauteous Lady named Avice, who was marry'd to Walter Lord of Alfage and Huglevill. The eldest Son of these three was Sewer of England, by the Gift of the Conqueror, but lived and died in Normandy. What became of the second I don't find. The younger Son lived in England, and gave, together with his Body, the Manor of Wickham in Suffolk to the Abby of St.*

* This appears not only upon Record in the Tower, and elsewhere, but is confirm'd by undoubted Authorities remaining in the Family at Knowle in Kent; the fullest that any Family in England can produce.

The DEDICATION.

St. John Baptist in Colchester, leaving Issue a Son named Sir Jordan de Sackville, a very eminent Man in the time of King Richard the First, as appears by a Charter of the said King made to the Monks of Bordesley in Buckinghamshire. Sir Jordan de Sackville obtained of King John a Friday Market Weekly, and a Fair once a Year in his Town of Sackville, in Normandy. Hollingshead ranks Jordan de Sackville as a Baron, calling him one of the Assistants to the twenty five Peers of this Realm, to see the Liberties of Magna Charta confirm'd. (By this it appears, they were early Assertors of the Publick Liberty; nor have their Successors in any time since degenerated from that Character.) And a further Proof that they were Men of the first Classis, an Entry in the Red Book of the Exchequer, in the 12th and 13th Years of the said King's Reign, in these words, Hubertus de Aneslie tenet 2. feod in Aneslie & parva Hornmead & dimid. feod. in Aneslie de Honore Richardi

The DEDICATION.

Richard de Sackvyle. (Being Barons, they had Vassals holding under them in their proper Demesnes, which Vassals, according to the Form of Government then Established all over Europe, and which continued for eleven hundred Years, were, in case of War, to wait the motion of the Lords, and not that of the King.) Again, Sir Jordan de Sackville, Knight, Grandchild to the said Jordan de Sackville, was taken Prisoner at the Battle of Evesham, for siding with the Barons (those perpetual Strugglers against Tyranny) in the 49th Year of Henry the Third. This Gentleman's Son and Heir, named Andrew Sackville, being under Age at the time of his Father's Death, and the King's Ward, was likewise imprisoned in the Castle of Dover, An. 3. Edw. I. and afterwards, by the special Command of the said King, did marry Ermyntude, an Honourable Lady, of the Household to Queen Eleanor, whereby he not only gain'd the King's Favour, but the greatest part of his Inheri-

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Inheritance again. To omit their being Founders of several Abbies and Churches in this Kingdom before the Reformation, I shall proceed to the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, to whom they had the Honour to be related in Blood. In her Reign we find that *provident and wise Man Sir Richard Sackville*, or as the People then call'd him *Fill-Sack*, by Reason of his great *Wealth and vast Patrimony*, which he left to his Son *Thomas Sackville*, Lord *Buckhurst*, whereof he spent in his Youth the best part, until the Queen, by her frequent *Admonitions*, diverted the *Torrent of his Profusion*. This last was, says a good Author, a very fine Gentleman of Person and Endowments, both of Art and Nature. His Elocution is much commended, but the Excellency of his Pen more; for he was a Scholar and a Person of Faculties, very Facetious, and Choice in Phrase and Style. He wrote excellent Poems in Latin and English. He stood high in the Queen's Favour, and was wholly

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ly intent on her Service, and such were his Abilities, that she received assiduous Proofs of his Sufficiency, not only by two Embassies, one to France, the other to the Netherlands, but likewise in the Place of Lord High Treasurer of England. Another Historian says of this Thomas who was made Lord Buckhurst, and Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth, and Earl of Dorset, by King James the First, that He had heard many Chequermen say, there never was a better Treasurer, both for the King's Profit, and the good of his Subjects. Robert the Second Earl of Dorset founded an Alms-house in Sussex, and endowed it with 300l. per An in Lands, in the Reign of King James I. The third Earl I think was Richard, who was succeeded by Edward Earl of Dorset, Lord Chamberlain to King Charles the First's Queen, and Knight of the Garter: Of him Sir Kenelm Digby says, He never forgot any thing which deserved a Room in his Memory; and of whom a Nobleman of his own

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own Rank and Order said very aptly and truly, *That when the Earl of Dorset spoke in any Business, he impos'd Oblivion on what was said before him, and Silence on any that should speak after him.* It shou'd have been mention'd, that one of their Ancestors, by Marrying a Daughter and Co-heir of *Ralph de Denne*, Son of *Robert Pincerna*, who held the Lordship of *Buckhurst*, with divers other Manors and Lands in *Sussex* about the Time of the *Norman Conquest*, they have ever since continued Lords of the said Manor of *Buckhurst*, with divers other Manors and Lands in *Sussex*, &c.

As to the Character of Your Lordship's Father, which is so wonderfully well drawn by *Mr. Prior*, I have nothing to say but that I had the Honour of knowing great Part of it to be true, and likewise that Your Lordship resembles him no less in the Qualities

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lties of his Mind, than in his Aspect
and Dignity of Person. Before I
take my leave of Your Lordship, I
ought to acquaint You, that the *Mi-
santhrope* and *Malade Imaginaire*, two
of the following Plays, are translated
by other Persons, whose Names I for-
bear to mention, since they have
thought fit to conceal themselves.

I am, My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

John Ozell.



THE P R E F A C E

Which has always been Prefix'd
to *Moliere's Works.*

Trans. from the 1710 ed. Paris.



I may justly be said that Moliere was a happy and inimitable Genius, and that never any Man better follow'd the Precept which requires that Comedy shou'd instruct at the same Time that it diverts. In rallying Men for their Faults, he taught them how to correct them; and perhaps the Follies he has condemn'd might have reign'd even till now, if the Portraits, which he drew after Nature, had not been so many Mirrors, in which those he ridiculed saw their own Imperfections. His Raillery was fine, and he

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turn'd

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turn'd it in so artful a Manner, that as Satyrical as 'twas, those who were the Subjects of it, were so far from taking Offence, that they themselves laugh'd at the Ridiculousness he had shewn in 'em.

His Name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin; he was born at Paris, and the Son of a Valet de Chambre-Tapisier to the King. In his Nonage he had a Grant of the Reversion of that Office, which he afterwards exercised to the Day of his Death. He went to School at the College of Clermont; and as he had the Advantage to follow the Prince of Conty in all his Classes, the Vivacity of Wit that distinguish'd him from the rest, gain'd him the Esteem and Affection of that Prince, who always honour'd him with his Favour and Protection. The Success of his Studies was such as might be expected from so happy a Genius as his. If he was a very good Humanist, he was a much better Philosopher. The Inclination he had to Poetry made him apply himself to read the Poets with a Particular Application. He was a perfect Master of them, and particularly of Terence. He had chosen him as the most excellent Model he cou'd follow, and never did any Body imitate him so well as he did. Those who conceive the Beauty of his *Miser* and *Amphitryon*, affirm that he has outdone Plautus in both of 'em. When he left the Study of the Law, he chose the Profession of a Comedian, because of the invincible Inclination
he

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he found he had for Comedy. All his Study and Application was only for the Stage. 'Tis sufficiently known already how much he excell'd in it, not only as an Actor, by extraordinary Talents; but as an Author, by the great Number of Works he has left us, and which have all of them their Beauties, suitable to the Subjects he pitch'd upon.

At first he endeavour'd to settle at Paris with several young Men of good Families, who, after his Example, turn'd Actors, by the Title of the Illustrious Theatre; but this Design proving abortive, he was forc'd to Strole thro' the Provinces of the Kingdom, where he began to acquire a very great Reputation.

He went to Lyons in 1653, and there he play'd his first Comedy, L'Etourdi [Sir Martin Mar-All.] Being some time afterwards in Languedoc, he went and offer'd his Service to the Prince of Conty, Governor of that Province, and Viceroy of Catalonia. That Prince, who had a great Esteem for him, and who at that time loved nothing so much as Plays, received him very obligingly, appointed his Company Salaries, and engaged them in his Service, as well for himself as for the States of Languedoc.

The second Comedy of M. de Moliere was acted during the holding of the States of Beziers, under the Title of le Depit Amoureux, [the Amorous Quarrel.]

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In 1658 his Friends advised him to draw nearer to Paris, by bringing his Company into a neighbouring City. This was the Way to make advantage of the Credit his Merit had gain'd him with several considerable Persons, who, espousing his Interest, had promised to introduce him at Court. He spent the Carnaval at Grenoble, from whence he set out after Easter and came to Roüen. There he stay'd all that Summer; and after some private Journies to Paris, he had the Advantage to make his and his Comrades Services agreeable to MONSIEUR, his Majesty's only Brother; who having granted him his Protection, and given him leave to call his Company by the Title of the Duke of Orleans's Company, presented him in that Quality to the King, and to the Queen Mother.

His Companions, whom he had left at Roüen, immediately set out from thence; and on the 24th of October, 1658, they began to appear before their Majesties and all the Court, on a Stage which the King had caused to be prepared in the Guard Room of the old Louvre. *Nicomedes*, a Tragedy of M. Corneille the Elder, was the Play chosen for this great Beginning. Those new Actors did not displease, and the Acting of the Women was particularly approved. The famous Comedians, who at that time possess'd the Hôtel de Bourgogne, were present at that Representation. The Play being ended, Moliere came on the Stage, and after

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after having thank'd his Majesty, in very modest Terms, for his Goodness in excusing his Faults and those of his Company, which cou'd not without trembling appear before so august an Assembly; he said to Him, that the Desire they had to have the Honour to divert the greatest King in the World, had made them forget that his Majesty had in his Service the excellent Originals, of which they were only very faint Copies; but that since He had the Goodness to bear with their Country Manner, he humbly desired Leave to present one of those petty Diversions which had gain'd him some Reputation, and with which he us'd to entertain the Country.

This Compliment, whereof we only relate the Substance, was so agreeably turn'd, and so favourably received, that all the Court applauded it, and was yet more pleas'd with the little Comedy, which was the Amorous Doctor. This Comedy, which was but of one Act, and some others of that Nature, were never Printed; he had written them, upon some pleasant Ideas, but not given them the finishing Strokes, and he thought fit to suppress 'em, so soon as he set about reforming Mankind by his Works. As it had been a great while since there was any talk of Petites Comedies, the Invention seem'd new, and that which was play'd that Day diverted as well as surpris'd all who saw it. M. de Moliere acted the Doctor, and the

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manner in which he acquitted himself of that Character gain'd him so much Esteem, that his Majesty gave Order to establish his Company at Paris. The Hall of the little Bourbon was granted to him, to act Plays there by turns with the Italian Players. This Company, of which Moliere was the Head, and which, as I have already said, took the Title of the Company of MONSIEUR, began to act in Publick the 3d of November, 1658, and represented *l'Etourdi*, and the Amorous Quarrel, which had never been play'd at Paris.

In 1659, M. de Moliere writ the Comedy of *les precieuses Ridicules*, [the Affected Ladies.] It succeeded beyond his Hopes: as it was a Piece containing but one Act, and was play'd after another of five, 'twas acted the first Day at the ordinary Prices; but the People came to it in such Numbers, and the Applauses that were given it were so extraordinary, that the Prices were raised afterwards; which succeeded perfectly well, to the Honour of the Author, and Profit of the Company.

The next Year he writ the Imaginary Cuckold, which had the same Success as the Affected Ladies.

In October the same Year the Hall of the little Bourbon was demolish'd, for that great and magnificent Portal of the Louvre, which all the World now admires. Here Moliere had a new occasion for his Majesty's Favour. The King granted him the Hall of the Palais-Royal

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Royal, where Cardinal Richelieu formerly gave Spectacles that were worthy of his Magnificence. His Majesty's Esteem for him encreased Daily, as well as that of the Courtiers who were best Judges of Wit; the Merit and good Qualities of Moliere making great Progress in every Body's Affection. His being an Actor did not hinder him from serving the King in his Office of Valet de Chambre, which he was very assiduous in. Thus he was look'd upon at Court as a civil well-bred Man, not glorying in his Merit and Interest, accommodating himself to the Humour of those he had to do with, having a liberal Soul; in a word, possessing and exercising all the Qualities of a perfectly worthy Man.

Tho' he was very agreeable in Conversation when he liked his Company, yet he seldom spoke unless he was with Persons for whom he had a particular Esteem: This made those who were not thoroughly acquainted with him, say, that he was addicted to Melancholly: but tho' he spoke little, he spoke well; besides, as he observed the Manners and Customs of People, he afterwards found Means to make admirable Applications of 'em in his Plays, wherein it may be said he rally'd every Body, since he rally'd himself first in several Passages upon his domestick Affairs. This is what his most particular Friends often observ'd.

In 1661 he gave the Comedy of the School for Husbands, and that of les Facheux, [the

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Impertinents;] in 1662, that of the School of Women, and the Criticism of it; and afterwards several other Plays, which acquired him so great a Reputation, that his Majesty having appointed Gratifications, in 1663, for a certain Number of Men of Letters, was pleased to assign Moliere a thousand Livres per annum.

The Company which acted his Plays was so often employ'd to divert the King, that in August 1665, his Majesty thought fit to take them wholly into his Service, by giving them a Pension of seven thousand Livres. Moliere and the Principal of his Companions went to take their Leaves of MONSIEUR, and to thank him for the Protection he had given 'em.

His Royal Highness was glad of the Choice he had made of them, since the King found them capable to contribute to his Diversion, and particularly in all the fine Entertainments which he gave at Versailles, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, Chambord; and at the same time that Prince very obligingly promis'd them the Continuance of his Favour.

The Company changed their Title, and took that of the King's Company, which they ever after retain'd, till their Union with another in 1680.

After it belong'd to his Majesty, Moliere continued to write several Plays, as well for the Diversion of the King as for that of the Publick; and thereby acquired to himself that great Reputation which will immortalize his Memory.

All

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All his Plays are not equally beautiful; but it may be said that in the worst of 'em there are Strokes which cou'd not proceed from any but a great Master; and that those which are look'd upon to be the best, as the Misanthrope, the Tartuffe, the Learned Ladies, &c. are Master-pieces that cannot be sufficiently admired.

That which caused this Inequality in his Works, some whereof are not much regarded in Comparison of the others, is, that he was obliged to confine his Genius to certain Subjects, which were prescribed to him, and to work very hastily, either by the King's Command, or because of the Necessity of the Affairs of his Company; yet this did not lessen the extreme Application and the particular Study he bestow'd upon all the great Parts that he himself acted in his Plays. Never did Man enter so well as he into the natural Action of the Stage. He has exhausted all the Subjects that cou'd furnish him with any thing; and if the Criticks were not all satisfied with the Unravelling some of his Plays, so many Beauties preposess'd the Minds of the Audience in his Favour, that such slight Faults were easily pass'd over.

At length, in 1673, after having succeeded in all the Plays he ever wrote, he gave the Malade Imaginaire, [the Hypochondriack,] by which he finish'd his Course, in his fifty second or fifty third Year. He therein ridiculed the Faculty of Physick in general, after having
ridiculed

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ridiculed the Physicians in particular in several others, where he found a Way to bring 'em in; which made it be said, that the Physicians were to Moliere what the old Poet was to Terence.

When that agreeable Comedy first began to be acted, he was ill of a Defluxion on the Breast, which incommoded him mightily, and to which he had been subject for several Years. He means himself in the fifth Scene of the second Act of the Miser, when Harpagon says to Frosina: I have no great Illness, Thank God; only my Cough which takes me now and then: to which Frosina answers, Your Defluxion don't sit ill upon you; you Cough with a Grace. Yet 'twas that Cough that shorten'd his Days; for he was otherwise of a very sound Constitution, and had it not been for the Accident that left his Disease without any Remedy, he might have conquer'd it.

*The 17th of February 1673, the Day of the fourth Representation of the Hypochondriack, he was so tormented with his Rheum, that he cou'd hardly play his Part; he had much ado to finish it, and the Publick easily found that he was nothing less than what he meant to act; in effect, the Play being done he hasten'd Home, and had scarce time to get to Bed, before the continual Coughing, with which he was troubled, encreased its Violence. He strain'd so hard that he broke a Vein in his Lungs; a
Moment*

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Moment after became speechless, and was choak'd in half an Hour, by the Abundance of Blood that issued out at his Mouth.

Every Body bewail'd so rare a Man, and he is still lamented; particularly by Persons of Taste and Delicacy. He's call'd the Terence of his Age: that Word includes all the Praises that can be given him. He was not only inimitable in the Manner of maintaining all the Characters of his Plays; but he likewise made them particularly agreeable by the Justness which accompany'd the Playing of the Actors; every Look, every Step, every Motion, all was observed with an Exactness till then unknown to the French Stage.

His Death, which is diversly talk'd of, occasion'd abundance of Madrigals or Epitaphs; the greatest part of 'em turn'd upon the Physicians being revenged; who, they pretend, let him die for want of Assistance, out of Resentment for his ridiculing 'em too well in his Comedies.

After Moliere's Death, the King design'd to make but one Company of that which had lost its illustrious Head, and of the Actors who possess'd the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but the different Interests of the Families of the Comedians not agreeing, they desired his Majesty to let 'em remain as they were; which was granted 'em, except as to the Hall of the Palais-Royal, which was appointed for Musical Operas. This Change obliged Moliere's Companions to
look

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look out for another Place; and they establish'd themselves, by the King's Order and Permission, in Mazarin Street, at the End of Guenegaud Street, bearing still the same Title.

The Beginnings of this Establishment were Successful, and their Progress very Advantageous. Moliere's Companions, following the Maxims of their famous Founder, maintain'd their Reputation so much to the Satisfaction of the Publick, that at last the King was pleas'd to joyn to it all the Actors and Actresses of the other Companies of Comedians then at Paris, to make but one single Company of 'em all; those of Marais were incorporated with it in 1673, according to his Majesty's Intentions; and by Order of M. de la Reynie, Lieutenant General of the Police, dated the 25th of June the same Year, that Theatre was suppress'd for ever.

The Comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which had so long born the Title of the only Royal Company, were united with the King's Company on the 25th of August 1680. This was done by his Majesty's Order, given at Charleville the 18th of the same Month, by M. le Duc de Crequy Governour of Paris, First Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber; and confirm'd by a Privy-Seal, dated 21st October.

This Union of the two Companies was so much the more agreeable to his Majesty, as he had a design to bring it about (as has been already

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already related) immediately after Moliere's Death. There is now at Paris only that one Company of Comedians which are entertain'd by his Majesty. They have a House built on purpose in the Suburb of St. Germain, in the Street des Fosses. They act every Day without interruption; which is a Novelty that adds to the Diversions of that noble City, in which, before this Union, there were but three Plays a Week; namely on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, as was always the Practice.

This Company is so numerous, that very often the same Day there is one Play at Court, and another in the City, yet neither Place perceiving that there has been any Division. This makes the Acting much better, since all the good Actors for Tragedy are together, as are all the good Actors for Comedy.



T H E

THE PREFACE

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° *Guineust, f. L. L. G. sieur de*

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O F
M^R *de* M O L I E R E.



HERE is reason to wonder, that no Body ever yet look'd into the Life of *M. de Moliere*, to give us an Account of it. We ought to interest our selves in the Memory of a Man, who has made himself so famous in his Way. How much is our Comic Poetry obliged to him? When *He* began to write, It had neither Order, Manners, Taste, nor Characters; every Thing was defective in it; and we may even now perceive, that had it not been for his superior Genius, Comedy might still have remain'd in the Imperfection which he rais'd it from by the Force of his Fancy, assisted by a profound Reading, and by his Reflections, which he was always very happy in applying. His Plays, which are Acted on so many Theatres, and Translated into so many Languages, will gain him Admiration as long as ever the Stage endures. Yet few People know who this great Man was, and the few Sketches
we

we have had of him, are all so false, or so little labour'd, that they are very short of shewing him such as he really was. Many untrue Stories are told of him. Many of his Contemporaries, for the Honour of being thought his intimate Acquaintance, forge Adventures which they pretend they had in Company with M. *Moliere*. This has given me the more Trouble to find out the Truth; but what I do advance is upon very sure Grounds, and I have spared no Pains to satisfy my self in every thing I relate. I have indeed pass'd by many domestick Facts, which are common to all sorts of Persons; but I have not omitted any that might divert my Reader. I flatter my self that the Publick will be obliged to me for my Labour; since I give them the Life of a Person who so often entertain'd them; the Life of an inimitable Author, whose Memory is dear to all that have Sense to conceive the Beauties of his Works.

M. de *MOLIERE* was called *Jean Baptiste Poquelin*; he was both the Son and Grandson of *Valets de Chambres-Tapisseries* to Louis XIII. They kept their Shop under the *Pilliers des Halles*, in a House which was their own. His Mother's Name was *Boudet*; she too was the Daughter of an Upholsterer [*Tapissier*] in the same Place.

Moliere's Parents brought him up to their own Business, and got him the Reversion of his Father's Place when he was very young; they spared no Pains to put him in a Condition to exercise it well; having no Thoughts of designing their Son for a more lofty Employment: So that he remain'd in the Shop till he was fourteen Years old; and they only taught him to read and write, to fit him for his Trade.

Moliere had a Grandfather who was very fond of him; and the good old Man being a Lover of Plays, often carry'd little *Poquelin* to the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. The Father, fearing least that Diversion might spoil his Son, and take him off from the Attention his Trade required, ask'd the old Man one Day, why he carry'd his Grandson to the Show so often? Have you a Mind to make a Player of him? adds he with some Indignation. Would he were as good a Player, replies the Grandfather, as *Bellerose*!

(a Famous Actor, of those times) This Answer struck the Youth, and tho' he was not intirely resolved what to do, it gave him a very great Dislike for the Profession of an Upholsterer; imagining, that since his Grandfather wish'd he were a Player, he might aspire to something greater than his Father's Trade.

This took such a deep Root in his Mind, that he hated to be in the Shop; so that returning one Day from the Play, his Father ask'd him why he had been for some time so Melancholly? Young *Poquelin* could not refrain from declaring his Sentiments to his Father, and freely own'd he did not like his Trade, and that he should be extreamly glad to be put to School. The Grandfather, who was present at this Discovery, back'd his Grandson's Inclination, by good Reasons. The Father yielded to them, and sent his Son to the College of the Jesuits.

Our little *Poquelin* had such a Genius for Study, that in five Years time he not only went thro' his Humanity, but likewise his Philosophy.

'Twas at that School he grew acquainted with Two Illustrious Men of our time, *M. Chapelle*, and *M. Bernier*.

Chapelle was the Son of *M. Luillier*, tho' he could not obtain to be Heir to the great Wealth he possess'd, because he was afterwards found to be incapable to manage it: therefore he only left him Eight Thousand *Livres per Annum*, in the Hands of Persons who pay'd it him duly.

M. Luillier spared no Cost to give *Chapelle* a good Education; he chose for his Tutor the Famous *M. de Gassendi*, who having observ'd in *Moliere* all the Docility and Penetration, necessary for the Study of Philosophy, took pleasure in teaching him, at the same time as he did *Messieurs Chapelle* and *Bernier*.

Cyrano de Bergerac, whose Father sent him to *Paris* under his own Conduct, to finish his Studies, which he had began but sorrowly in *Gascogne*, scraped Acquaintance with the Scholars of *Gassendi*, having observed how considerable an Advantage it might be to him. Yet he was not admitted into their Society easily. The Turbulent Spirit of *Cyrano* did not agree with those Young People, who had already all the Settledness of Mind that could be wish'd, even in Persons who

who were at full Age. But how was it possible to get rid of one so insinuating, so cunning, and so much a *Gai-com*, as *Cyrano*? He was therefore admitted into the Studies and Conversations with which *Gassendi* entertain'd the Persons just now mention'd. And as *Cyrano* was very greedy of Knowledge, and had a very good Memory, he improved all Opportunities, and laid up a Fund of good Things, which he afterwards drew great Advantages from. Neither did *Moliere* scruple to insert in his Works several Thoughts which *Cyrano* had before used in his. I have a Right, say'd *Moliere*, to seize my own wherever I find it.

When *Moliere* had finished his Studies, he was obliged, by reason of his Father's great Age, to exercise his Office for some time, and he took a Journey to *Narbonne*, in the Train of *Lewis XIII.* The Court did not lessen the Taste he had had from his very Youth for Plays: even his Studies did only serve to promote it. 'Twas very common in those Days for Friends to Act Plays amongst themselves. Some Citizens of *Paris* form'd a Company, whereof *Moliere* was one, and they often Acted for their Diversion. But those Citizens having sufficiently satisfy'd their Pleasure, and thinking themselves good Performers, were minded to get something by their Acting. They fell seriously on considering what Measures to take for the Execution of their Design; and at last they Set up at the *White-Cross Tennis Court*, in the Suburb of *St. Germain*. 'Twas then that *Moliere* took the Name he has ever since been call'd by; but when any one ask'd him why he chose that more than any other, he would never tell the Reason, no, not even to his best Friends.

This new Company of Comedians had no Success, because they would not follow *Moliere's* Advice, whose Discernment was much more clear, than that of Persons who had not been cultivated with so much Care as he.

A Grave Author tells us a Story about *Moliere's* Resolution of turning Actor. He says, that his Relations, alarm'd at so pernicious a Design, sent a Clergy-man to him, to tell him, that he would entirely ruin the Honour of his Family; that he would give his Parents very great Uneasiness; and that he would even endanger his Salvation, by embracing

embracing a Profession which was contrary to good Manners, and which was condemned by the Church: but that after he had sedately hearken'd to this Ecclesiastick, *Moliere* spoke in his turn with so much Solidity in Favour of Plays, that he seduced the Mind of him who came to convert him, and carry'd the Priest along with him as an Actor. This Fact is wholly invented by the Persons from whom M. P** may have had it. And even tho' I were not sure it were false, yet the Reader, after ever so little Reflection, might with me presume that this Story has no Probability in it. 'Tis true *Moliere's* Relations left no Stone unturn'd to divert him from his Design, but all to no Purpose: his Passion for Plays gain'd the Victory over all their Arguments.

Tho' *Moliere's* Company did not succeed, yet in the little time it did appear, he had a sufficient Opportunity to shew the Extraordinary Genius he had for the Stage. And the Prince of *Conty*, who often had him to Act in his Palace, gave him Encouragement; and, having a mind to Honour him with his Protection, order'd him to come to him into *Languedoc* with his Company, to Act there.

This Company was Compos'd of *la Bejart*, her two Brothers, *Gros-Rene*, *Dupar*, his Wife, a *Pastry-Cook* of the Street of *St. Honorius*, Father to *Mrs. de la G***, Waiting-Woman to *de la De Brie*, she too was of the Company, with her Husband, and some others.

MOLIERE, in forming his Company, contracted an intimate Friendship with *LA BEJART*, who before her Acquaintance with him, had had a Child by Monsieur *de Modene*, a Gentleman of *Avignon*, with whom there are very Substantial Reasons come to me from good Hands, to believe she was secretly Marry'd. This Child (a Girl) being continually in Company with *Moliere*, us'd to call him her Husband as soon as she could well Speak; and still as she grew up, *Moliere* was less displeas'd with the Name; not that, to any body's thinking, it promis'd any Consequence. The Mother dreamt of nothing less than what happen'd afterwards; and being only taken up with her Friendship for her pretended Son-in-Law, she saw nothing that could give occasion for reflecting.

Moliere set out with his Company, which met with great Applause at *Lyon*. (in 1653.) where he presented *L' Esourdi* (or *Sir Martin Marr-all*.) the first of his Pieces, which had as much Success as he could wish. Then they pass'd into *Languedoc*, where *Moliere* was very favourably receiv'd by the Prince of *Conty*, who was pleas'd to appoint Salaries to those Comedians.

Moliere acquir'd a great deal of Reputation in that Province, by his three first Performances, *L' Esourdi*, *le Depot amoureux*, & *les Precieuses ridicules*. This did much the more engage the Prince of *Conty* to honour him with his Favour and Liberalities, insomuch that he committed to him the Management of the Entertainments and Publick Spectacles which he gave to the Province, during his holding the States of it. And having soon observ'd all the good Qualities of *Moliere*, his Esteem for him went so far that he would have made him his Secretary. But *Moliere* lov'd Independance, and was so fill'd with the desire of improving the Talent which he was conscious of possessing, that he begg'd the Prince to let him go on with his Playing; and so the Place was given to *M. de Simoni*. His Friends blam'd him for not accepting so advantageous an Employ. "Gentlemen, says he to them, let us never
 "wrest our Inclinations; I am a pretty good Author, if
 "I may believe the Publick; but I may make but a bad
 "Secretary. I divert the Prince by the Spectacles I give
 "him: I should displease him by a Labour that's serious
 "and ill carry'd on. And besides, adds he do you believe
 "that such a capricious Man-hater as I, should be fit to
 "serve a Great Man? My Sentiments are not flexible e-
 "nough for Domesticity. But, which is more than all
 "the rest, what would become of the Poor People I have
 "brought so far? Who shall Conduct them? They reck-
 "on upon me and I should think my self very ungrate-
 "ful should I abandon them. Yet I have heard that *la*
Bejart was what most kept him from accepting the Of-
 "fer, and she, having full Power over his Inclinations hin-
 "der'd him from following the Prince of *Conty*. *Moliere*,
 on his side, was overjoy'd to see himself the Head of a
 Company. 'Twas a great Pleasure to him to manage his
 little

little Common-wealth; he loved to speak in Publick, and miss'd no Opportunity of doing it; so that if but some Supernumerary Man (*as we call them*) happen'd to dye, he made that a handle for an Harangue the next time they Play'd. None of this Pleasure could he have had at the Prince of *Conty's*.

After four or five Years Success in the Country, the Company resolv'd to come up to *Paris*. *Moliere* found himself able to support a Comick Theatre there, and knew he had so well train'd up his Comedians, that he might hope for better Success than he had there before. Besides, he was sure of the Protection of the Prince of *Conty*.

Moliere, therefore, quitted *Languedoc*, with his Company: But he stop'd at *Grenoble*, where he Acted during the whole Carnival. Afterwards they came to *Rouen*, to the intent that being more within the reach of *Paris*, their Merit might the more easily spread thither. Whilst they were here, which was all the Summer, *Moliere* made several Journies to *Paris*, to get himself introduc'd and known to the Duke of *Orleans*, who having granted him his Protection, had the Goodness to present him to the King and to the Queen Mother.

These Comedians had the Honour to Act the Play call'd *Nicomedes*, before their Majesties, in *October* 1658. Their Beginning was successful, and the Actresses especially were liked. But, as *Moliere* well knew that his Company wou'd not outdo that of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* for serious Things; after the Play was over, he came upon the Stage, return'd his Thanks to the King, and desired leave to give him one of the Petty Diversions, which had acquired him some Reputation in the Country: In which he was sure of Succeeding, because he had accusom'd his Company to Act a sort of *Farces* off hand, as the *Italians* did. Amongst others, he had two which all *Languedoc* even the most serious Persons, had throng'd to see. They were the *Three Rival Doctors*, and the *School-master*; which were entirely in the *Italian* way.

The King appear'd satisfy'd with *Moliere's* Compliment, which he had carefully Study'd, and his Majesty gave him leave to Play the first of those two *Farces*, and it was very

very well approved of. The Acting of these Comedians was so much the more agreeable, as that for some time none but serious Pieces had been Play'd at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*: The Pleasure of the *Petites Comedies* was lost.

His Majesty being pleas'd with this Diversion, resolv'd to establish their Company at *Paris*; and in order thereto he gave the little *Bourbon* to these Comedians, to play alternately with the *Italians*. In 1660 they went to the *Palais Royal*, and took the Title of the *Duke of Orleans's Comedians*.

Moliere, who like a Man of Sense always distrust'd his own Ability, was then afraid that his Works would not gain as much Applause in *Paris* as they did in the Country. He was apprehensive that he should here meet with an Audience, as little inclin'd to pardon any Defects as they are now, and who might be no more satisfy'd with him, than he was with himself. And indeed if his Company had not at first excited him to improve the happy Genius they knew he had for Comedy, perhaps he would not have ventured to have his Works made Publick. I can't imagine, said he to his Companions in *Languedoc*, how Men of Sense can be pleas'd with what I give them; for were I in their Place, I'm sure I should not like it. Oh! fear nothing, reply'd one of his Friends to him; if a Man is in a laughing Humour he's tickled with every thing; the Courtier as well as another. The Comedians encourag'd him at *Paris*, as they had done in the Country; and they began to Act in that great City on the Third of November 1658. *L'Etourdi*, the first of his Plays, which he Play'd the same Month, and the *Depit amoureux*, which he gave the December following, were receiv'd with Applause; and *Moliere* entirely gain'd the Esteem of the Publick in 1659, by the *Precieuses ridicules* (*Affected Ladies*) a Work which gave Hopes then of the good Things our Author afterwards produced. That Play, the first time, was Acted at Common Prices; but the next day they were oblig'd to double them, because of the incredible Throng which was at it the first Day. This, as well as the *Etourdi* and *Depit amoureux*, tho' play'd a long time in the Country, had yet at *Paris* the Merit of Novelty.

The

The *Precieuses* was Play'd for four Months running. *M. Menage*, who was at the first Representation of that Piece, judg'd favourably of it. "It was Acted, says he, with a general Applause. For my part, I was so satisfy'd with it, that I even then foresaw the Effect it wou'd shortly produce. Sir, says I to *M. Chappelain* going out of the Play-house, you and I both used to approve the Follies which were just now Criticis'd so nicely and with so much good Sense: but, believe me, we must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burn'd. This came to pass, as I had foretold, and from the very first Acting of this Play, the Town was cured of their Love for Bombast and a forced Style.

One day, when that Play was Acting, an old Man in the middle of the Pit cry'd out, *Cheer up, Moliere; this will Do*. Which plainly shews that Comick Poetry was at that time very much neglected, and that the Publick was tired with the insipid Pieces before *Moliere*, as we have been with such since his Death.

Yet that very Comedy had its Criticks; 'twas said that the Attack was a little too rough: but *Moliere* already knew the Aim of the Stage, which requires bold Strokes to affect the Publick; and this Principle always succeeded, in whatever Character he had a mind to draw.

The 28th of March 1660, *Moliere* presented his *Imaginary Cuckold*, which met with great Success. Yet the little Poetasters of those times, allarm'd at the Reputation which *Moliere* began to have, did all they could to decry this Piece. Some learned, but over-nice Persons likewise pass'd their Censure on it. They said the Title of it was vulgar; and that since he took almost all this Play from Foreigners, he might have chosen a more worthy Subject. The Bulk of the People did not like this, so well as the *Affected Ladies*; the Characters of the former not touching 'em so much to the quick as those of the other. Yet, notwithstanding the Envy of Players, Authors, and noisy Persons, the *Imaginary Cuckold* was received with Applause. A Citizen of Paris, who made a very Handsome Figure in the World, but who was a little disturb'd with the Tattle which the Beauty and Humours of

of his Wife had occasion'd in a pretty Publick manner, fancy'd that *Moliere* had fixt on him for the Original of his *Imaginary Cuckold*. He took it as an Affront, and discover'd his Resentment of it to one of his Friends. What, says he, shall a rascally Player have the Boldness to ridicule a Person of my Condition upon an open Stage? (For the Cit thinks himself as much above an Actor, as the Courtier thinks himself Superior to the Cit.) I'll complain about it, adds he; the Insolence of those Fellows ought in good policy to be suppress'd; they are the Plague of a City; they make their Observations upon every thing, to turn it into Ridicule. The Friend, who was a Man of more Sense, and no Stranger to the matter, said to him, Sir, if *Moliere* did mean You when he Writ his *Imaginary Cuckold*, what Cause have you to complain? He has given it the best turn: and 'twould be well for you if you were only an *Imaginary Cuckold*. The Citizen, tho' not over-satisfy'd with his Friend's Answer, thought better of it, and went no more to see the *Imaginary Cuckold*.

Moliere was not Fortunate in the second new Play he Acted at *Paris*, the 4th of February 1661. Dom. Garcia de Navarre, (or the *Jealous Prince*) had no Success. *Moliere*, as well as the Publick, perceived the Weakness of that Piece, and therefore he would not let it be Printed; nor was it ever added to his Works till after his Death.

This ill Success encouraged his Enemies; they were in hopes that he'd fall of himself, and like other Comick Authors, soon be exhausted. But on the contrary, this gave him only a greater Knowledge of the Taste of the Time, and he accommodated himself entirely to it in the *School for Husbands*, which he gave on the 24th of June 1661. This Piece, which is one of his best, confirm'd the Publick in the good Opinion they had conceived of this excellent Author. 'Twas no longer doubted but that *Moliere* was entirely Master of the Stage, in the Way he had chosen. Yet those that envy'd him could not forbear speaking ill of this Play too. I can't see, (says a Contemporary Author whose Works had been disliked,) where's the Merit of this Performance. 'Tis exactly the *Adelphi of Terence*, any body may Write in this manner, by adding

little of his own, and 'tis getting Reputation very cheaply. But those that talk'd thus were not heeded, and *Moliere* had good reason to be satisfy'd with the Publick, which gave great Applauses to this Comedy; and 'tis one of those which would now be receiv'd with Pleasure, if 'twere Acted with so much Fire and Justness as it was whilst the Author liv'd.

The *Impertinents*, which appear'd at Court in August 1661, and at *Paris* the 4th of November following, entirely gain'd *Moliere* the Superiority over all his Contemporaries who Writ for the Comick Stage. The Diversity of Characters which that Play is full of, and the Liveliness with which they are drawn, carry'd all the Applauses of the Publick. 'Twas confess'd that *Moliere* alone had the Art of Writing true Comedies; he made them diverting and useful at the same time. Yet the Courtiers, as well as the Citizens who conceited they saw the ridiculous parts of their own Characters in *Moliere's* Plays; attack'd the Author on all sides. He overdoes every thing, said they; he is unequal in his Descriptions; his unraveling is bad. Yet nothing could hinder his Success, and the Publick was always for him.

'Tis said in the Preface prefix'd to *Moliere's* Works, that they were not equally Beautiful, because he was oblig'd to confine his Genius to the Subjects that were prescribed him, and to work very precipitately. But I know from very good Grounds that he never had Subjects prescribed him. He had a Magazine of Subjects rough-drawn, by means of the vast number of Farces he had Acted in the Country, and both Court and City daily afforded him such Variety of Originals, that he could not help working, of himself, upon those which struck his Observation most. And tho' he says in his Preface to his *Impertinents*, that he writ that Play in a Fortnight's time, yet I can hardly believe it; for no body study'd with more difficulty than he did, and it has been discover'd that some Divertisements which were required of him, had been made a Year before-hand.

We find in the Remarks of M. *Ménage* that " in the
" Comedy of the *Impertinents*, which, says he, is one of
" the finest *Moliere* ever Writ, the Impertinent Huntf-
D " man,

“ man, which he brings in, is M. de S** : that 'twas
 “ the King who gave him that Subject, as he went
 “ from the Play the first time 'twas acted, which was at
 “ M. Fouquet's“. His Majesty seeing M. de S** pass by, said
 to Moliere, There's an Original which you have not yet
 Copy'd. I could never find out whether this Fact be true
 or no; but I have been better inform'd than M. Menage,
 as to the manner how that fine Scene of a Huntsman
 was Writ. Moliere did no more than versify it: for being
 unacquainted with Hunting, he excused himself from
 trying at it. Wherefore a Person, who, for some particu-
 lar Reasons, shall be nameless, dictated it all to him in a
 Garden; and M. de Moliere having put it into Verse, made
 the best Scene of his *Impertinents* of it, and the King took
 a great deal of Pleasure in seeing it Acted.

The *School for Women* appear'd in 1662, with but little
 Success: the Audience was divided; the Women, who
 thought themselves affronted, Seduced as many of the
 Wits as they could, to judge of it as they did. But what
 essential Fault can you find in this Play, says one that un-
 derstood it, to a Courtier of Distinction? Oons! What
 Fault can I find in it, quothà! says the Courtier: *Cream*
Tart, Zblood, *Cream Tart*! But *Cream Tart*, replies the
 Man of Sense, is not such a Fault, that the Play ought to
 be damn'd for it. *Cream Tart* is execrable, replies the
 Courtier. *Cream Tart*! Good Lord! Can any Man of Com-
 mon Sense defend a Play that has *Cream Tart* in it? This
 Expression was echoed amongst all the petty Wits both
 of Court and City, who never favour any thing, and who
 being incapable of perceiving the Beauty of a Work, lay
 hold on some weak part, to attack an Author who is far
 above their Reach. Moliere, being enraged in his turn at
 the foolish Criticisms that were made of his Play, collect-
 ed them, and made of them the *School for Women Critici-
 zed*, which was acted in 1663. This Comedy pleased the
 Publick; it was to the Taste of the Time, and ingen-
 iously work'd up.

The *Impromptu of Versailles*, which was first Play'd be-
 fore the King on the 14th of October 1663, and at Paris
 on the 4th of November the same Year, is only a Satiri-
 cal

cal Conversation amongst the Players, in which *Moliere* lashes those Courtiers whose Characters he did not like; as also the Comedians of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and all his Enemies.

Moliere, whose Manners were Simple and Natural, could not bear the Busic, Flattering, Backbiting, Uneasy, Impertinent, Dissembling Courtier. In his *Impromptu* he agreeably lashes those Gentlemen, who could never forgive him; for he exposes their depraved Taste, and endeavours to prevent, or remove, what Effect their Judgment of his Works might have on the Publick.

But he especially tries to ridicule a Piece call'd, *the Painter's Picture*, which M. *Boursaut* had Writ against him; and to shew the Ignorance of the Players of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* as to Declamation, by imitating them so naturally, that it was plainly seen whom he meant. He spared none but *Floridor*. He had very great cause to accuse them of an ill Taste; they were ignorant of every Principle of their Art, nay, they hardly knew it had any. All their Acting consisted only in a bombastick emphatical Pronunciation, with which they repeated all their Parts alike; there was neither Motion nor Passion in their Playing: and yet the *Beauchanteaus*, the *Mondoris*, were Applauded, because they rumbled out a Verse in a pompous big-sounding strain. *Moliere*, who understood Action in its Principles, was struck with Indignation at such irregular Performances, and at the Applauses which the Ignorant Publick gave them; wherefore he endeavour'd to make his Actors speak naturally. Before him, for Comedy, and before M. *Baron*, whom he instructed in Serious parts, as I shall by and by shew, the Acting of the Players was despicable to persons of nice Taste; and to our grief we find that most of our present Actors, destitute of the Study which should maintain them in the Knowledge of the Principles of their Art, begin to depart from those which *Moliere* had established in his Company.

The Difference in Acting had rais'd a Jealousie between the two Companies. The Town flockt to that of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, the Tragick Authors carry'd almost all their Works thither; *Moliere* was nettled at it, and hearing

that they were to Act a New Play in two Months, he took it in his Head to get one ready against that time, to vie with the old Company. He remembred that about a Year before, a young Man had brought him a Play call'd *Theagenes and Chariclaa*, which indeed was good for nothing, but which shew'd that that young Man might in time become a good Author. He did not dishearten him, but advis'd him to make himself perfect in Poetry, before he ventured his Works in Publick, and bade him come to him again in six Months. During that time *Moliere* had form'd the Design of the *Freres Enemies*; but the young Man had not yet appear'd, and when *Moliere* wanted him he could not tell where to find him; he desired his Actors to search him out by all means. They found him. *Moliere* gave him his Project, and beg'd him to let him have an Act every Week, if possible. The young Author, who was warm and willing, did as *Moliere* desir'd. But he observ'd he took it almost all from the *Thebais* of *Rotrou*. He was told that there was no Glory in filling his Work with another Man's; that *Retrou's* Piece was still fresh in the Memory of the Spectators, and that having so good a Genius, he ought to gain himself Honour by his first Work, that the Publick might be the more favourably dispos'd to receive better. But the time pressing, *Moliere* help'd him to alter what he had stolen, and to finish the Piece, which was ready by the time, and which was the more applauded, in favour of the unripe Years of *M. Racine*, who was Animated by Praises and by the Present *Moliere* made him. Yet they did not long maintain a good Understanding together, if 'tis true that 'twas *Moliere* who wrote the Criticism of *Andromache*, as *M. Racine* believ'd: he esteem'd that Work as one of the best of the Author's; but *Moliere* had no hand in that Criticism, 'tis *M. de Subligny's*.

The King, being sensible of *Moliere's* Merit, and the particular Diligence he us'd to divert his Majesty, honour'd him with a Pension of a thousand *Livres*. This Benevolence encouraged *Moliere*, and he believ'd that now he might think favourably of his own Works, and so resolv'd from that time to go upon greater Characters, and

and to follow the Taste of *Terence* a little cloſer than he uſed to do, gave himſelf more up to the Converſation of Courtiers and of the Learned, who were no leſs fond of his Company: And they had the Satisfaction of finding in his Acquaintance even more Solidity than there was in his Works. And which was moſt agreeable to his Friends, he was of an inviolable Probity, and of an uncommon diſ-interſtedneſs in all his proceedings. No body could have deſired a more happy Situation than he was in for ſome Years both at Court and at *Paris*. Yet he imagined that his good Fortune would be more perfect, if he ſhared it with a Wife; he had a mind to ſatiſſie the Paſſion which the growing Charms of *la Bejart's* Daughter had nourish'd in his Heart in proportion as ſhe grew up. That young Maid had all the Agreeableneſs that could engage a Man, and all the Wit neceſſary to fix him. *Moliere*, from the Amuſements that a Man has with a Child, paſs'd to the moſt violent Love that a Miſtreſs could inſpire. But he knew that the Mother had different Ends, which 'twould be hard to diſappoint. She was a haughty unreaſonable Woman when her Will was oppoſed; and had rather be *Moliere's* Friend than his Mother-in-law; therefore he'd have ſpoilt all, if he had declared his Deſign to Marry her Daughter. He choſe rather to do it without letting her know any thing of the matter: But ſhe being very vigilant, he could not conſummate his Marriage for above nine Months time; it would have been venturing a Noiſe which he would above all things avoid; ſo much the more as *la Bejart*, who ſuſpected him of ſome Deſign upon her Daughter, often threaten'd him, like a furious Termagant, to deſtroy him, her ſelf and her Daughter, if ever he thought of Marrying her. Yet the young Woman could not bear her Mother's Rage, who was continually tormenting her, and made her undergo whatever ſhe thought diſagreeable to her: ſo that, perhaps more weary with expecting the Pleaſure of being a Wife, than with ſuffering the Hardſhips her Mother impoſed upon her, ſhe one Morning flew into *Moliere's* Apartment, and reſolv'd not to leave it till he had own'd her for his Wife; which he was oblig'd to do. But this cau-

fed a terrible Confusion; the Mother appear'd perfectly Mad; as if *Moliere* had Marry'd her Rival, or as if her Daughter was in the Hands of a Vagabond. Yet she must be appeased, there was no other Remedy; and Reason told her, that the greatest Happiness that could befall her Daughter, was to Marry *Moliere*, who by this Marriage lost all the Pleasure his Merit and Fortune might have procured him, if he had had but Philosophy enough to have continued in the condition he was in.

She was no sooner Mrs. *Moliere*, but she imagined herself equal to a Dutchess; and the moment she appear'd on the Stage every idle Courtier made Love to her. It is very hard for a Player, who is handsome, and studies to set her self off, to keep on her Guard so well as to give no handle to any one to Attack her. Let but an Actress pay to a great Man the Complaisance that's due to him, there's no grains of allowance, he must presently be her Gallant. *Moliere* fancy'd that both Court and City had a Liking to his Wife, and she took no care to undeceive him; on the contrary, the extraordinary pains she took in her Dress, which he thought was not to please him alone, who did not require so much Exactness, only encreased his Suspicion and Jealousie. His representing to her how she ought to carry herself, that they might live happily together, wrought no effect upon her. She did not at all improve by his Lessons, but thought them too severe for one that was young, and who besides was innocent. Thus *Moliere*, after he had undergone a great many Coldnesses and Domestick Jarrs, did all he could to shut himself up in his Business and in his Friends, without troubling himself about his Wife's Conduct.

The Princess of Elis, which was Acted during a great Feast that the King gave the Queen and his whole Court in May 1664, did *Moliere* all the Honour he could have expected from it. That Play reconciled him with the angry Courtier; it appear'd in a time of Pleasure, the Prince applauded it, and *Moliere* was esteemed inimitable at Court; Justice was done him on all sides, the Sentiments he had given to his Characters, his Verse, his Prose (for he had not time to versify the whole piece) was all thought ex-

cellent

cellent from one end to t'other. But the *Forced Marriage*, which was Acted the last day of the King's Festival, met not with the same Applause from the Courtier. Did one and the same Author write these two Plays: said they? This Man loves to speak to the People; he'll never leave it off; he thinks himself still in the Country. Notwithstanding this Criticism, which perhaps had some reason on its side, *Sganarelle* with his Expressions made the Courtier laugh.

The *Princess of Elis*, and the *Forced Marriage*, had likewise their Praise at *Paris* in *November* of the same Year; but a great many People disliked the latter, which would not have gone down if any other Author had Writ it, and if it had been Play'd by any other Comedians than those of *Moliere's* Company, who by their Acting made the most common Thing pleasing to the Citizens.

Moliere, who was used to present the Publick with Novelities ventur'd his *Festin de Pierre*; or the *Libertine*, the 15th of *February* 1665. It was judged of then as it is now. And *Moliere* had the Prudence not to let that Play be Printed, since 'twas at that time so ill approved of.

It has often been disputed, whether *Moliere* lash'd the Physicians for Humour or in Revenge. Take the Solution of that Problem as follows. He lodged with a Physician. This Man's Wife, an extremely Covetous Woman, often told Mrs. *Moliere* she would raise her Rent. She, thinking 'twas an Honour to the Physician's Wife that she would lodge with her, did not mind her: so that her Apartment was let to *la Du-Parc*, and Mrs. *Moliere* had Warning given her. This was enough to breed a Quarrel amongst those three Women. *La Du-parc*, to get her Landlady's Good-will, gave her a Ticket to see a Play; she made use of it joyfully, because the sight would cost her nothing. She was no sooner come into the Play-house, but Mrs. *Moliere* sent two Guards to put her out; and took the pleasure to go and tell her, that since she drove her out of her House, she in her turn could send her out of a place where she was Mistress. The Physician's Wife, who was more covetous than capable of Shame, chose rather to go home again than to pay for her Place. Such

an Affront as this made a Noise; the Husbands took up the Cudgels; so that *Moliere*, who was easily persuaded by those he loved, irritated against the Physician, writ in five days time the Comedy of *Love the best Physician*, with which he diverted the King on the 15th of September 1665, and which he Acted at *Paris* the 22d of the same Month. 'Tis true, this Piece did not add to the Merit of its Author, and *Moliere* knew it, since, when he Printed it he prepos'd his Reader as to the short space of time he wrote it in, and how little Pleasure the reading of it would be to any one.

After that, *Moliere* never spared to maul the Physicians upon every Opportunity. 'Tis certain, he had but little Confidence in their Skill, and made use of them but very rarely; for I have heard that he was never Blooded in all his Life; and 'tis related in two Books of Remarks, that *M. de Mauvillain* and he being at the King's Dinner at *Versailles*, his Majesty said to *Molliere*. There's your Physician, what does he do to you? "Sir, reply'd *Moliere*, "we argue with one another; he prescribes me Remedies; "I don't take them and recover. I have been inform'd that *Moliere* defin'd a Physician to be one who was paid for talking Jargon to his Patient, till Nature had either cured him, or the Prescriptions kill'd him. Yet a Physician who was Contemporary with *Moliere*, and was acquainted with him, would fain rob *Moliere* of the Honour of that Definition, and has assured me he himself was the Author of it. *M. de Mauvillain* is the Physician for whom *Moliere* made the third Petition, which is before his *Tarzuffe*, when he beg'd of the King a Canonicate of *Vincennes* for the Son of that Physician.

It was *Moliere's* whole Study to make his Company the best. He had good Actors for Comedy; but not such for Tragedy, as he could have desired. A favourable Opportunity presented it self whereby he might fulfil his Intentions, and gratifie the pleasure he took in doing good to those who deserved it. *M. Baron* was always one of those happy Objects that touch at the first View. I flatter my self that he won't take it ill if I relate how he gain'd *Moliere's* Friendship; 'Tis one of the finest passages of

of the Life of a Man, whose Memory ought to be dear to him.

An Organist of *Troyes*, call'd *Raisin*, who was very much bent upon getting Money, procur'd a Spinette made with three Keys, almost three Foot long, and two and a half broad, with a Body whose Hollow was twice as large as that of ordinary Spinettes. *Raisin* had Four very pretty Children, two Boys and two Girls, and he had taught 'em to play on the Spinette. When he had brought his Idea to Perfection, he left his Organist's Place and came to *Paris* with his Wife, his Children and his Spinette. He got a License to shew the Sight he had prepared, at the Fair *St. Germain's*. His Bills, which promised a Prodigy of Mechanism in a Spinette that would play of it self, got him Company enough the first time to blaze it self abroad, that nothing was ever so amazing as *Raisin's* Spinette. People crowd to see it; every Body admires it; every Body is surprized at it, and few People cou'd divine the Trick of this Instrument. At first, little *Raisin*, the Eldest, and his Sister *Babet*, placed themselves each at a Key, and play'd a short Tune, which the third Key repeated of it self from one End to t'other, the Children holding up their Hands. Afterwards their Father sent them away, and wound up the Instrument by means of a Wheel, which made a great Racket in the Body of the Machine, as if it contain'd a great many Wheels, necessary to execute his Design. He often moved it from one Place to another, to take away all Suspicion. Soho! Spinette, (cry'd he to it when every thing was ready) Play me such a Courante. Immediately the obedient Spinette play'd it, quite thro'. Sometimes *Raisin* interrupted it, saying; Hold Spinette. If he bid it go on, it went on; if he order'd it to play another Tune, it play'd it; to stop, it stop'd.

All *Paris* was full of this little Prodigy; the Superstitious believed *Raisin* to be a Conjuror; even the most Presumptuous cou'd not guess it. Mean while, the Fair was worth above twenty Thousand Livres to *Raisin*. The Noise of this Spinette reach'd the King; his Majesty saw it, and admired the Invention of it. He caus'd it to be carry'd into the Queen's Apartment, that she might see such a Novelty.

ty. But it frightned her Majesty so, that the King immediately caused the Body of the Spinette to be open'd, and there issued out of it a little Child of about Five Years Old, as handsome as an Angel. 'Twas *Raisin* the Younger, who was immediately caress'd by the whole Court. 'Twas time for the poor Child to be out of his Prison, for he had been so straitned for five or six Hours, that the Spinette had contracted an ill Smell by it.

Tho' *Raisin's* Secret was discover'd, yet he resolv'd, if possible, to get more Money by his Spinette the next Fair. In the mean time he Publish'd the same Show as the Year before; but he promised besides to discover his Secret, and to join another little Diversion to that of his Spinette. This Fair was as successful to *Raisin* as the first. He began his Spectacle by his Machine, after which the Three Children danced a Sarabrand; then he presented a Comedy, which these Three Children and Others Acted, some well, some ill. They had two short Farces, which they got by Heart, *Tricassin the Rival*, and the *Blackpudding of Troyes*. This Company took the Title of the *Dauphin's* Comedians, and they throve for some time.

I know that this Story is not entirely of a Piece with the Subject; but I judg'd it so singular, that I thought the Reader would not be displeased with me for giving it him. Besides we shall soon see, that it has a Relation to some Particularities that regard *Moliere*. Whilst this new Company was exerting it self, young *Baron* Boarded at *Villejuif*; and an Uncle and Aunt, who were his Guardians, had already wasted the greatest Part of what his Mother had left him, and there remaining but little more for 'em to consume they wanted to get rid of his Person. They had a Law-suit in his Name: Their Attorney, who was call'd *Margane*, had a mighty Love for Poetry: A Piece of his, call'd *The Plump Nymph*, which was publish'd, sufficiently shew'd his sorry Talent that way. One Day he ask'd *Baron's* Uncle and Aunt what they meant to do with their Pupil. We don't know, said they; he has not yet disclos'd his Inclination; but he is always repeating of Verses. Well, replies the Attorney, and why don't

Don't you put him into the *Dauphin's* Little Company, which has so much Success? They laid hold of this Advice, more to get rid of the Child, than that they might the more easily spend the rest of his Estate; than with design to improve his natural Talent. They put him out therefore for Five Years in *Mrs. Raisin's* Company, for her Husband was then dead. That Woman was glad of a Child capable of answering their Expectations; and she made this Contract so much the more greedily, as being incited to it by a Famous Physician of *Troyes*, who espousing the Interest of that Widow, thought *Baron* might contribute to their Establishment, being the Son of one of the best Actresses that ever was. *Baron* appear'd upon *Mrs. Raisin's* Stage with so much Applause, that he drew a greater Concurrence of People than the *Spinette* did. 'Twas wonderful that a Child of but Ten or Eleven Years Old, without ever being taught the Principles of Declamation, should heighten a Passion so artfully as he did.

Mrs. Raisin set up a Stage, near the Fair, by the Old *Hôtel de Guenegaud*; and she did not leave *Paris* till she had pick'd up Twenty Thousand Crowns. She thought she should have as much Success in the Country; but at *Rouen*, instead of preparing a Theatre, she consumed what Money she had, with a Gentleman belonging to the Prince of *Monaco*, named *Oliver*, who loved her to Distraction, and who follow'd her wherever she went; so that in a very little time her Company was reduc'd to a miserable Condition. Thus being destitute of Means to Act at *Rouen*, *la Raisin* came up again to *Paris* with her Little Comedians, and her *Oliver*.

Having nothing to fly to, and knowing *Moliere's* generous Temper, she went and desir'd him to lend her his Theatre only for Three Days, that what little she got by her three Actings, might serve to set up her Company again. *Moliere* granted her Request. The first Day was more Lucky to her than she cou'd have expected; but those who had seen young *Baron* act, spoke of him so advantageously, that the second Day he appear'd on the Stage, the Place was so crowded, *Mrs. Raisin* got above a Thousand Crowns by it.

Moliere,

Moliere, being indisposed, cou'd not see *Baron* the two first Days; but every Body praised him so much to him, that he caus'd himself to be carry'd to the *Palais Royal* at the third Representation, notwithstanding his Illness. The Comedians of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* were there One and All, and were no less surpriz'd at the young Actor, than the Publick was, especially *la Du-Parc*, who immediately became his Friend, and made very great Preparations to Treat him at Supper that Night. The young Spark hardly knowing how to receive so many Caresses, promised that Actress he'd go to her House. But *Moliere* broke off that Appointment, and invited him to Sup with him. No body durst contradict his Will; and the Actors had so much Deference for him, that *Baron* durst not say he was engaged, nor did *la Du-Parc* take it ill that he fail'd her. They all thought this good Reception wou'd be the making of *Baron*, who was no sooner at *Moliere's* House, than *Moliere* sent for his Taylor to make him a Suit of Cloaths, (for his were but mean) and bad the Taylor let it be a very handsome one, and ready by the next Morning. *Moliere* did nothing but observe and question *Baron* all Supper-time, and caus'd him to Lie at his House, the better to know his Temper by Conversation, that he might the more securely place the Benefit he intended him.

About Nine the next Morning the Taylor brought a compleat Suit for *Baron*. He was amazed, and overjoy'd to see himself so well Equipp'd on a sudden. The Taylor told him he should go down into *Moliere's* Apartment and Thank him. 'Tis my Intention so to do, replies the Youth, but I believe he is not up yet. The Taylor having assured him of the contrary, he went down, and made a Compliment of Acknowledgment to *Moliere*, who was very well satisfy'd with it, and not being contented with what he had done for him, he gave him six *Louis-d'or*, to spend as he thought fit. All this was like a Dream to a Child of Twelve Years Old, who had been for a long time in the Hands of Persons who had given him no very good Usage; and it had been enough to spoil his Genius for the Stage, if he had remain'd in such ill Hands. 'Twas this that touch'd *Moliere*. He was glad that

that he was in a Condition to do good to a young Man who seemed to have all the Qualities necessary to profit by the Care he meant to take of him; besides, 'twas for his Interest not to let slip so favourable an Opportunity of supporting his Company, by joining *Baron* to it.

Moliere ask'd him, what he most desired at that time? To stay with you the rest of my Days, reply'd *Baron*, to shew you my Gratitude for the Favours you have bestow'd upon me. Well, says *Moliere* to him, 'tis done; the King must now granted me an Order to take you out of the Company you are in. *Moliere*, who was up at Four in the Morning, had been at St. Germain, to beg his Majesty to grant him that Favour; and the Order was immediately issued out.

'Twas not long, before Mrs. *Raisin* was acquainted with her Misfortune. Animated by her *Oliver*, she went suddenly next Day into *Moliere's* Chamber, with a Pistol in each Hand, and told him she wou'd shoot him through the Head, if he did not give her her Actor again. *Moliere*, without being at all mov'd, bid his Servant take away that Woman. All of a sudden, from Rage she fell into Grief; the Pistols drop'd out of her Hands, and she threw her self at *Moliere's* Feet, conjuring him with Tears in her Eyes, to restore her her Actor; and told him the Misery that she and her Family must inevitably be reduc'd to, if he kept him from her. What would you have me do, says he to her? 'Tis the King's Pleasure that I take him out of your Company; there's his Order. She, finding there was no Hopes, desired *Moliere* at least to let *Baron* Play Three Days more in her Company. Not only three, reply'd *Moliere*, but Eight, upon Condition that he does not go Home with you, and that I send a Man with him to bring him back again so soon as the Play's done. This he did for fear she and *Oliver* might seduce the Youth to go along with them. She was obliged to consent to it; but those eight Days got her a great deal of Money, with which she settled near the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but the Particulars and Success of that is Foreign to the Subject in hand.

Moliere,

Moliere, who loved good Morals, was no less careful to form those of *Baron*, than if he had been his own Son; and he diligently cultivated the extraordinary Disposition the Youth had for Declamation. The Publick knows as well as I, to what a degree of Perfection he raised him. But 'tis not in that alone he has shew'd us how well he knew to improve himself by the Lesson of so great a Master. Who, since *Moliere's* Death, has supported the Comic Stage more than *M. Baron*?

The King was so pleased with the frequent Diversions which *Moliere's* Company gave him, that in *August 1665*, his Majesty thought fit to fix them entirely in his Service, by giving them a Pension of Seven Thousand Livres. Then they took the Title of the King's Company, which they have kept ever since, and have Acted at all the Publick Feasts wherever his Majesty was.

Moliere, on his Side, spared no Pains to maintain and encrease the Reputation he had acquired, and to make some Returns for the Love the King had for him. He consulted his Friends; he attentively weigh'd every thing he wrote; nay, whenever he had a Mind that any Scene should please the common Part of the Audience, as well as the other, he read it to his Servant Maid to see if she was touch'd with it. Yet he did not always please the Publick at first, as he found in his *Miser*. It was scarce acted Seven times. The Prose disgusted the Audience. How! said a certain Duke, is *Moliere* turn'd Fool? What does he take us for, that he shou'd think we cou'd endure Five Acts of Prose? Was ever such a Piece of Impertinence known? How is it possible to be diverted with Prose! But *Moliere* was well Revenged on that Unjust and Ignorant Audience some Years afterwards; he acted his *Miser* a Second time, the 9th of *September, 1668*: People flock'd to see it, and it was acted almost all the Year through; so true it is that the Publick seldom taste a good thing when 'tis out of the common Road. Five Acts of Prose at first put them out of Humour; but Reading and Reflecting on it pleased them again, and they crowded to see what in the Beginning they had despised.

Yet

Yet these unjust Party-Judgments, and the Posture *Moliere's* Domestic Affairs were in, did not fail to disturb him, notwithstanding the Favour his Prince shew'd him, and the Esteem his Friends held him in. His Marriage diminish'd *la Bejart's* Friendship towards him, instead of cementing it; so that he plainly saw his Mother-in-law had no longer any Love for him, and he imagin'd that his Wife was ready to hate him. The Humours of those two Women were so contrary to *Moliere's*, that unless he would entirely subject himself to their Conduct and Humour, he must not expect to enjoy any agreeable Moments with them. The Favours *Moliere* heap'd upon *Baron* displeas'd his Wife. Without troubling herself about returning the Friendship she expected from her Husband, she cou'd not bear that he shou'd have a Kindness for that Boy, who being but Thirteen Years old, had not all the Prudence that was necessary to behave himself rightly to a Woman for whom he ought to have had some Respect. He saw that he was belov'd by the Husband; that he was necessary in his Plays; care's'd by the whole Court; and therefore he hardly car'd whether he pleas'd Mrs. *Moliere* or no. She cared as little for him, and one Day she gave him a box on the Ear, upon a very slight Occasion. The Youth was so enraged at it that he left *Moliere's* House; thinking it touch'd his Honour to be beaten by a Woman. This puts the whole House into an Uproar. Is it possible, says *Moliere* to his Wife, that you cou'd be so Imprudent as to strike so sensible a Child as you know him to be; and at a time too when he had a Part to get of six hundred Verses in the Play which we are shortly to Act before the King? She gave a great many snappish Reasons for what she had done; and *Moliere* thought it his best way not to Answer them; he only try'd to appease the Youth, who was fled to Mrs. *Raisin*. But nothing cou'd bring him back again, he was too angry; yet he promised to act his Part, but he wou'd not go to *Moliere's* House any more. He had the boldness to ask leave of the King, at *St. Germain*, to retire, and without Reflecting, he put himself again into the Company of Mrs. *Raisin*, who had encouraged him to continue firm in his Resentment.

La Raisin took a Resolution to strole through the Country with her Company, which succeeded every where because of her Actor. But that Company fell into Disorder. A better was afterwards form'd, in which was *Mademoiselle de Beauval*; *Baron* thought fit to enter himself in it. Yet his Head ran upon nothing but *Moliere*; Age and Change shew'd him how much he was obliged to him, and how ill he did to leave him. He did not conceal his Sentiments, and said publicly that the Reason why he did not endeavour to be reconciled to him, was, because he knew he was unworthy of it. This was told to *Moliere*, who was mightily pleas'd at it, and not being able to resist the Desire he had to bring him again into his Company, which stood in need of him, he wrote a very affectionate Letter to him to *Dijon*; and as if he was sure that *Baron* wou'd do as he desired, and return the Kindness he shew'd him, he sent him a new Order from the King, and desired him to set out Post, that he might be with him the sooner.

Moliere had been very uneasy in *Baron's* Absence; the Education of that young Man was an Amusement to him at his Leisure Hours. His Domestick Jars encreased every Day. He cou'd not always Study, nor be with his Friends to unbend himself. Besides he lov'd neither Number nor Constraint; he had nothing to amuse him, and ease his melancholy Mind. His saddest Reflection was, that having begun to get the Reputation of a Man of Sense, his Enemies shou'd be able to hit him in the Teeth that his Family was ne'er the better managed, nor more orderly. Thus he look'd upon the Return of *Baron* as a familiar Amusement, with which he might with the more Satisfaction lead an easy Life conformable to his Health and Principles, free from the foreign Train of a Family, and even of Friends, who by their undesired Presence often rob us of the most agreeable Hours of our Life.

Baron was no less desirous to return than *Moliere* was to receive him; he set out as soon as ever the Letter came to his Hand; and *Moliere*, that he might have the Pleasure of seeing his young Actor some Moments the sooner

sooner, waited for him at the Gate St. *Victor* all the Day that he was to be in Town. But he did not know him again. The Country and Riding had so harra's'd and disfigur'd him, that he let him pass by without knowing him, and return'd home very melancholy after he had stay'd a great while. Being return'd to his House, he was agreeably Surpriz'd to find *Baron* there, who cou'd not utter the Compliment he had prepared on the way, for the Joy he had to see his Benefactor.

Moliere ask'd *Baron* if he had any Money. He answer'd he had none but what was left loose in his Pocket; because he had forgot to take his Purse from under the Bolster of his Bed at the Inn where he lay last; that he remember'd it afterwards; but that the Desire he had to see him would not let him go back again to look for his Money. *Moliere* was glad that *Baron* was not ungrateful. He sent him to the Play; but bade him wrap himself so in his Cloak that no Body might know him; because he was not dress'd handsome enough (though very neatly) in the Opinion of a Man who look'd upon him as the most agreeable Person in his Plays. *Moliere* spared nothing to replace him in his former Lustre. He took the same Care of him as he did at first; and it cannot be imagined what Pains he bestowed to form him in his Manners as well as in his Profession. See here an Example of it, which is one of the finest Actions of his Life.

A certain Person, whose true Name was *Mignot*, and *Mondorge* his acting Name, being in want, resolv'd to go to *Hauteville*, where *Moliere* had a House, and where he then was, to try to get some Relief from him for the pressing Necessities of his Family, which was in a miserable Condition. *Baron*, whom *Mondorge* address'd himself to, easily perceived his Want; for that poor Actor was a piteous Object. He told *Baron*, who he knew had a great Interest in *Moliere*, that urgent Necessity had made him fly to him to put him in a Condition to join some Company with his Family; that he had been *M. de Moliere's* Comrade in *Languedoc*, and that he did

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not

not doubt but he'd bestow something on him, if *Baron* wou'd but speak a good Word for him.

Baron went up to *Moliere*, and told him what *Mondorge* said, with Grief, but yet with Precaution, being afraid to put a Man that was very rich, in mind of a Comrade that was very poor. 'Tis true, we have acted together, said *Moliere*; he's a very honest Man, I'm sorry he's in such a poor Condition. What do you think I ought to give him, adds he? *Baron* excused himself from limiting the Benevolence of *Moliere* to this poor Man, who, whilst they were deciding what to give him, was laying about him in the Kitchen, where *Baron* had given him something to eat. No, said *Moliere*, I will have you tell me what I shall give him. *Baron* at last propos'd four Pistoles, which he thought enough to put *Mondorge* into a Condition to join some Company of Comedians. Well, says *Moliere* to *Baron*, since you think fit, I'll give him four Pistoles for my self; but there are Twenty more which I'll give him for you; for I'd have the Obligation be to you. I have likewise, adds he, a Stage Suit, which I believe I shall have no further occasion for; let him have it, it may be a help to the poor Man in his Profession. Yet that Suit, which *Moliere* gave with so much Pleasure, cost him two Thousand five Hundred Livres, and was almost New. He season'd this Present with the good Reception he gave *Mondorge*, who cou'd not have expected so much Liberality.

Tho' *Moliere*'s Company was very well liked, yet it languish'd for some time, because of the Return of *Scaramouch*. That Comedian, after having got a Sum of Money sufficient to purchase an Estate of Ten or Twelve Thousand Livres *per Ann.* and which was at *Florence*, the Place of his Birth, resolv'd to go and settle there. He began by sending over his Wife and Children, and some time afterwards he ask'd leave of the King to return into his own Country. His Majesty granted him his Request; but the same time told him he must not hope to return again. *Scaramouch*, who had no Thoughts of returning, was indifferent as to what the King said: he had enough to live upon without Acting. He departed; but he found

a Rebellious Wife and Children, who not only received him as a Stranger; but who even used him basely. He was beaten several times by his Wife and his Children, who had no mind to let him partake in the Enjoyment of an Estate which he had earn'd; and this ill Usage went so far that he cou'd not bear it any longer; wherefore he got his Friends earnestly to sollicite leave for him to return to *France*, that he might be deliver'd from the ill Condition he was in in *Italy*. The King had the Goodness to permit him to return. The Town thought him much to blame for going away, and his Return rejoiced every Body. People crowded to the *Italian* Comedies for above six Months to see *Scaramouch* again; *Moliere's* Company was neglected all this while; it got nothing, and the Comedians were ready to revolt against their Master. They had no *Baron* as yet to recal the Publick, nor was there any mention made of his Return. At length those unjust Comedians murmured openly against *Moliere*, and reproach'd him for letting their Theatre go to decay. Why don't you write, said they to him, to support us? Must these *Italian* Farcers run away with all *Paris* from us? In a word, the Company was unhinged, and all the Actors thought of shifting for themselves. *Moliere* himself was at a loss what to do; and at length being weary of the Reproaches of his Comedians, he told *la duc-Par* and *la Bejart*, who were most troublesome to him, that he knew but one way to outdo *Saramouch* and get a good Sum of Mony, and that was to go a pretty way off for some time and afterwards to return as that Comedian had done, but he added that it was neither in his Power nor his Design to go that tedious way to work; but that they were free to do it. After he had ridiculed them, he told 'em seriously that *Scaramouch* would not be always follow'd in that manner; that People were tired with good Things as well as with bad, and that they shou'd have their turn. Which came to pass upon the very next Play that *Moliere* writ.

This was not the only Quarrel that *Moliere* had with his Actors; their greediness of Gain often stifled their Gratitude, and they were perpetually teasing him to beg

some Favour or other of the King. The Musquetiers, the Life-Guards, the Gendarmes, and the Light-Horse, used to see the Play for nothing, and the Pit was always full of 'em; wherefore the Players press'd *Moliere* to obtain an Order of his Majesty, that none of his Household should see the Play without paying. The King granted it him. But those Gentlemen were highly offended that the Comedians should impose so hard a Law upon them; and they were affronted that they shou'd have the Impudence to demand it. Those that were Mutinous kept together, and resolved to force their Way in. They went to the Play in a Body. They fell upon those that kept the Doors. The Door-keeper oppos'd them for some time, but finding himself over-power'd, he threw 'em his Sword, thinking they wou'd not kill him when he was unarm'd; but the poor Man was deceived. Those Madmen enraged at his Resistance, pierced him with a hundred Wounds: every one of 'em as they went in gave him a Stab. They search'd for the whole Company to give 'em the same Usage. But *Bejart*, who was dress'd like an Old Man, came on the Stage. Pray Gentlemen, said he to them, at least spare a poor Old Man of Threescore and Fifteen Years, who has but a few days more to live. The Compliment of that young Comedian, who took the Opportunity of that Dress to speak to the Mutineers, calm'd their Fury. *Moliere* spoke very sharply to 'em upon the King's Order. So that reflecting upon the Fault they had committed they retired. The Noise and Cries had caused a terrible Alarm in the Company; the Women thought themselves already murder'd; every one try'd to save himself, especially *Hubert* and his Wife, who had made an Hole in the Wall of the *Palais Royal*. The Husband wou'd get out first; but because the Hole was not wide enough, he only got his Head and Shoulders through; the other part of him cou'd not follow. They cou'd get him out neither way, and he bawl'd like a Madman at the hurt that was done him, and for fear some Gendarm shou'd run his Sword into his Back-parts. But the Tumult being appeas'd, he escaped with a small fright, and they widen'd the Hole to get him out of the Torture he endured.

When

When all this Racket was over, the Company held a Council, to know what to do in such a dangerous Case. You wou'd not let me be quiet, said *Moliere* to the Assembly, 'till I importun'd the King for the Order which has brought us so near Destruction; now the Question is what we have to do? *Hubert* was for letting the King's Household come in Scot-free for the future, so much he apprehended a second Skirmish. Several others, who were no less apprehensive than he, were of the same Opinion. But *Moliere*, who was firm in his Resolutions, told 'em, That since the King had been pleased to grant 'em that Order, they wou'd execute it, if his Majesty thought fit; and I'll go this Minute, said he, to learn his pleasure. This Design did not at all please *Hubert*, who was scarce yet recovered of his Fright.

When the King heard of that Disturbance, his Majesty order'd the Commanders of the Bodies that had done it, to draw them out the next Day, in order to discover and punish the most guilty, and to repeat to 'em the Prohibition of seeing the Play for nothing. *Moliere*, who lov'd haranguing, made a Speech at the Head of the *Gendarmes*, and told 'em, That 'twas not because of them or any other of the King's Household, that he had beg'd an Order of His Majesty to hinder 'em from going to the Play; that the Company wou'd be always glad to receive 'em whenever they'd honour 'em with their Presence; but that there was an infinite number of Scoundrels, who daily abusing the Name and Dress of the Life-Guards, crowded the Pir, and unjustly robb'd the Company of their Profit; that he did not believe Gentlemen who had the Honour to serve the King, would favour those Wretches against his Majesty's Comedians; that to see the Play free-cost, was not a Prerogative that Persons of their Character ought to be so very ambitious of, as to shed Blood to maintain it; That they ought to leave that poor Advantage to Authors, and others, who, not being able to pay out Fifteen Pence, were allow'd the Play, as it were, out of Charity. This Speech wrought the Effect *Moliere* expected; and never since that time has the King's Household enter'd the Play-house without paying for it.

Some

Some time after *Baron's* Return, was acted a Play call'd, *Don Quixote* (I can't find who was the Author of it). It was taken from that Part of the Story where *Don Quixote* installs *Sancho-Pancho* in his Government. *Moliere* play'd *Sancho*; and being to appear upon the Stage riding on an *Ass*, he placed himself between the Scenes, that he might be ready to enter when his Turn came; but the *Ass*, not having his Part by Heart, did not wait for the *Cue*, but so soon as ever he was between the Scenes, he wou'd needs go on, do *Moliere* what he cou'd to hinder him. *Sancho* tugg'd the Haltar as hard as he cou'd, the *Ass* did not obey, but would proceed. *Moliere* call'd out to *Baron* and *la Forest* to come to his Assistance. *La Forest* was a Servant-maid, and he kept no other, tho' he had near thirty thousand *Livrés* yearly Income. She was on t'other Side of the Stage, and cou'd not get over to stop the *Ass*, but laugh'd heartily to see her Master almost fall'n on the Crupper of that Animal, with pulling the Halter to curb him. At length, being destitute of Assistance, and despairing to overcome the Obstinacy of his *Ass*, he e'en got hold of the two Sides of the Scenes, and let the Beast slide from between his Legs, to act what Part he shou'd think fit. When a Man reflects upon the Character of *Moliere's* Wit, the Gravity of his Conversation, it is impossible he shou'd forbear laughing at that Philosopher's being expos'd to such Accidents and at his undertaking the most comical Parts. 'Tis true, he was often sick of it, and if it had not been for his invincible Desire to divert the King, he wou'd have left all to have liv'd in a Philosophical Repose, which his Family, his Business, and his Company hinder'd him from enjoying. He was so much the more inclin'd to it, as he was become very sickly, and oblig'd to live only upon Milk. A Cough, which he had at first neglected, occasioned a Defluxion on the Breast, with a spitting of Blood, wherefore he was oblig'd to go into a Milk Diet for his Recovery. He observ'd this Regimen almost all the remaining part of his Life. So that he had no Pleasure but in the Esteem the King honoured him with, and in the Conversation of his Friends. He had some select ones, to whom he often unbosom'd himself.

The

The Friendship he had contracted at School with *Chapelle*, continued to the last Moment of his Life; yet he was not a fit Friend for *Moliere*; he was too unsettled; 'tis true, he loved, but he was not capable of rendring the Duties that keep Friendship awake. Yet he had an Apartment in *Moliere's* House at *Hauteville*, whither he often went; but 'twas more to make merry than to be serious. He was one of those superficial gay Wits that are often promised Six Months before they can be got to a Treat. But his being of so general an Acquaintance unfitted him for the Offices of a true Friend: Wherefore *Moliere* got two others that were more solid, in the Persons of *M. Rohaut* and *M. Mignard*, who eased him of all his Disturbance. 'Twas to these two Gentlemen that he open'd himself without Reserve. Don't you pity me, said he to 'em one Day, for being of a Profession so contrary to my Inclination and Humour? I love an easy quiet Life, and mine is toss'd by an infinite number of turbulent Particulars which I did not expect at first, and which I am absolutely obliged to yield to in spite of my Teeth. Notwithstanding all the Precautions that a Man cou'd use, I am fall'n into the Disorder, which all, who marry without reflecting, generally fall into. Yes, my dear *Rohaut*, I am the most unhappy of Mankind, adds *Moliere*; but I have no more than I deserve. I did not consider that I was too austere for a Domestic Society. I thought my Wife ought to subject her Manners to her Virtue and my Intentions, and I find that in the Situation she is in, she wou'd have been more unhappy than I am, had she done it. She has Gayety and Wit, she is sensible of the Pleasure of being liked; all this will give me Suspicion, do what I can. I think it blameable, I complain. She, an hundred times more reasonable than I am, is willing to spend her Days agreeably; she goes on her Way, and secure in her own Innocence, disdains to subject herself to the Precautions I desire of her. I take this Negligence for Contempt; I would have her shew by some Marks the Friendship she has for me; and require more Exactness in her Conduct, that my Mind might be at Rest, But my Wife, who is always free and

and easy, and who to a Man less delicate than I wou'd not appear at all suspicious, leaves me unmercifully to my Chagrin; and being only desirous to please in General, like the rest of her Sex, without making any Distinction, she laughs at my Weakness. If I cou'd but enjoy my Friends as often as I wish, 'twou'd lessen my Uneasiness. But your indispensable Occupations and mine, deprive me of that Satisfaction. M. Rohaut display'd to *Moliere* all the Maxims of a sound Philosophy, to shew him that he was in the wrong to abandon himself to his Anxiety. 'Tis impossible, said *Moliere*, for me to be a Philosopher with so amiable a Wife as mine is; and perhaps if you were in my Place you'd spend some Moments much more unquietly than I do.

Chapelle did not enter into *Moliere's* Complaints so intimately; he was always contradicting him, and he minded his Wit and Humour much more than his Heart and Domestick Affairs, tho' he was a very Gentleman-like Man. He had such a Love for Pleasure, that it was grown habitual to him. But *Moliere* cou'd not keep pace with him in that because of his Illness. Wherefore when *Chapelle* had a Mind to be merry at *Hauteuil*, he carried Guests thither to keep him Company, and there was no body but what was glad to go with him. To get acquainted with *Moliere* was a Happiness that People earnestly aim'd at; besides Mr. *Chapelle* kept a good Table. He one Day invited Messieurs S—— N—— and L—— to go and be merry with their Friend at *Hauteuil*. We are come to Sup^r with you, said they to *Moliere*; I should take the more Pleasure in it, said he, if I cou'd keep you Company, but my Health not permitting, I'll leave Mr. *Chapelle* to treat you as well as he can. They lov'd *Moliere* too well to constrain him; but they desired to have *Baron* at least with 'em. Gentlemen, reply'd *Moliere*, I see you are in a Humour to sit up all Night, how should this Child hold out? 'twill make him sick; pray excuse him. O, says M. de L.----- the Entertainment will be nothing without him; we must have him. *Moliere* was forced to yield to it, so taking his Milk, he left 'em and went to bed.

The Guests sat down to Table: the beginning of the Conversation was cold, as is common among such as understand Pleasure, and those Gentlemen excell'd in that Study. But the Wine soon stir'd up *Chapelle*, and put him into an ill Humour. Zoons, says he, I'm a great Fool, to come and make my self Drunk here every day to honour *Moliere*; I'm weary of these doings, and what provokes me is, that he thinks I'm obliged to do it. The Company, half drunk, back'd *Chapelle's* Complaints. They continued to drink, and insensibly the Discourse was chang'd. With arguing upon things which generally are the Topicks of such Repasts amongst Men of that Stamp, they fell upon Morality about three a Clock in the Morning. How insignificant is Life! says *Chapelle*: How full of Crosses! We are upon the Catch for Thirty or Forty Years to enjoy one Moment's Pleasure, which we shall never find. Our Youth is harass'd by a pack of plaguy Parents, who stuff a Heap of Nonsense into our Heads. What care I, adds he, whether 'tis the Earth that turns round or the Sun? whether that Fool *Des-Cartes* be in the right, or that Mad-man *Aristotle*? yet I had a damn'd Tutor that was always plaguing me with that Jargon, and who was incessantly making me tumble over his *Epicurus*. But mum for that; *Epicurus* had more Sense than all the rest put together. We are no sooner rid of those Fools, but we are ding'd in the Ears with Settling in the World. All your Women, says he, (raising his Voice) are sworn Enemies to our Repose. Yes, Faith, there's nothing but Disquiet, Injustice and Unhappiness in this Life! You are in the right, my dear Friend, reply'd *J*—embracing him, what should we do were it not for this Pleasure? Life is a poor Portion; let us leave it, lest such good Friends as we are should happen to be separated; let's go drown our selves for Company; the River is not far off. 'Tis true, says N---we could not chuse a better time to dye good Friends and merrily, and our Death will make a Noise. Thus this glorious Design was approved by all. Those Drunkards got up, and went boldly to the River. *Baron* run to call for Help, and to wake *Moliere*, who was frighten'd at the extravagant Project, because he knew his Friends were

in Drink. Whilst he was rising, the Company was got to the River, and had already seized a little Boat to get into the middle, that the Water might be deep enough. Some Servants and Neighbours were soon got to those Debauchees, (who were already in the Water) and pull'd them out. Being provoked at the Assistance that was given 'em, they drew their Swords, run after their Enemies, pursued them to *Hauteville*, and would have Murther'd 'em. The poor People got most of them into *Moliere's* House, who seeing the Bustle cry'd out to 'em; What's the matter Gentlemen; What have the Rascals done to you? Why, says M. F---, who was most forward in this Project, the Villains won't let us drown our selves: Hear us, Dear *Moliere*, you are a Man of Sense, judge if we are in the wrong. Being weary of the Troubles of this World, we intended to leave it for a better: the River we thought the shortest way; and these Dogbolts stopp'd us. Can we do less than punish 'em for't? You say true, says *Moliere*. Begone Knaves, lest I break your Bones, says he to the poor People, seeming in Anger. You have a good Stock of Impudence to oppose such glorious Actions.

How, Gentlemen, said *Moliere* to the Guests, what have I done that you should form so fine a Project without letting me know of it? What! would you Drown your selves without me? I thought you had loved me better than so. Faith he's in the right on't, says *Chappelle*, we do him wrong. Come along then and drown your self with us. Soft and fair, answers *Moliere*; this is not a Business to be done hand over head; 'tis the last Action of our Life, we must take care to render it Noble. People would be spiteful enough to mis-represent us, if we drowned our selves at such an Hour; they'd surely say we did it in the Night time, like Mad-men or Drunkards. To Morrow about eight or nine a Clock in the Morning, fasting and Publickly, we'll go throw our selves headlong into the River. He argues rightly, says N---, what he says is certainly right. Zoons, says L---, *Moliere* has a hundred times more Sense than we. Be it so, let's put it off till to Morrow, and go to Bed for I'm sleepy. Had it not been for *Moliere's* Presence of Mind, some

Mif-

Misfortune would certainly have happen'd, so Drunk were those Gentlemen, and so enraged at those who hinder'd 'em from destroying themselves. But nothing grieved him so much as to have to do with such People, and 'twas that that often disgusted him with *Chapelle*; yet their ancient Friendship always got the ascendant.

Chapelle was happy in such Adventures. This which follows is another Instance that he again stood in need of *Moliere*. Returning from *Hauteuil*, as he was used, full of Wine, (for he never travell'd Fasting) he had a Quarrel, near the little Meadow of that place, with a Valet Named *Godemer*, who had served him for above Thirty Years. This old Domestick had the Honour to go always in his Master's Coach. *Chapelle* took a Fancy, in his return from *Hauteuil*, to take that Privilege from him, and to make him ride behind the Coach. *Godemer*, being used to the Whims that Wine gave his Master, did not trouble himself much about executing his Orders. The one grows angry, the t'other makes a Jest of him. They box in the Coach; the Coachman gets down to part them. *Godemer* takes hold of the Opportunity to leap out of the Coach; but *Chapelle* follows him, and Collars him; the Servant defends himself, and the Coachman could not part 'em. As luck would have it, *Moliere* and *Baron*, who were at the Window, saw the Combatants, and thought *Chapelle's* Servants were Murthering him; they ran to 'em. *Baron* being the nimblest, got to 'em first, and made 'em give over fighting; but there was no ending the Difference without *Moliere*. Ah! *Moliere*, says *Chapelle*, since you are here you shall be Judge which is in the right: This Rascal *Godemer* threw himself into my Coach, as if it became a Servant to equald himself with me. You don't know what you say, replies *Godemer*; the Gentleman knows that I have possess'd a Place in your Coach for above these Thirty Years; why would you take it away from me now without any Cause? You are an impudent sawcy Fellow, replies *Chapelle*; if I did let you ride in my Coach Then, I won't Now; I am the Master, and you shall either ride behind, or walk. Is there any Justice in that? says *Godemer*;

mer; to make me walk now I'm Old, and after I have served you so well for so long a time! you should have made me have Walk'd when I was Young; I was able then, but now I am not. In one Word, as well as in an hundred, adds the Servant, you have used me to the Coach, I can't do without it now, and I should be ashamed to be seen behind it at this time of day. Prithee do thou judge, *Moliere*, says *M. Chapelle*, I'll stand by your Sentence, be it what it will. Well, since you refer it to me, says *Moliere*, I'll try to reconcile two such Worthy Persons. You're in the wrong, says he to *Godemer*, to be disrespectful to your Master, who can make you go how he pleases; you should not abuse his good Nature; therefore I condemn you to ride behind his Coach to the end of the Meadow, and there you shall civilly desire leave to get into it again; I am sure he'll let you. Faith, cry'd *Chapelle*, this is a Judgment that will be an Honour to you. *Moliere*, you never gave so pregnant a mark of your Wit. Well, adds he, I forgive the Knave entirely, on account of the Equity which you have us'd between us. Faith, *Moliere*, says he again, I'm obliged to you, for this Affair perplex'd me, it had its Difficulties. Adieu, my dear Friend, you are the best Judge in *France*.

Moliere, being alone with *Baron*, took Occasion to tell him that *Chapelle's* Merit was utterly effaced when he was in such a disagreeable Condition as he was then: that 'twas a pity a Man of so much Wit should have so little Command over himself; and that he would much rather chuse to have more Oeconomy for his own Good, than so much Wit to pleasure others. I don't know any Extravagances more unworthy a Gentleman, adds *Moliere*, than that of Drinking: *Chapelle* is my Friend, but that Vice robs me of all the Agreeableness of his Friendship. I dare trust him with nothing, for fear of it's being Discover'd to the whole World the next Moment. This was only to give *Baron* a disgust for Debauchery; for he let slip no Opportunity to give him good Advice; but above all things he bade him not Sacrifice his Friends, as *Chapelle* did, rather than lose his Jest, which was often attended with ill Consequences.

I can't help mentioning a Jest he used relating to an Epigram he had Writ against the Marquis of—'Twas a sort of a Fool of Quality, for Folly is common to all Conditions. The Marquis being at M. de *Moliere's* in presence of *Chapelle*, whom he knew to be the Author of the Epigram, or at least suspected it, threaten'd the poor Author terribly, without naming him: his Passion was without bounds. The Poet must dye beneath the Cudgel, or at least be so drub'd that he should never forget his making of Verses. *Chapelle*, being weary of hearing the Ninny talk at that rate, got up, and going to the Marquis, Zoons, says he, presenting him his Back, if you are so desirous to beat, beat and be gone.

The three first Acts of *Moliere's* Comedy call'd *Tartuffe* (the Hypocrite) were Acted at *Versailles* in May 1664; and in September the same Year, those three Acts were play'd the second time at *Villers-Cotterez* with Applause. The whole piece appeared the first and second time at *Raincy* in November following, and in 1665. But *Paris* had not yet seen it in 1667. *Moliere* found how hard it would be to make it take with the Publick. He gave an induction to his design, by reading it; but he read only to the fourth Act; so that every body was mightily in pain how he'd get *Orgon* from under the Table. When he thought he had sufficiently prepared Peoples Minds, he disperſed Bills for the *Tartuffe* on the 5th of August 1667. But it had not been play'd so much as once when the Precisians set up their Throats against that Play. It was represented to the King that 'twas of Consequence not to suffer Hypocrisie to be ridiculed on the Stage. 'Tis not *Moliere's* Business, say'd they, to reprehend Persons who cover themselves with the appearance of Religion; to infringe the most Sacred Laws, and to disturb the Domestick Repose of Families. In short, those who remonstrated to his Majesty, did it very cunningly, since his Majesty thought fit to forbid the Representation of the *Tartuffe*. This Order was a Thunderbolt to the Comedians, and to the Author. The former, with reason, expected a considerable Profit from that Piece, and *Moliere* by that Work thought to put the Seal to his Reputation. He had handled the Character of Hy-

pocrisie with such nice and lively Strokes, that he imagined, instead of having his Play objected against, he deserved Applause for inspiring a detestation for so odious a Vice. He says so himself in the *Preface* prefix'd to that Piece; but he was deceived, and his own Experience ought to have inform'd him, that the Publick was not of a docile Nature. Yet *Moliere* made the King acquainted with the good Design of the Play. So that his Majesty, finding by himself that there was nothing in it that ought to offend Persons of Piety and Probity, and that on the contrary, it lash'd a Vice which he himself had always endeavoured to destroy by other Ways, his Majesty, belike gave him a tacit Permission to Act his Play again.

The Skilful judged favourably of it, and I shall here relate a Remark of *M. Menage* to justify what I advance. " *M. de Moliere's* Prose, says he, is much better than his Verse. Yesterday I read his *Tartuffe*. I had formerly heard him read three Acts of it at *M. de Mommor's*, where were likewise *M. Chapelain*, the Abbot of *Marolles*, and some other Persons. I said to *M*— " when he hinder'd the Acting of it, that 'twas a Play the " Morality of which was excellent, and that there was " nothing in it but what might be useful to the Publick.

Moliere let some Time pass before he ventured the Representation of his *Tartuffe* a second time, and during that space was Acted *Scaramouche turn'd Hermit*, which took, without any body complaining of it. But, said some body to the late Prince of *Conty*, how comes it that nothing was said against this Piece, and that the *Tartuffe* should be so much decry'd? Why, replies the Prince, 'tis because *Scaramouch* ridicules Heaven and Religion, which those Gentlemen don't care a Pin for, and *Moliere* in his Play ridicules Hypocrisie.

Moliere did not let the Publick belong without something new. Always happy in the Choice of his Characters, he had labour'd upon that of the *Misanthrope*, and made it Publick: But at the very first Representation of it, he found that the People of *Paris* lov'd to laugh more than to admire, and that for twenty Persons capable of perceiving delicate and sublime Passages, there were an hundred that disapprove

disapprove of 'em, for want of understanding. He was no sooner in his Closet but he set about the *Me'm Malgre luy*, to support the *Misanthrope*, the second Representation of which was more dislik'd than the first: This obliged him to make haste with his *Faggot-binder*, and in this he had no great Trouble, since 'twas one of those Farces, (or very like 'em.) which his Company had Acted *Extempore* at first, so that he had nothing to do but to transcribe. The third Representation of the *Misanthrope* was less successful than the two first. People did not love so much Seriousness as is in that Piece. Besides, the Marquis was Copy'd from several potent Originals, who decry'd the Work as much as possible. Yet, says *Moliere*, I never did nor ever shall write a better.

M. de ** thought to oblige *Moliere*, by defending the *Misanthrope*; he writ a long Letter, which he gave to *Ribou* to prefix to that Piece. *Moliere*, being displeas'd at it, sent for his Bookseller, rated him for Printing that *Rhapsody*, without letting him know of it, and forbade him to Sell any Copy of his Play where that was in, and he burn'd all that remain'd of 'em; but after his Death it was Re-printed. M. de ** who loved mightily to see Mrs. *Moliere*, came to Sup with her the same Evening. *Moliere* treated him Gentleman-like, as to the Letter, giving him very good reasons why he could have wish'd he had not undertaken to defend his Piece.

At the fourth Representation of the *Misanthrope* he gave his *Faggot-binder*, which made the Citizens of the Street St. Dennis laugh heartily. The *Misanthrope* was liked the better for it, and at last it was esteem'd one of the best Plays that was ever Writ. And the *Misanthrope* and the *Medecin Malgre luy* joyn'd together attracted the Common People as well as the Judges. *Moliere* being very well pleas'd with the Success of his Invention, to force the Publick to do him Justice, ventured to take a glorious Revenge of them, by Acting the *Misanthrope* by it self, and it met with very good Success, so that it cannot be said that the Farce made the Play go down.

The Hypocrites were so enraged at the *Tartuffe*, that they handed about a terrible Book in Paris, which

went under *Moliere's* Name, to destroy him. 'Tis upon this Account that he inserted these Words in the *Misanthrope*: 'And so far is he from contenting himself with the Wrong he has done me, that, to add to it, there's a detestable Book in Print, which 'tis unpardonable even to read; a Piece of Stuff not to be named without the utmost Indignation; and yet the Rascal has the Impudence to Father it on me. *Orontes* whispers the Lye about too, and basely endeavours to support this Abuse.' We see by this that the *Tartuffe* was play'd before the *Misanthrope*, or *Medecin Malgréluy*: and that thus the Date of the first Representation of these two last Pieces, which are inserted in *Moliere's* Works, is not true, since they were set down as play'd in *March* and *June* of the Year 1666.

Moliere had read his *Misanthrope* to all the Court before he had it Acted, and every one gave him his Opinion of it; but he generally follow'd his own, because he'd often have been oblig'd to new-mould his Pieces, if he had follow'd every Advice that was given him: And besides, that Advice was sometimes partial. *Moliere* handled no Character, nor placed any Stroke, but his Views were fix'd in em. Wherefore he would by no means blot out of his *Misanthrope* that great Flemish Viscount, who stands half an Hour together ingeniously spitting into a Fountain to make Circles in the Water, which the late Dutcheß of Orleans bade him suppress, when he had the Honour to read his Play to that Princess. She look'd upon that Passage as unworthy so good a Work; but *Moliere* had his Original in his Eye, and was resolv'd to have it on the Stage.

In *December*, the same Year, he gave the King the Diversion of the two first Acts of a Pastoral he had writ; 'twas *Melicera*. But he did not think fit to write the third Act, nor to let the two first be Printed so long as he liv'd, and he was in the right.

The *Sicilian* was play'd at Court and in the City in 1667, and was applauded. The *Amphitruon* pass'd with a general Approbation in *January*, 1668. Yet a certain Pedant wou'd not let *Moliere* have the Honour of it. 'Why,' says he, he has taken it all from *Rotron*, and *Rotron* from

' *Plantus*.

Plantus. I don't see why People shou'd cry up Plagiaries. But that was always *Moliere's* Character, adds he: I went to School with him, and one Day when he brought some Verses to his Master, he found that he had stole them: the other positively affirmed they were his own; but after the Master had reprov'd him for his Lye, and told him he stole it out of *Theophile*, *Moliere* own'd it, and added, that he had taken it the more securely, because he thought *Theophile* was no likely Book for a Jesuit to read. Thus, said that Pedant to his Friend, if a Man were to examine *Moliere's* Works thorowly, he'd find 'em all borrow'd in that manner: And when he does not know where to take from, he unadvisedly makes Repetition, and steals from himself. But such Criticks did not stop the Run of the *Amphitryon*, which the whole Town saw with a great deal of Pleasure, as a Play well render'd in our Language, and entirely suitable to our Taste.

After *Moliere* had again acted his *Miser* with Success in *January*, 1668, as I have already said, he projected to give his *George Dandin*. But one of his Friends gave him to understand that there was a *Dandin* in the World who might know his own Picture in that Play, and who was able, by means of his Family, not only to damn it, but likewise to make him repent his writing it. You are in the right, says *Moliere* to his Friends, but I know a sure way to get the Man you speak of over to my side; I'll go read my Play to him. One Day at the Play, which he was a constant Goer to, *Moliere* ask'd him if he cou'd spare an Hour to hear him read a Play to him. The Man thought himself so much honour'd by this Compliment, that setting aside all Business, he appointed the next Day; and he went up and down the Town to boast of the Reading of that Play to him. *Moliere* (said he to every body) reads a Comedy to me to Night; Will you be at it? *Moliere*, when he came, found a numerous Assembly, and his Man sitting President. The Piece was thought excellent, and when 'twas play'd, no body made so great an Interest for it as he I speak of, who notwithstanding had Cause to be angry at it, part of the Scenes which

Molier

Moliere had put into that Play having happened to that Person. This Artifice, to make an Original approve his Character upon the Stage was thought so good, that several Authors have since used it with Success. The *George Dandin* was therefore well receiv'd at Court in July, 1668, and at Paris in November following.

When *Moliere* saw that the *Hypocrites*, who were so mightily offended with his *Tartuffe*, were calm'd, he prepar'd to present it again. He ask'd his Company, more for Talk-sake than Interest, what they would give him, if he revived that Piece. The Comedians promis'd him absolutely a double Share of the Profits of that Play as long as he liv'd. Which was always after punctually perform'd. The *Tartuffe* was given out; the *Hypocrites* arose; they ran from all quarters to take Counsel how to avoid Ridicule that *Moliere* was going to expose 'em to on the Stage, notwithstanding the King's Prohibitions. They thought nothing could be more impudent nor criminal, than the Enterprize of that Author; and being accus'd to make every body uneasy, and never to be made uneasy themselves, they spread about their troublesome Complaints on all sides, to get *Moliere's* Insolence repress'd. The Audience that Day was so numerous, that Persons of the greatest Distinction were glad to take up with any Place. The Candles were lighted, and they were ready to begin, when there came fresh Prohibitions against it from Persons whose Business it was to see the King's Orders executed. The Comedians immediately caus'd the Candles to be put out, and the Money to be return'd. This Prohibition was judicious, because his Majesty was then in *Flanders*; and 'twas to be presum'd that his Majesty having at first forbid the acting of that Play, *Moliere* design'd to take that Advantage of his Absence, and make it pass. Yet all this was not done without a Murmuring of the Spectators, and a great deal of Uneasiness to the Actors. The Permission that *Moliere* said the King had given him to act his Play was not in Writing; and they were not obliged to take his Word for it. On the contrary, after the first of the King's Prohibitions, *Moliere's* Boldness to revive the *Tartuffe* might be look'd upon

upon as a great piece of Rashness, and this Affair had lik^e to have had still worse Consequences; he was threaten'd on all sides. He soon saw how dangerous 'twou'd be, and therefore he immediately dispatch'd *la Torelliere* and *a Grange* to go beg his Majesty's Protection in so difficult a Conjuncture. The *Hypocrites* triumph'd; but their Joy lasted no longer than whilst the two Players cou'd bring back the Order of the King, who gave 'em leave to act the *Tartuffe*.

The Reader may well imagine, without my describing it to him, what Joy the King's Order gave the Company, and those that loved Plays; but especially *Moliere*, who by this was justified in what he had advanced. If they had been acquainted with his Sincerity and Dutyfulness, they might have been sure he wou'd not have ventured to act the *Tartuffe* again, without having first obtain'd his Majesty's Permission.

Every body knows that afterwards that Play had a long Run, and that it always met with great Applause; and the Persons whose Passion made 'em criticize it, have always been baffled by the Arguments of those that knew its Merit.

One Day, when that Piece was acting, *Champmêlé*, who was not then in the Company, went to see *Moliere* in his Dressing-Room which was near the Stage. As they were complimenting one another, *Moliere* cry'd out, *Ab Dog! Ah Fool!* and fell to tearing his Hair as if he were mad: *Champmêlé* thought he had been taken with some Illness, and was very much concern'd at it. But *Moliere* perceiving his Amazement, bade him not be surpriz'd at his Passion: I just now heard an Actor pronouncing wretchedly, says he, four Verses of my Piece; and I can not see my Children abused so, without being in great Torment.

Whatever Success the *Tartuffe* might have whilst it was play'd after the King's Order, yet the *Female Judge* and *Client of Moufieur* was play'd at least as often at the same time at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. Thus 'tis not Merit always that makes a Play succeed; an Actor that's beloved, a Scene successfully handled, a disguising Dress, and sharp Strokes

nipping Strokes may draw an Audience, tho' the Play itself be not good.

The King's Goodness in suffering the *Tartuffe* to be acted, gave a new Merit to *Moliere*. It was even affirm'd, that that Favour was Personal. But his Majesty, who knew of himself that Hypocrisie was sharply reprov'd in that Piece, was very glad that that Vice, so contrary to his Sentiments, was attack'd with so much Force as *Moliere* lash'd it with. Every body complimented him upon his Success; his very Enemies testify'd their Joy for it to him, and were the first to say that the *Tartuffe* was one of those excellent Plays which set Virtue in a true Light. 'Tis true, says *Moliere*; but I find 'tis dangerous to espouse her Interest at the Price it cost me: I have repented my doing it more than once.

Tho' *Moliere*'s Plays were admirably well writ, yet they were so nicely Acted, that if they had been but sorry ones they wou'd have gone down: His Company was well compos'd, and he did not trust his Parts in the Hands of Actors who were not able to perform them; he did not dispose 'em at a Venture as they do now. Besides, he always took the hardest upon himself. Not that he had universally so acceptable an Eloquence as *Baron* had. On the contrary, at first, even in the Country, he was thought an ill Comedian by several People; perhaps because of a Hickup, or a Tick in the Throat, which at first made his Acting disagreeable to those that did not know him. But if one gave never so little Attention to the Niceness wherewith he enter'd into a Character, and express'd a Sentiment, 'twas found that he perfectly well understood the Art of Declamation. He had contracted the Hickup just now mentioned by Custom. When he first came upon the Stage, he found he had a Volubility of Tongue, which he could not master, and which render'd his Acting disagreeable. And the Endeavours he used to restrain his Pronunciation turn'd it into a Hickup, which remain'd to the last. But he cover'd this Blemish by all the Artifice that was possible. He wanted none of the Accents and Gestures necessary to touch the Spectator. He did not declaim at a Venture, like those, who

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being destitute of the Principles of Declamation, are not sure in any thing they do: he enter'd into all the Particularities of Action. But if he was now to rise from the Dead, he would not know his Works again in the Mouths of those that act 'em.

'Tis true, *Moliere* cou'd not act a serious Part, and several Persons affirm, that having attempted it, he succeed ed so ill the first time he appeared on the Stage, that he was not suffer'd to finish it. Ever afret that Time he apply'd himself only to Comedy, in which he had always Success, tho' some over nice People accuse him of being too full of Grimaces. But if those Persons had made that Objection to him himself, I don't know but he might have had reason to have answer'd 'em, that the Generality of the People were not affected with nice and true Acting.

Moliere was not a Man to be forgotten by Absence. *M. Bernier* was no sooner return'd from his Voyage to the *Mogol* but he went to see him at *Hauteville*. After the first Compliments of Friendship were over, *Bernier* turn'd the Conversation upon his Travels. He observ'd to *Moliere*, that the Emperor of *Mogol*, when he was dethron'd, was not used so barbarously as in *Turky*. They only give him a Drug, says he, which they call *Poufs*, to take away his Senses, that he may not be able to form a Party. Then, may be, says *Baron*, who was very much tired with this Discourse, those People have given you some of that Drug too before you came away; Peace, young Man, says *Moliere*, you are not acquainted with *M. Bernier*, and you don't know that he's my Friend; your Impudence almost provokes me to be angry. How! (reply'd *Baron*, who took any Liberty with *Moliere*) are you two such good Friends, and has the Gentleman, after so long an Absence, nothing but Stories to tell you? The Philosopher, touch'd at this Reproof, which was not improper, went upon other Subjects. *Moliere* was not sorry for it; for being more a Courtier than *Bernier*, and minding his own Affairs more than those of the Great *Mogol*, the Relation was not very pleasing to him. They fell to talking of Health, *Moliere* told *Bernier* the ill State of his; and instead of answering

swering him, *Bernier* told him he had managed that of the Great *Mogol's* Prime Minister with Success; that he refused to be Physician to the Emperor himself, because when he Dies the Physician is Bury'd with him. At length having nothing more to say about the *Mogol*, he offer'd his Help to *Moliere*. Oh! Sir, says *Baron*, *M. de Moliere* is in very good Hands. Since the King was pleas'd to give a Canonicate to the Son of his Physician, he does Wonders; and he will keep *Moliere* for a long time in a Condition to divert his Majesty. The *Mogol's* Physicians are not fit for us: And without you agree to be bury'd with *M. Moliere*, I wou'd not advise him to trust his Health in your Hands. *Bernier* saw that *Baron* was indulg'd, and therefore turn'd the Conversation upon him. *Moliere*, who lov'd to talk of him, began his History; but *Baron* not caring to hear it, went to amuse himself elsewhere.

Moliere was not only a good Actor and an excellent Author; he likewise took care to cultivate Philosophy. *Chapelle* and he were always very hot upon that Subject, the one being for *Gassendus* and the other for *Des-Cartes*. One Day returning from *Hauteuël* in *Moliere's* Boat, they were not long before they fell into a Dispute. They took a grave Subject, that they might shew their Learning to a Minim whom they found in their Boat, and was got into it to go to *Les bons Hommes*. I'll be judg'd by the good Father, says *Moliere*, if *Des-Cartes's* System is not an hundred times better grounded, than all that *M. de Gassendi* has said in behalf of *Epicurus's* Nonsense. I have nothing to say to his Morality, but the rest is not worthy the Attention that's given to it. Is it not true Father, adds *Moliere* to the Minim? The Religious answer'd by a *Hom!* *Hom!* which gave the Philosophers to understand that he was very skilful in that matter, but he had the Prudence not to meddle in so hot a Conversation, especially with Persons who did not seem to spare their Adversary. Faith, Father, says *Chapelle*, who thought himself weaken'd by the seeming Approbation of the Minim, *Moliere* must own that *Des-Cartes* form'd his System only as a Mechanick, who imagines a fine Machine without taking any Care a-

bout

about the Execution of it; that Philosopher's System is contrary to an infinite number of Phenomena of Nature, which the good Man did not foresee. The Minims seem'd to be of *Capelle's* Side then, by a second *Hom! Hom! Moliere*, enrag'd to see him triumph, redoubled his Endeavours with a Philosophical Heat, to destroy *Gassendi* by such good Reasons, that the Religious was obliged to side with him again by a third *Hom! Hom!* which seem'd to decide in his Favour. *Chapelle* grew hot, and bellowing to convert his Judge, he weaken'd the Equity of his Cause by his Intemperate way of Arguing. I own, says *Capelle*, he fancy'd as well as any Man; but he stole all his Fancies, and that was not right. Is not what I say true, Father, says he to the Minims? The Monk, who agreed obligingly to every thing, presently gave him a Token of Approbation, without speaking a word. *Moliere*, not considering he was in a Milk-Diet, furiously retorted *Chapelle's* Argument. The two Philosophers fell almost into Convulsions, and had like to have abused one another about a Philosophical Dispute when they came to *Les bons hommes*. The Religious desired 'em to set him on Shore. He thank'd them heartily, and applauded their profound Knowledge, without exposing his Merit to any Danger. But before he went out of the Boat, he took his Wallet from under the Waterman's Feet, where he had put it when he came in. He was a Lay-Brother; the two Philosophers had not seen his Badge, and being ashamed of having lost the Fruit of their Dispute before a Man who understood nothing of the Matter; they stared upon one another without speaking a word. *Moliere* recovering from his Confusion, said to *Baron* who was in Company, but who was not old enough to attend to such a Conversation, See, Child, how useful Silence is when observed with Conduct. This is your Way, *Moliere*, says *Chapelle*, you are always Quarelling with me before Asses, who have not Sense to perceive whether I'm in the Right or no, I have spent my Lungs here this Hour to no purpose.

Chapelle was always reproaching *Moliere* for his pensive Humour; he wou'd have had his Conversation be as agreeable as his own, he wou'd have subjected him to his Character

Character in every thing, and wou'd have had him always ready for Pleasure. Oh! Sir, replies *Moliere*, you talk at Random. 'Tis easie for you to live at that Rate; you are at your Liberty, and may study for a Jest a Fortnight together without any Body's disturbing you, and then go laden with Wine, to utter it, at the Expence of your Friends; you have nothing else to do. But if you had the King to please, as I have, and had Forty or Fifty Persons that won't hear Reason, to Maintain and Govern; a Stage to support, and Works to write to keep up your Reputation, you'd have no such Stomach to Laugh, on my Word; and you wou'd not mind your Jestings so much, which, believe me, creates you a great many Enemies. Dear *Moliere*, answers *Chapelle*; all those Enemies wou'd be my Friends if I would esteem 'em, because I am a Man of Humour and need not fear 'em. And if I had Works to write, I'd do 'em with Ease, and perhaps they would not be so full of mean trivial Things as yours are; for do what you can, you can't help writing Farcish. If I wrote for Glory, replies *Moliere*, my Works shou'd be quite different from what they are. But if I wou'd support my Company, I must speak to the People and not to many Judges; such Folks don't like your lofty Style and noble Sentiments; and you your self know that when I ventur'd any thing that was tolerable, how hard I found it to get it to pass. I am sure that you, tho' you blame me now, will praise me when I am dead. But you, who pretend to be so Skilful, and who, because of your Wit, are thought to help me in my Plays, I'd fain have you try your Hand at a Play. I am now upon a Character, wherein I shall have need of such and such Scenes; do 'em for me; 'twill oblige me; and the Publick shall be inform'd that I had the Honour to be help'd by you. *Chapelle* accepted the Challenge; but when *Moliere* saw what he had done, he return'd it to him: there was nothing in it fit for the Stage; nothing in it was natural; 'twas rather a Collection of ill-plac'd Jest, than connected Scenes. Is not this Work of *M. de Chapelle* the Original of the *Tartuffe*, which a Family of *Paris*, jealous with Reason of *Chapelle's* Reputation, boasts that

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it possesses in Manuscript, alter'd with his own Hand ? But if one were to examine it, one should certainly find a Difference between that and *Moliere's*.

Here follows a very singular Eclaircissement that *Moliere* had with one of those Courtiers, that are noted for Singularity. The Courtier, upon the Information of some Body, who perhaps had a mind to make a Jest of him, went to him like an Emperor. Monsieur de *Moliere*, says he imperiously so soon as he was got within the Door, I'm told that you intend to Ridicule me on the Stage, by the Title of a Fop; Is it true? I, Sir! replies *Moliere*, I never had a thought of working upon that Character; 'twould be attacking too many People. But if I were to do it, I must confess, Sir, I cou'd not do better than to take from you the Contraste that I am used to give to the Ridiculous, to set it off the better. Oh! I am glad you have some Knowledge of me, says the Count; and I was amazed to hear you had observed me so little. I come to stop you: for I did not think it fit for you to go on in such a Design. But, Sir, replies *Moliere*, why need you be afraid? Wou'd any Body have believed that you were meant by a Character so opposite to yours? Oh! replies the Count, one Gesture that resembled me would be enough to bring all *Paris* to your Play: I know how much People observe me. No, Sir, says *Moliere*, the Respect I owe Persons of your Rank is enough to secure you of my Silence. Well, replies the Count, I am glad you're one of my Friends; I esteem you with all my Heart, and will do you what Kindness I can. Pray, adds he, put me for a Contraste in some of your Plays; I'll give you a Note of my Perfections. They present themselves to us at first sight, replies *Moliere*; but why wou'd you have your Virtues shine on the Stage? They are known already sufficiently; there's no Body but what's acquainted with 'em. That's true, answers the Count; but I shou'd be glad if you'd bring 'em all together in a proper Point of View; I shou'd then be talk'd of more. Hark ye, adds he, I'm at Variance with N—, put us together, 'twill make a good Play: What Title will you give him? None that I know of, but that of *Fop*, says *Moliere*.

liere. That will do rarely, says the Count; for the poor Man is very Foppish. Do it, I beg you; I'll be often with you to see how you go on. Adieu, *M. de Moliere*. Remember the Play. I long to see it. The Folly of this Courtier, instead of diverting *Moliere*, put him into an ill Humour; and he was resolv'd indeed to Ridicule him; but he had not time to do it.

Moliere had his Ends in the following Scene, more than in that of the Courtier; he was glad of any Opportunity of speaking his Mind, and upon such Occasions gave disinterested Marks of a perfect Sincerity. A Young Man about Twelve Years of Age, Handsome and well made, came to him one Day, and after the usual Compliments, told him, that having all the Dispositions necessary for the Stage, he had a mind to be an Actor; that he came to beg him to put him in a Way to be so, and to let him see that he offer'd nothing but what was true, he rehears'd some loose Scenes, as well of Comedy as Tragedy, to *Moliere*, who was surpris'd at the Art wherewith that Young Man touch'd up the moving Passages. He was as perfect in his Tones and Gestures as if he had study'd them Twenty Years: So that *Moliere* plainly saw he had been well Educated. He ask'd him how he had learn'd the Art of Declamation. I have always had an Inclination to appear in Publick, says he to him, my Schoolmasters have cultivated my natural Genius; I have endeavour'd to add Practice to the Theory, and have harden'd my self by going often to Plays. Have you any Estate, says *Moliere*? My Father, says he, is a Lawyer, and is very easie in his Circumstances. Well, replies *Moliere*, I advise you to follow his Profession; ours does not at all suit you. 'Tis the last Resource of those that can do no better, or of Libertines that hate to take Pains. Besides, 'tis striking a Dagger into the Hearts of your Friends; you know the Reason; I am sorry I gave my Family that Disturbance; and I must confess that if 'twere to do again, I'd never chuse this Profession. You may perhaps think, adds he, that it has its Charms, but you are deceiv'd. 'Tis true, we are in Appearance belov'd by the Great, but they subject us to their Diversion,

and

and 'tis the worst Condition in the World to be a Slave to their Fancy. The rest of the World look upon us as Vagabonds, and Despise us. Therefore, Sir, I'd have you quit a Design that is so contrary to your Honour and to your Ease. If you were in want, I might be serviceable to you, but I tell you plainly as the Case stands, I shall rather be your Hindrance. The Young Man gave some Reasons for persisting in his Design, when *Chapelle* enter'd a little Disguis'd in Wine; *Moliere* let him hear the Young Man rehearse a little. *Chapelle* was no less amazed at it than his Friend had been. This Man will make an excellent Player, says he! We don't consult you about that, answers *Moliere* to *Chapelle*: Represent to the Young Man the Trouble we have, adds he, Sick or Well we are oblig'd to Travel at the first Command, to divert others when we our selves are often deprest with Chagrin; to endure the Rudeness of most of those whom we live by, to catch at the Favour of the Publick, who have a Right to abuse us for the Money they give us. No, Sir, once more take my Advice, says he to the Young Man, do not execute the Resolution you have taken; be a Counsellor, I'll answer for your Success in that Employment. A Counsellor! says *Chapelle*; fie! he has too much Merit to Jangle at a Bar; and he does the Publick an Injury unless he turns either a Preacher or a Player. Sure, says *Moliere*, you must be very much in Drink to talk at this rate, and 'tis unreasonable to Jest upon such a serious Affair as this is, wherein the Honour and Settlement of a Gentleman is concern'd. Well, since 'tis a serious Business, replies *Chapelle*, I'll be serious in it. Do you love Pleasure, says he to the young Man? I should be glad to enjoy any innocent Diversion, replies the Counsellor's Son. Well then, answers *Chapelle*, notwithstanding what *Moliere* may say, you'll have more of it on the Stage in six Months than you will in six Years at the Bar. *Moliere*, whose only Design was to Convert the Youth, redoubled his Arguments to do it, and at last he cur'd him of his Passion of turning Player. Aye, my Orator there Triumphs, crys *Chapelle*, but Faith you shall Answer for the little Success that the Gentleman will have in the Profession you have made him embrace.

Chapelle had Sincerity; but it was often founded upon false Principles, which 'twas impossible to make him quit; and though he had no design to offend any Body, yet he cou'd not resist the Pleasure of speaking his Thoughts, and he had rather lose a Friend than a Jest. One Day when he was at Dinner with a numerous Company at the Marquiss of M***'s, who had none but one Page to serve the Drink, he had not so much Liquor brought him as he was used to have elsewhere; at length he was out of Patience. Pray Marquiss, says he, give us Change for your Page.

Chapelle never refus'd to make one at any jovial Affignation; he answer'd all Comers in that Article; there was no need of being intimate with him to engage him in those Debauches which extend till Morning. A slight Acquaintance was sufficient on such occasions. *Moliere* was sorry that so agreeable and so Gentleman-like a Man, shou'd be guilty of this Fault; he often reproved him for it, and *Chapelle* always promis'd him Wonders, but never kept his Promise. *Moliere* was not the only one of his Friends who was uneasy at his Conduct. *M. de P*** meeting him one day at the Palace, spoke to him freely about it. Will you never, says he to him, leave off this Drunkenness which will kill you at last? If indeed 'twere always with the same Persons, the Goodness of your Constitution might give you hopes that you could hold out as long as they. But when one Company is tired out with you, it disperses; some go to the Army, some into the Country, where they rest themselves; and in the mean time, another Company relieves them; so that you're at it Night and Day. Do you really think that you can always be the Hackney of those People? Besides, you are all good Humour, adds *M. de P*** what pity 'tis to throw away that good Humour indifferently upon every body? your Friends are not at all obliged to you when you give 'em your Company, since you take as much Pleasure with the first that lights on you, as you do with the best Friend you have. I might likewise tell you that Religion, and even your Reputation, ought to reclaim you, and make you reflect upon your disorderly Life. Well, my dear Friend, 'tis enough, I'll change

change my course of Life, replies *Chapelle* with Tears in his Eyes; I am charm'd with your Reasons, they are excellent, and I am pleas'd with hearing 'em; pray repeat them to me that they may make the greater Impression. But says he, I shall hear you more conveniently in the Tavern, hard by; let's go thither my dear Friend, and let me hear your Arguments, for I'm resolv'd to become a new Creature. *M. des P*** who thought he had almost made a Convert of *Chapelle*, follow'd him, and over a Glass of Wine, repeated his Reasons; still they call'd for Wine, so that those Gentlemen, one Preaching and t'other Hearing, got so drunk they were forced to be carry'd Home.

If *Chapelle* was troublesome to his Friends by reason of his Indifferency, *Moliere* was no less so in his Household Affairs by his Exactness and Regularity. No Body, tho' ever so diligent, cou'd satisfy him; a Window's being shut or open a Moment before or after he order'd it, was enough to provoke *Moliere* beyond all Bounds; he made himself too little upon such Occasions. If a Book was but the least out of its Order, 'twas enough to put him out of a Condition to Study for a Fortnight; he cou'd get no Servant to his Mind, and the old Wench *la Forest* was as often in Fault as the rest, tho' she ought to have been used to that tiresome Regularity which *Moliere* exacted from every Body. He even esteem'd it a Virtue, so that he among his Friends that was most regular and most formal was the Person he most esteem'd.

He had a very quick Sense of every thing that concern'd his Reputation; therefore he lost no Opportunity of encreasing it as well in common Things as in Matters of greater Importance, and he spared no Cost to satisfy himself, being besides naturally very Generous. And it was always observed that he gave to the Poor with Pleasure, and that his Alms were always extraordinary.

He was no Gamester, but he had a great Love for the Fair Sex; *Mrs. **** amus'd him at his leisure Hours. One of his Friends, who was surpris'd that a Man of *Moliere's* nice Taste shou'd place his Affection on so undeserving an Object, endeavour'd to set him against that

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Actress. Is it Virtue, Beauty or Wit, says he to him, that makes you in Love with that Woman? You know that *la Barre* and *Florimond* are her Gallants; that she's so far from being handsome she's a meer Skeleton, and besides has not common Sense. I know all this, Sir, replies *Moliere*, but I am now accustom'd to her Faults; and 'twould cost me too much trouble to frame my self to the Imperfections of another; I have neither Time nor Patience to do it. Perhaps too no other wou'd have car'd to have had *Moliere* for an humble Servant; for he was a negligent Follower of an Engagement, and his Assiduity would not have been very tiresome to any Woman; once in eight Days a little Conversation was enough for him; and he never troubled himself whether he was beloved or no, except by his Wife, whose Tenderness he wou'd have purchas'd at any Price. But being unfortunate on that side, he had the Prudence not to talk of it to any but to his Friends, and not to them unless he was indispensibly obliged to do it.

He required the most Attendance of any Man in the World; he was to be dress'd as though he had been a Man of Quality, and he wou'd not so much as tye on his own Cravat. He had a Boy, whose Name, Family nor Country I cou'd never yet find out; but I know 'twas a Clod-pated Fellow, and that he had the Care of Dressing *Moliere*. One Morning when he was putting on his Stockings at *Chambord*, he put one of his Stockings the wrong side outwards. You, Sir, says *Moliere* gravely, that Stocking is the wrong side outwards. Immediately the Boy takes it by the Top and pull'd it off his Master's Leg, which turn'd it to the right side. But he not considering that that had turn'd it, put his Hand into it, and turn'd it to the wrong side again, and so drew it on *Moliere's* Leg. You, Sir, says he again to him coldly, that Stocking is the wrong side outwards. The Stupid Boy staring upon him with Surprise, pull'd of the Stocking again, and did as he had done before; and imagining that he had repair'd his Want of Understanding, and turn'd the Stocking as it ought to be, he put it on his Master's Leg with Confidence; but that plaguy wrong side being still outwards,

wards, *Moliere* lost all Patience, and kicking him backwards, Zoons, says he, this is too much; that Rascal will put it on the wrong side outwards do what I can. I see he never will be other than a Fool. You a Philosopher! you a Devil rather, says the poor Boy, who was all Day a considering how that Damn'd Stocking should continue on the wrong side in that manner.

'Tis said that the *Pourceaugnac* (Squire *Trelooby*) was written upon a *Limousin* Gentleman, who one Day, in a Quarrel he had upon the Stage with the Comedians, display'd some part of the Folly that he was full of. He did not escape long unpunish'd; *Moliere*, to be reveng'd on that Booby, set him off in his true Colours upon the Stage; and made a Diversion of him that pleas'd the People wonderfully; it was play'd at *Chambord* in September 1669, and at *Paris* a Month afterwards.

The King, proposing to give his Court a Diversion in February 1670, *Moliere* was order'd to prepare it. He writ the *Magnificent Lovers*, which pleas'd the Courtiers, who are always touch'd with such Spectacles.

Moliere always copy'd after Nature, that he might work the more surely. *M. Rohaut*, tho' his Friend, was his Model for the Philosopher in *The Gentleman Cit*; and that the Representation of it might be the more happy, *Moliere* design'd to borrow an old Hat of *M. Rohaut*, to give it to *du Croisy*, who was to Act that Part. He sent *Baron* to *M. Rohaut* to desire him to lend him that Hat, which was of so singular a Form, that it had not its Fellow. But *Moliere* was deny'd it; because *Baron* had not the Prudence to hide from the Philosopher the Use his Hat was to be put to. *Moliere's* Attention to such a Trifle, shews how desirous he was to make his Representations perfect. He knew that he cou'd never find such a Philosophical Hat as that of his Friend, who yet wou'd have taken it as an Affront if his Hat had appear'd on the Stage.

This Uneasiness of *Moliere's* about every thing that might contribute to the Success of his Plays, was a sad Mortification to his Wife at the first Representation of the *Tartuffe*. That Play being very promising, she had a mind

to

to shine in her Dress; she made herself a magnificent Suit of Cloaths for it, without saying any thing to her Husband about it, and long'd mightily to wear it before the time came. *Moliere* went into her Dressing-Room about half an Hour before the Play began. How now, Madam, says he, seeing her so fine, what do you mean by these Cloaths, don't you know that you are to be sick in this Play? And you are here as spritely and fine as if you were going to a Ball! undress your self quickly and take a Suit agreeable to the Condition you are to be in. Mrs. *Moliere* wou'd hardly play, she was so mortify'd that she might not make a shew in her Cloaths, which she laid more to Heart than the Play.

The Gentleman Cit was play'd first at *Chambord* in October 1670. Never was Play worse receiv'd than that was; and none of *Moliere's* gave him so much Disturbance. The King did not say a word of it to him at Supper; and all the Courtiers tore it to Pieces. Sure *Moliere* takes us for Fools, says the Duke of ***. What does he mean by his halaloo, balachou? the poor Man raves; he's exhausted, and if some other Author don't support it the Stage must inevitably drop. This Man runs into the *Italian Farce*. 'Twas five Days before that Play was acted the second time, and during those five Days, *Moliere* quite dishearten'd, lock'd himself up in his Chamber. He was afraid of some ill Compliment from the prejudiced Courtier; he only sent *Baron* out for Intelligence, who still brought him ill News. All the Court was against him.

Yet this Play was acted a Second time. After 'twas over, the King, who had not yet given his Judgment of it, was pleas'd to say to *Moliere*; I did not speak of your Piece the first time 'twas play'd, because I was afraid I might be mis-led by the manner 'twas acted in: But indeed, *Moliere*, you never did any thing that diverted me more, and your Play is an excellent Play. *Moliere* took Heart upon this, and immediately he was loaded with Praises by the Courtiers, who with a general Voice repeated what the King had said to the Advantage of that Piece. "That Man is inimitable, said the same Duke of ***. There is a *vis comica* in all he writes, which

" the

"the Ancients never hit so well as he does". How unhappy 'twas for those Gentlemen, that his Majesty did not give his Opinion the first time; then they wou'd not have been put to the Confusion of retracting, and confessing themselves unskilful Judges of Wit. I might here relate that they were likewise at first surprized by the Sonnet in the *Misanthrope*. At the first reading of it they thought it admirable; and they cou'd hardly forbear being angry with the *Misanthrope* for shewing 'em how worthless it was.

And indeed can any thing be finer than the first Act of the *Gentleman Cit*? it at least will strike those that judge with equity, according to the most common Lights. And *Moliere* had good reason to be dishearten'd at having taken so much Pains, to be rewarded for his Labour with Contempt. And if I durst lay hold of so inconsiderable an occasion with respect to the King, one cannot too much admire his happy Discernment, which never wanted Justness as well on slight Occasions as in great Events.

In November the same Year, 1670, when the *Gentleman Cit* was Acted at Paris, the Generality approved that Play. Every Citizen thought he saw his Neighbour's Picture in it; and they were never weary of going to see that Picture. Besides, the Spectacle tho' strain'd and improbable, but perfectly well perform'd, drew Spectators, and they let the Criticks grumble on, without minding what they said against that Comedy.

There are some People of these times, who pretend that *Moliere* took the Idea of the *Gentleman Cit* from the Person of *Gaudouin*, a Hatter, who had spent Fifty Thousand Crowns on a Woman whom *Moliere* knew, and to whom *Gaudouin* gave a fine House that he had at *Meudon*. When that Man was ruin'd, say they, he resolv'd to go to Law to get his Estate again. His Nephew, who was his Attorney, and who was a Man of more Sense than him, trying to dissuade him from his Design, that furious Uncle gave him a Stab with a Knife, which did not kill him. But the Madman was shut up at *Charanton*, from whence he escaped over the Wall. *Moliere* was so far from taking him for

the Original of his Play, that he never knew him; and 'tis indifferent to my Subject, whether the Hatter's Adventure happen'd before or after *Moliere's* Death.

The *Cheats of Scapin* was first play'd on the 24th of May 1671. And the *Countess of Escarbagnas* was acted at Court in February the Year following, and at Paris the 8th of July the same Year. Every one knows how much the Judges run down these two Plays. But the Populace, for whom *Moliere* writ 'em, throng'd to see 'em, and applauded 'em.

If the King had not been as kind to *Moliere* with regard to his *Learned Ladies*, as his Majesty had been before upon the *Gentleman Cit*, it might perhaps have been damn'd. This Diversion, say they, is Dry and Unaffecting, it agrees with none but those that love Reading. What is it to me, cry'd M. the Marquiss ***, to see a Pedant Ridicul'd? Is it a Character that I have any thing to do with? Let *Moliere* chuse some Subject at Court if he wou'd please. Where the Deuce did he pick up these foolish Women, adds the Count of ***, upon whom he has writ as seriously as if it had been on a good Subject? There's not a word in it to raise a Laughter from the Courtier or from the Populace. The King had said nothing at the first Representation of that Play. But the second time 'twas Acted, which was at St. Cloud, his Majesty said to *Moliere*, that the first time he had some Affair in his Head which hinder'd him from observing his Play; but that it was a very good one, and had given him a great deal of Pleasure. *Moliere* wish'd for no more, being assured that what pleased the King, wou'd be well received by the Skilful, and force the rest to like it. So he acted his Play boldly at Paris, the 11th of May, 1672.

Moliere soon took Fire when he was attack'd. *Benserade* had done it, but I can't find upon what Account. *Moliere* resolv'd to be reveng'd of him, though he was the Favourite Wit of a Man of Quality, and honoured with his Protection. *Moliere* therefore took it in his Head to write some Verses in Imitation of those of *Benserade's*, in praise of the King, who represented *Neptune* at a Festival. He did not openly declare himself to be the Author of 'em,

'em, but he had the Prudence to tell it his Majesty. All the Court liked those Verses mightily, and with a general Voice father'd 'em on *Benferade*, who did not scruple to receive their Compliments, yet without absolutely yielding to 'em. The Lord that protected him was glad to see him Triumph; and *Benferade* was mighty vain upon it, as tho' he himself had been the Author of those Verses. But when *Moliere* had thoroughly prepared his Revenge, he declared publickly that the Verses were his. *Benferade* was quite confounded, and his Patron was very angry and even threaten'd *Moliere*, for putting such a Trick upon a Person whom he honour'd with his Esteem and Protection. But *Moliere* knew that the Soul of that Nobleman was too great, for him to fear the Consequences of his first transport of Passion.

A great many People imagine that *Moliere* had a particular Intimacy with M. R—. I don't find that this is true, though I endeavour'd to discover it. On the contrary, the Age, Employment, and Character of those two Gentlemen were so different, that I do not think they cou'd be fond of one another; and I do not even believe that *Moliere* had any Esteem for R—. I judge so from what happened to 'em upon Account of the B—.

R— having written that Play, he promised it to *Moliere* that he might play it on his Theatre, he even let him give it out. Yet he thought fit to carry it to the Comedians of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, which set *Moliere* and *Baron* against him. M. de P— saying to the latter at *Fontainebleau*, that he was sorry his Company had not the B— because that Piece wou'd have gain'd him Honour, *Baron* answer'd that he was glad they had it not, that they might not have to do with such a base Fellow. M. de P— reply'd, he was very sawcy to talk to him in that Manner of his Friend. *Baron* being provok'd, did not scruple to maintain what he had said; so that it came to Investives, and almost to Blows; but *Moliere* having parted 'em, and enquired into the Quarrel, told *Baron* he was much in the wrong to speak ill of R—to M. de P—, that he knew he was his Friend, and that it was ungentle in a young Man to do so. That in truth, he (*Moliere*) did

make every Body acquainted with R——'s unworthy Character; but that he took care not to speak ill of him to M. de P——, who, though not over-well satisfy'd with *Moliere's* Reproof of *Baron*, did not make any Answer, but went away. Yet I have heard M. R—— speak much to *Moliere's* Advantage, and 'tis from him that I have a great many of the Things I have related.

I have sufficiently shewn that *Moliere* did not always live in good Intelligence with his Wife; I need not enter into any further Particulars to shew the Cause on't. But I here take occasion to say, That there are at this time several Lies told concerning *Moliere* and his Wife. Even M. *Baile* in his Historical Dictionary, and upon the Authority of an idle scandalous Romance, makes *Moliere* and his Wife play a Part much beneath their Sentiments, and remote from the Truth upon that Article. He lived like a true Philosopher, and being wholly bent to please his Prince, and to gain Reputation by his Works, he did not much mind the Humours of his Wife, whom he suffer'd to live as she pleas'd, though he always had a true Tendernefs for her. Yet his Friends endeavour'd to Reconcile 'em; or, to speak better, to make 'em live together more peaceably. They succeeded, and *Moliere*, to render their Union the more perfect, quitted the Use of Milk, which he had never discontinued till then, and took to eating Meat. This Change of Diet encreased his Cough and Defluxion on the Breast. Yet he finish'd his *Hypocondriack*, which he had begun a pretty while before, for, as I have already said, he did not write quick, but he loved to be thought Expeditious. When the King required a Diversion, and he gave *Psyche* in January 1672, he did not undeceive the Publick, who though what was his in that Play was writ after the King's Commands; but I know that it was begun a Year and a half before, and that not being able to finish it in so little time, he had recourse to M. de *Corneille* to help him. 'Tis known that in July 1672, that Piece met at *Paris* with the Success it deserved. Yet we need not wonder that *Moliere* was so tedious at Writing; he managed the Company; he always undertook the greatest Parts himself; the Visits of

his Friends and of Persons of Quality were frequent, all this took up his time sufficiently to hinder him from being long in his Closet. Besides his state of Health was bad, and he was obliged to spare himself.

Ten Months after his Reconciliation with his Wife, he gave, on the 10th of *February 1673*, his *Hypocondriack*, which 'tis said himself is the Original of. That Play had the Applause his Works generally received, notwithstanding the Criticks that rose against it. 'Twas the Fate of his best Pieces to be carpt at, and not to be liked till after some Reflection. And it has been observed that none but the *Romantic Ladies* and *Amphitryon* took immediately.

The Day that the *Hypocondriack* was to be Acted the third time, *Moliere* was tormented with his Defluxion more than ordinary; which made him send for his Wife, to whom he said, in the Presence of *Baron*: Whilst my Life was equally made up of Grief and Pleasure, I thought my self happy; but now that I am quite spent with Torment, without being able to reckon upon any Moments of Satisfaction and Sweetness, I see plainly I must yield, I can no longer hold out against Pain and Grief, which give me no Rest. But, adds he reflecting, 'tis fit a Man suffer before he dies; I perceive I draw near my End.

Mrs. *Moliere* and *Baron* were mightily afflicted at *Moliere's* Discourse, which they did not expect, notwithstanding his Illness. They conjured him, with Tears in their Eyes, not to Act that Day, but to take some Rest, to set himself to rights again. How can that be, says he to 'em? There are Fifty poor People who have only their Days Pay to live on; what will they do if I don't Play? I shou'd never forgive my self, if I neglected giving 'em Bread but one Day, if I cou'd possibly help it. But he sent for the Comedians, to whom he said, that finding himself more out of Order than he used to be, he cou'd not play that Day unless they were ready to Act by four a Clock precisely. Otherwise, says he to 'em, I can't be there, and you must return the Money. The Comedians had the Candles lighted, and the Curtain up exactly at four.

Moliere acted with a great deal of Difficulty, and most of the Spectators observed that at pronouncing *Furo* in the Ceremony of the *Hypocondriack*, a Convulsion took him. He, finding that 'twas perceived by the Audience, strain'd himself, and endeavour'd by a forced Laugh to conceal what had happened to him.

When the Play was over he took his Night-Gown, went into *Baron's* Dressing-Room, and ask'd him what they said of his Play. *M. Baron* told him that his Works had always good Success if they were examin'd nearly, and that the more they were Acted the more they were liked. But, adds he, you seem to be worse than you were before. 'Tis true I am so, replies *Moliere*; I am seiz'd with an excessive Coldness. *Baron* having felt his Hands, which were half frozen, put 'em in his Muff, to warm 'em; he sent for his Chairmen to carry him home quickly, and he did not leave his Chair from the *Palais Royal* to *Richlieu-Street*, where he lived; for fear some Accident or other should happen to him. When he was in his Chamber. *Baron* wou'd have had him eat some Broth, which *Mrs. Moliere* always had by her; for no Body could take more care of his Person than she did. Oh! no, says he, my Wife's Broths are *Aqua fortis* to me; you know the Ingredients she puts into 'em, rather give me a bit of *Parmesan Cheese*. *La Forest* brought him some; he eat of it with a little Bread, and went to Bed. He had not been there a Moment, but he sent to his Wife for a Pillow filled with a certain Drug which she had promis'd him to make him Sleep. I'll willingly try any thing, says he, that don't go within the Body; but Medicines that are to be swallow'd frighten me; I need not have any thing to deprive me of the little Life I have left. A moment afterwards he was taken with a great Fit of Coughing, and when he had spit he call'd for a Candle; here's some Alteration, says he. *Baron* seeing the Blood he had brought up, was surpriz'd. Don't frighten your self, says *Moliere*, you have seen me bring up more than this. Yet, adds he, go bid my Wife come up. He remain'd there, assisted by two Religious Sisters, some of those who generally come to *Paris* to beg during the

the *Lent*, and to whom he gave Alms. In that last Moment of his Life they gave him all the edifying help that could be expected from their Charity, and he shew'd the Sentiments of a good Christian, and all the Resignation that he owed to the Will of God. At last he gave up the Ghost in the Arms of these two good Sisters, the Blood, which gush'd out of his Mouth in abundance, choking him. So, when his Wife and *Baron* came up they found him dead. I thought my self obliged to enter into the Particulars of *Moliere's* Death, to disabuse the Publick who are impos'd on by several Stories that are made upon it. He died on *Friday* the 17th of *February*, 1673, Aged 53 Years, lamented by all the Men of Letters, by the Courtiers, and by the generality of the People. He left but one Daughter: *Mademoiselle Pocquelin* shews, by the Regularity of her Conduct, and by the Solidity and Agreeableness of her Conversation, that she does not so much inherit her Father's Wealth as his good Qualities.

So soon *Moliere* was dead, *Baron* went to *St. Germain* to inform the King of it; his Majesty was concerned at it, and vouchsaf'd to shew that he was so. He was a Man of Probity, and had Sentiments that were very uncommon to Persons of his Birth, as may appear by what I have related of him: And for his Wit, his Works will give a better Notion of that than any thing I can say. He had an inviolable Affection for the King's Person; he made it his chief Study to please his Majesty, yet without neglecting the Publick Esteem which he was very fond of. He was constant in his Friendship, and knew how to place it. The Marshal *de Vivone* was the Person amongst the Great that honour'd him most with his *Chapelle* was struck with Grief at the Death of his Friend; he reckon'd he had lost all Consolation, all Succour, and seem'd so very much afflicted, that 'twas doubted whether he'd long survive him or no.

Every body knows the Difficulty there was in procuring *Moliere's* Christian Burial, and how 'twas obtain'd to have him bury'd at *St. Joseph's*; in consideration of his Merit and the Uprightness of his Behaviour, which were

diligently inquired into, and certified. The Day that he was to be interred there was an incredible crowd of People gathered at his Door. Mrs. *Moliere* was frighten'd at it; She cou'd not imagine the Intentions of the Populace; she was advis'd to scatter an hundred Pistoles out of the Window; she did so, and desired the Mob in such moving Terms to bestow their Prayers upon her Husband, that there was not one of 'em all, but what fell to praying heartily.

The Corps was carried out peacefully, by the Light of almost a hundred Flambeaux, on *Tuesday* the 21st of *February*. As it pass'd through *Mountmartre-Street* one ask'd a Woman whose Burial that was? 'Tis *Moliere's*, answers she. Another Woman that was at her Window and heard her, cry'd out; How, Hussy, Sure he deserved a Mr. at your Hands.

He was no sooner Dead, but Epitaphs were dispersed throughout all *Paris*. There was not any Poet but wrote one on him; yet few succeeded. A certain Abbot thought to make his Court to the late Prince of *Conti*, by presenting him with an Epitaph on *Moliere's* Death. Ah, said the Prince to him, I had rather *Moliere* had presented me with thine.

M —, whose profound Stock of Learning entitled him to one of the most valuable Employments at Court, and who is at this Day an illustrious Prelate, was pleased to honour *Moliere's* Memory with the following Verses.

*Plaudibat. Moleri, tibi plenis Aula Theatris;
Nunc eadem marens post tua fata gemit.
Si risum nobis movisses parcius olim,
Parcius heu! lachrymis tingeret ora dolor.*

*The Town, Moliere, which with applauding Breath
Sounded thy Praise, now mourn thy hasty Death;
Hadst thou more sparingly our Mirth supply'd,
More sparingly our Grief had swol'n its Tide.*

Persons of Probity and Men of Letters presently perceived what a loss the Comick Stage suffer'd by the Death
of

of *Moliere*. But his Enemies, who had used all their Endeavours in vain to lessen his Merit in his Life-time, attack'd his Memory after his Death; they repeated all the Calumnies, all the Falsties, all the silly Jestts that ignorant or enraged Poets had spread about some Years before in two Pieces, entituled; *The Painter's Picture*, which I have spoken of, and *Elomire Hypochondriac*, or *The Physicians Revenged*. He was a Man, said they, without Morals, without Religion, a stupid Author. Envy and Ignorance supported 'em in these Sentiments, and they omitted nothing to make 'em publick, either by word of Mouth or by their Writings. There are still some of those Persons who are ever enclined to judge ill of a Man whom they cannot imitate; who suspect *Moliere's* Conduct, and who hunt for the weak Parts of his Works, in order to expose him. I have good Warrants for what I have said to the Advantage of that Author. The Esteem, the Favours with which the King always honour'd him, the Persons with whom he contracted Friendship, the care he took to discountenance Vice and to praise Virtue in his Works, his being put in the Number of *the Illustrious Men of France*, ought to leave no Room to doubt that I have describ'd him such as he really was; and the more distant the Time grows, the more People search, the more I shall be found to have aim'd at the Truth, and that I only wanted Skill to relate it.

The Reader, who always goes beyond what an Author gives him, without reflecting upon his Design, wou'd perhaps have had me been more particular concerning the Success of all *Moliere's* Plays, and enter'd further into the Judgment that was made of 'em at the time when they were written. This was objected to me, and this I objected to my self. But wou'd not that rather have been the History of *Moliere's* Theatre than of his Life? I must have been continually obliged to repeat the same thing at every Play; this wou'd have been Tiresome. *Moliere's* Enemies were always the same: their Ignorance ty'd 'em always down to the same kind of Criticism. As 'twas impossible for him to please every Body, if a Man of Parts found any thing that he dislik'd in a Play, the envious Faction came

came immediately into it, attributed it to themselves, and did their Endeavours to run down the Author; but he always Triumph'd. *Moliere* knew the three sorts of People he had to divert: the Courtier, the Scholar, and the Citizen. The Court loved fine Shews and fine Sentiments. the *Princess of Elis*, the *Magnificent Lovers*, and *Psyche*, pleased them; neither did they disdain to Laugh at *Scapin*, at the *Forc'd Marriage*, at the *Countess of Escarbagnas*. The Populace loved Farce only, and disregarded what was above their Reach. The Scholars wou'd have an Author like *Moliere* conduct his Subject with Art, and, by following Nature, fulfill the Character he had chosen, after the Example of *Terence*. Thus we see the Judgment that *Despreaux* makes of *Moliere* in his Art of Poetry.

*Your Actors must by Reason be controll'd;
Let Young Men speak like Young, Old Men like Old.
Observe the Town, and Study well the Court,
For thither various Characters resort:
By this the Great Moliere attain'd Renewn,
And in his Art had borne away the Crown,
If less desirous of the People's Praise,
He had not with low Farce debas'd his Plays,
Mixing dull Ribaldry with Wit refin'd,
And Tabarin with Noble Terence join'd.
In Scapin's Sack the Misanthrope I lose, &c.*

M. de la Bruyere made likewise the same Judgment of him: " *Terence*, says he, wanted only Warmth: What Purity! What Exactness! What Politeness! What Elegance! What Characters! *Moliere* wanted only to avoid Jargon, and to write Purely. What Fire! What Nature! What a Source of good Pleasantry! What Imitation of Manners! What Images! What Satyr! What a Man might be made out of these two Comick Writers!" All the Learned have made almost the same Judgment of *Moliere's* Works; but he diverted all these three sorts of Persons in their Turn; without making himself uneasy about the different Opinions they had of him, provided their Judgments answer'd his Design in writing

writing the Play; which was either to please the Court, or to enrich himself by the Multitude, or to gain the Esteem of the Skilful. Thus intending only to give *Moliere's* Life, I thought I was not oblig'd to examine his Plays, which was no essential Point in it; and besides, that Work requires a far greater Extent of Knowledge than I am Master of. Therefore I confined my self to the Facts which gave occasion to the principal Actions of his Life, and which help'd me to draw his Character, and the different Situations he was in. I have carefully traced him from his Birth to his Death, without deviating from the Truth; not that I presume I have said all that can be said; some Facts may have escap'd me, but I don't believe they are such as wou'd shew the Wit, Heart and Condition of *Moliere*, otherwise than I have described 'em.

I had it mightily at Heart to recover those Works of *Moliere* that never appear'd. I knew he had left some unfinished Fragments of Pieces. I likewise knew that he had some whole ones by him, that never were Publish'd. But his Wife, not being over curious as to her Husband's Works, gave 'em all, some time after his Death, to *la Grange* the Actor, who knowing their Worth, preserv'd 'em carefully till he Dy'd. His Wife was no less negligent than Mrs. *Moliere*: She sold her Husband's Library, wherein, 'tis thought, are the Manuscripts that remain'd after *Moliere's* Death.

That Author had Translated almost all *Lucretius*; and had it not been for a Misfortune that happen'd to his Work, wou'd have finish'd it. One of his Servants, whom he had order'd to put his *Peruke* in Buckle, took some of his Translation to serve for Papers. *Moliere* was not Fortunate in Servants; his were subject to Stupidities, or perhaps this may be imputed to him who put on his Stocking the wrong side outward. *Moliere*, naturally passionate, was so enrag'd at the ill Fortune of his Translation, that in his Anger he threw all the rest into the Fire. As he proceeded in the Translation of it, he read it to M. *Rohaut*, who was very well pleas'd with it; as he told several Persons. To give his Translation the better Taste, *Moliere* had done all the Philosophical Matters in Prose, and put *Lucretius's* fine Descriptions in Verse.

Per-

Perhaps People may wonder why I did not make *Moliere* a Counsellor. But I have heard that Fact disputed by Persons whom I may suppose to know the Truth better than the Publick, and I was forced to yield to their Reasons. Yet his Family has so positively assured me to the contrary, that I think my self obliged to say that *Moliere* Study'd the Law with one of his School-fellows; that when he got himself admitted a Counsellor, his Comrade turn'd Player; that each of 'em had Success in his Profession; and that when *Moliere* took a Fancy to leave the Bar, and mount the Stage, his Comrade the Player turn'd Counsellor. This Coincident seem'd to me singular enough to give it to the Publick just as I heard it affirm'd, as a Particular which proves *Moliere* to have been a Counsellor.



L' ESTOURDI:

L'ESTOURDI:

Sir Martin Mar-all.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LELIO, *alias Sir Martin Mar-all, Son to Pandolphus.*

Leander.

Anselmo, *an Old Man.*

Pandolphus, *an Old Man.*

Trufaldin, *an Old Man.*

Andrew, *taken for a Gypsie.*

Mascarille, *Servant to Sir Martin.*

Ergastus, *a Servant.*

A Post-Man.

Two Companies of Masqueraders.

W O M E N.

Celia, *Trufaldin's Slave.*

Hippolita, *Daughter to Anselmo.*

SCENE *lies at Messina.*

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Sir Martin Mar-all.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lelio, or Sir Martin Mar-all, Solus.



ELL then, *Leander*, we must dispute it out, and see who will gain the Day; which of us will give the greatest Obstruction to the Addresses of his Rival. Defend your self as well as you can; and be assured I'll spare no Pains on my Part.

SCENE II.

Sir Martin, Mascarilla.

Sir Mart. Ah Mascarille!

Masc. What's the Matter?

Sir Mart. Here's a great deal to do; every thing makes against my Passion; *Leander* is in Love with *Celia*, and notwithstanding I have changed my Mistress, is, to my Misfortune, again my Rival.

Masc. Is *Leander* in Love with *Celia*?

Sir Mart. He adores her.

Masc. So much the worse.

Sir Mart. Why, that's what troubles me. Yet I should be in the wrong to Despair; since I have your Aid, I ought to pluck up a good Heart; I know your Head is
very

very fruitful in Expedients, and never was put to a Stand for any thing; that you may be call'd the King of Servants, and that throughout the whole World —

Masc. Come, come, no Flattery; when we miserable Wretches are wanted we are Incomparable; but at another time, for the least Fault, we are Rascals and deserve to have our Bones broke.

Sir Mart. Faith you wrong me by this Invective; But let's talk of the amiable Captive; tell me if the most Cruel Flinty Heart cou'd have been Impenetrable to such lovely Charms; for my part, as well by her Discourse as her Face, I think she must needs be Born a Gentlewoman; and I believe Heaven in her present Condition conceals that of her Family.

Masc. These are Romantic Chimeras. But what will *Pandolphus*, your reputed Father, do in this Case? You know he is sometimes Passionate, and bestows a great many hearty Curses upon you when your Carriage displeases him: He's engaged with *Anselmo* to Marry you to his Daughter *Hippolita*, thinking that nothing but Matrimony will make you Wiser. And if he shou'd come to know that you despise his Choice, and throw your self away upon a Person wholly unknown, the Lord knows what a Storm will arise; and with what fine Speeches you'll be entertain'd.

Sir Mart. Good now ha' done with your Rhetoric.

Masc. Good now do you ha' done with such Politicks; they're not over good; you shou'd endeavour to —

Sir Mart. Don't you know that no Body gets anything by Angering of me? that Advice receives but a pitiful Reward at my Hands? And that a Servant who wou'd pretend to Counsel me has but an ill time on't?

Masc. He grows Angry! What I said was but in Jest, and to Sound you. Do I look like an Enemy to Nature? You know the contrary; all my Fault is being too good-humour'd. I wou'd not have you value what an Old Grey-headed Father can say; no, push your Point; Faith I think these cross-grain'd Dotards have a Mind to Deafen us with their Idle Talk; and being themselves Virtuous, because 'tis not in their Power to be otherwise, want to de-

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prive young People of the Pleasures of Life; you know my Capacity; I offer you my Service.

Sir Mart. Aye, now you please me. When I discover'd my Love to her that caus'd it, she did not take it amiss; but then presently *Leander* came and told me that he was preparing to deprive me of *Celia*: Wherefore let's be quick; think of the speediest Means to make her my Prize; contrive Tricks, Cheats, Stratagems, Inventions to frustrate my Rival's Pretences.

Masc. Let me consider a little. What can I think of upon this urgent Occasion? humph!

Sir Mart. Well, what's the Stratagem?

Masc. How hasty you are! My Brain is always more deliberate. Oh, now I have it----- we must----- no, that won't do----- But if you go-----

Sir Mart. Whither?

Masc. That's a foolish Design too. I am thinking on another method.

Sir Mart. What is't?

Masc. It won't take. But can't you-----?

Sir Mart. What?

Masc. You can do nothing neither: Speak to *Anselmo*;

Sir Mart. What can I say to him?

Masc. 'Tis true, that's falling out of the Frying Pan into the Fire. Yet we must have her. Go to *Trufaldin*.

Sir Mart. What to do?

Masc. Nay, I don't know.

Sir Mart. Pshaw, you'll make me angry with this idle Stuff.

Masc. Sir, if you had but good Store of the Thing call'd Money, we should have no need of all this Study for the Matter; and might, by buying this Slave out of Hand, disappoint the Bravadoes of your Rival. *Trufaldin*, who has her in Custody is in some Fear of these Gypsies, who make him stay too long for his Money; so that if any one would lay it him down, he'd be very glad to sell her; for he was always a true Miser; and I believe would be whipt at the Cart's A---- for a Shilling; Gold is his Idol; but the Deuce on't is-----

Sir Mart. What?

I

Masc.

Masc. That your Father is no Fool, and won't suffer you to finger his Purse as you please; there's no way to make him open it to help us upon this Occasion. But let's try to speak a Moment to *Celia*, to know her Opinion. Here's her Window.

Sir Mart. But *Trufaldin* Night and Day keeps a strict Watch over her; Take care what you do.

Masc. Don't you trouble your self. O Happiness! Here she's coming, just as we wanted her.

SCENE III.

Sir Martin Mar-all, Celia, Mascarille.

Sir Mart. How am I to thank my Stars, for offering to my Sight the Celestial Charms which you are Mistress of! And, however painful the Wounds which your Eyes have given me may ha' been, I have yet a great Pleasure in gazing on them.

Cel. My Heart, which is justly amazed at what you say, can't comprehend how my Eyes shou'd hurt any body; and if they have done you any Harm, I'll assure you 'twas without my Consent.

Sir Mart. Ah! the Impression they make is too agreeable to hurt me; I place my chief Glory in cherishing my Wound, and —

Masc. We have now no Occasion for so much Rhetorick. Make better Use of your Time, and know of her —

Truf. (Within) *Celia!*

Masc. Do you see now?

Sir Mart. Oh cruel Accident! Must this old Rascal interrupt us?

Masc. Go get you gone; Let me alone to talk with him.

SCENE IV.

Trufaldin, and the rest.

Truf. (To *Celia*.) What do you here, when I have forbidden you talking to any body?

[*Sir Martin gets into a Corner.*
Cel.

Cel. I knew this honest Man once; you have no need to suspect him.

Masc. Is that Signior Trufaldin?

Cel. Yes.

Masc. Sir, I am your most humble Servant; I am extremely glad that I may salute a Man whose Name is so famous.

Truf. Your very humble Servant.

Masc. Perhaps I am troublesome; but I have seen the young Woman elsewhere, and knowing the great Talent she had to foretel things to come, I came to talk to her about a certain Matter.

Truf. What! Do you understand the Black Art.

Cel. No, my Skill lyes all in the White.

Masc. The Case is this. The Master I serve is deeply in Love: And whenever he attempts to mention his Passion to the Beauty he adores, an old Dragon that guards the precious Treasure always hinders him; and what makes him most miserable is, he has lately discover'd a potent Rival; wherefore to know whether he may expect Success I come to consult you, being sure that you can inform us rightly.

Cel. Under what Star was your Master born?

Masc. Under a Star incapable of making any Change in his Love.

Cel. Without naming to me the Person belov'd, my Science tells it me; the Maid has a Spirit, and in Adversity can preserve a noble Haughtiness; she is not one that will discover the secret Sentiments of her Heart; but I know them as well as herself, and will in two Words tell you them all.

Masc. O wonderful Power of Magick Virtue!

Cel. If your Master prove constant, and Virtue be his only Instigation, he need not be afraid of fighting in vain; he may live in Hopes, and the Fortrefs he besieges is not deaf to Treaties, but will capitulate.

Masc. That's something; but that Fortrefs depends upon a Governor that's hard to be gain'd.

Cel. There lyes all the Difficulty.

78 Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Masc. The Devil take that Impertinent with his Watchfulneis.

Cel. I'll tell you what's to be done.

Sir Mart. (*Coming up to them.*) Don't be uneasy, *Trufaldin*, 'tis by my Order he comes to visit you; and I sent you this faithful Servant to offer you my Service, and to speak concerning *Celia*, for whose Liberty I will shortly pay you, provided we agree upon the Price.

Masc. Plague take the Ass!

Truf. How's this? Which of the two am I to believe? This is very contradictory to the first Story.

Masc. Sir, this Gentleman is crack-brain'd: did not you know it?

Truf. I know what I know; here's a Snake in the Grass; Get you in, and pray never take this Liberty again; and you, Villains, as I'm deceived if you are not, next time you play upon me, put your Flutes in better Comfort. [Exit with *Celia*.]

Masc. Rarely well done; I wish he had but given us a good Beating; you must be shewing your self, and, like a Numpskull, come and unsay all I had said.

Sir Mart. I thought I did well.

Masc. Aye to be sure! But I ought not to wonder at this; you are so fruitful in such Counterplots, that 'tis no News for your Brains to be a Wool-gathering.

Sir Mart. See here how I'm scolded at for nothing? Is the Harm so great as not to be repair'd? But if you cannot put me in Possession of *Celia*, yet at least endeavour to break *Leander's* Measures, that he may not redeem the Fair One before me. For fear even my Presence should disturb you, I leave you.

Masc. Very well. Money wou'd be the the surest Agent in our Affair; but that being wanting, we must go some other Way to work.

SCENE V.

Anselmo, Mascarille.

Anf. (*Talking to himself.*) This is a strange Age; I am ashamed on't; never was Money so much lov'd, nor was it

it ever so hard to get in one's own. Debts, now-a-days, are like Children, conceiv'd with Joy, and brought forth with Sorrow. The Pence come agreeably into a Purse, but when we're to part with 'em Grief seizes us. Come, come, two thousand Livres is no small Sum to be owing to one. I bless my Stars, I have 'em now repay'd me. I'm easy.

Masc. This wou'd be a goodly Prey indeed! I know one way to tickle him. Signor *Anselmo*, I just now saw —

Ans. Whom?

Masc. Your *Nerina*.

Ans. And what did the pretty Pignie say of me?

Masc. She dies for Love of you.

Ans. Does she?

Masc. She loves you so much that I really pity her.

Ans. How glad you make me!

Masc. Her Love almost kills the poor Creature; my dear *Anselm*, cries she every Moment, when will Marriage joyn our Hearts, when will you vouchsafe to extinguish my Flames?

Ans. But why has she hitherto conceal'd this from me? Faith, Maids are very dissembling! What do you think of me, *Mascarille*? Tho' I am old, yet I have a Presence that may please.

Masc. Certainly; and if it is not one of the most beautiful, 'tis at least agreeable.

Ans. So then —

Masc. (*Trying to take the Purse*) She is mad for you, and esteems you now —

Ans. How?

Masc. As her Husband: and will —

Ans. And will what?

Masc. Take your Purse.

[*Aside.*

Ans. Ha!

Masc. (*Filches his Purse.*) Joyn her Mouth to yours.

Ans. Oh I understand you. Come hither, when you see her, cry up my Deserts to her as much as you can.

Masc. Let me alone.

Ans. Farewel.

Masc. Heaven conduct you.

Ans.

Ans. Od I shou'd ha' committed a great Folly, and you might have well accused me of Coldness, if I shou'd engage you to serve me, and receive good News without giving you some Recompence for your Zeal; a small Token——

Masc. Pray now don't.

Ans. Let me.

Masc. No, I don't do't for Lucre.

Ans. I know it, but yet——

Masc. No, Sir, I am a Man of Honour; this disoblige me.

Ans. Goodbuy then, *Mascarille*.

Masc. How tedious he is!

Ans. I'll send a Present by you to the Object of my Desires; I'll give you something to buy a Ring, or some Toy or other for her, what you will.

Masc. There's no need of your Mony; I'll make her a Present, without your troubling your self; there's a fashionable Ring in my Keeping, which, if it fits her, you shall pay me for.

Ans. Be it so; give it her from me; and take care and manage the Business so well, that she may still preserve an Affection for me.

SCENE VI.

Sir Martin, Anselmo, Mascarille.

Sir Mart. Whose Purse is this?

[Takes up the Purse which had been drop'd by Masc.]

Ans. Oh Heav'ns! I had dropt it, and I shou'd afterwards ha' thought somebody had pick'd my Pocket of it; I'm oblig'd to you for sparing me that Grief, and restoring me my Mony; I'll go home this Minute, and put it out of my Pocket. *[Exit.]*

Masc. You're plaguy officious.

Sir Mart. Faith, if it had not been for me he had lost his Mony.

Masc. Oh you do Wonders, and pay it off to Day with Wit and Cunning! We shall make great Riddance, if you go on thus.

Sir

Sir Mart. Why, what have I done?

Masc. Play'd the Ass, I had like to ha' said. He knows the Want his Father suffers him to be in, that a formidable Rival presses us, and yet when I attempt a thing to oblige him, wherein I alone am in Danger——

Sir Mart. What! was it——

Masc. Yes, Dunce, 'twas to redeem the Captive that I got that Money, whereof you take Care to deprive us.

Sir Mart. If it be so, I'm in the wrong; but who could have imagin'd it?

Masc. There was need of great Conjunction indeed to find it out.

Sir Mart. You ought by some Sign to have let me into the Secret.

Masc. Yes, I warrant you, I ought to have Eyes behind me; in the Name of *Jupiter* let us alone, and let's have no more of your Interruptions; any but I, after this, would give it quite over; but just now there came into my Head a Masterpiece, which I'll immediately put in Execution; 'provided,——

Sir Mart. No, I'll promise you, I'll neither say nor do any thing again.

Masc. Begone then, the Sight of you provokes me.

Sir Mart. But make haste, lest this Design——

Masc. Once more, Go, I say. I'll set about it. Let's manage this Project well; 'twill be a pure one, if it succeeds, as I believe 'twill; We'll try——good, here comes he I wanted——

SCENE VII.

Pandolphus, Mascarille.

Pand Mascarille!

Masc. Sir?

Pand. To tell you a Truth I am dissatisfy'd with my Son.

Masc. With my Master? You're not the only one that complains of him: his ill Conduct, which is insupportable in every thing, often puts me quite out of Patience.

Pand.

Pand. I thought you had been mighty great together.

Masc. We? Sir, don't think it; I'm always putting him in mind of his Duty; we're every Moment ready to part. Just now we had a Quarrel together about *Hippolita's* Marriage, which he stands out against; wherein by a criminal Refusal he offends the Respect due to a Father.

Pand. Quarrell'd!

Masc. Yes, Quarrell'd, and loudly too.

Pand. Then I was deceiv'd; for I thought you supported him in all he did.

Masc. I? See how the World goes now-a-days, and how Innocence is oppress'd. If you knew my Integrity, tho' I'm hired for a Valet, yet you'd pay me as a Tutor: you your self cou'd not rattle him more than I did. Sir, say I to him often, good now leave being thus transported by every sudden Whim; Reform your self; Consider the worthy Father Heaven has given you; don't thus stab him to the Heart, but live like a Man of Honour as he does.

Pand. That was well said; and what could he answer?

Masc. Answer? Nothing but Flams, which he tries to confound me with. Not but that at the Bottom he preserves the Seeds of Honour which you infused into him; but his Reason does not gain the Mastery; tho', if I might speak my Thoughts, you shou'd shortly see him submissive without any Force.

Pand. As how?

Masc. 'Tis a Secret which concerns me mightily, if it shou'd be discover'd; but I may safely trust to your Prudence.

Pand. You say well.

Masc. Know then that your Command is disobey'd, because of the Love your Son has for a certain Slave.

Pand. I was inform'd of this before; but never cou'd believe it 'till now.

Masc. You see whether I am his Confident----

Pand. Truly I'm glad of it.

Masc. But do you desire to bring him without noise to his Duty? We must---- I'm afraid of being surpriz'd; there'd be an end of me, shou'd he come to know this. We must,

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I say, to break the Course of this, secretly buy the idoliz'd Slave, and send her into another Country. *Anselmo* is intimately acquainted with *Trufaldin*; let him buy her for you this very Morning; afterwards, if you'll deliver her into my Hands, I know some Merchants, and may promise you to bring you the Mony for her that she cost you; and to send her far enough off, in Spite of your Son's Teeth. For, in short, if you'd have him yield to this Marriage, you must put a Stop to that growing Amour; otherwise, when 'tis resolv'd upon that he shall take the Yoke you design him, this other Object may awake his Caprice, and prejudice the Match.

Pan. You say true, I like your Advice. I see *Anselmo*; go, I'll try to get this fatal Slave quickly, and will put her in your Hands, that you may finish the rest.

Masc. Good; I'll go tell my Master of this. May Cheats and Cheaters live!

SCENE VIII.

Hypolita, Mascarille.

Hyp. Is this the Service you do me, Traitor? I overheard all, and saw your Cunning; cou'd I have suspected this! You promis'd me, and I expected that you wou'd assist my Love for *Leander*; that your Wit and Care wou'd prevent my having Sir *Martin*, who is forced upon me; that you'd free me from my Father's Tyrannical Will; and yet you act quite the contrary; but you're deceiv'd, I can hinder this Slave's being redeem'd; and will go—

Masc. How very hasty you are. You take Snuff in a Minute; and without considering whether you are in the right or the wrong, you fall foul upon me. I'm to blame; You deserve that I shou'd make your Words true, and not finish my Work; since you abuse me so.

Hyp. By what Illusion do you think to dazzle my Sight? Traytor, can you deny what I just now heard?

Masc. No; but be inform'd, all this Cunning was only to serve you: that that Advice, which seem'd so hearty was to put a Trick upon both the Old Men: that all I

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wanted was but to get *Celia*, that I might give her to Sir *Martin*; and that the Effect of this Invention putting *Anselmo* into an Excess of Anger, he might turn his Choice upon *Leander*, when he saw himself depriv'd of his other Son-in-Law.

Hyp. What! Was this great Project, which put me into such a Passion, all for my Sake?

Masc. Yes, for your Sake was it; but since good Offices are so ill rewarded, that I must thus undergo your Caprices, and for a Recompence be call'd Knave, base Wretch, and Cheat. I'll go and repair the Error I have committed, and undo what I have done.

Hyp. (*Holding him.*) Don't use me so rigorously, pardon the Transports of my Passion.

Masc. No, no, let me alone, 'tis in my Power to ward off the Blow which offends you so much. You shan't, for the future, have Occasion to complain of my Diligence; Yes, I'll promise you shall have my Master.

Hyp. Good *Mascarille*, lay aside your Wrath; I made a wrong Judgment of you; I confess I was to blame (*Pulling out her Purse.*) But I'll make it up with this. Can you abandon me thus?

Masc. No, I cannot, do what I will; but you are too passionate. There's nothing offends a noble Heart so much as touching its Honour.

Hyp. 'Tis true, I gave you too great Abuses: but let these Pistoles atone for it.

Masc. 'Tis not that I did it for; I am tender in my Honour; but I begin to be calm; one must endure a little from one's Friends.

Hyp. Can you put an end to what I propose. Will your bold Designs produce the Effect you say?

Masc. Don't you trouble yourself for that; I have Springs ready for several Machines; and tho' this Stratagem shou'd fail us, another may not.

Hyp. Do not think *Hypolita* will be ungrateful,

Masc. 'Tis not the Hope of Gain that encourages me.

Hyp. Your Master beckons you; I'll leave you; but remember to do what you can for me.

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SCENE IX.

Mascarille, Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. What the Devil are you doing here? You promise me Wonders, but your Slowness for me is beyond all Patience: Had not my good Genius brought me hither, my Happiness had been already all overthrown; there wou'd ha' been an end of my good Fortune and Joy: I shou'd ha' become a Prey to an eternal Grief: in short, if I had not been hereabouts, *Anselmo* wou'd have had the Slave, and I shou'd have been balk'd. He wou'd ha' carry'd her Home with him, but I hinder'd it, and caus'd *Trufaldin* to keep her, thro' Fear.

Masc. This makes three times; when it comes to ten we'll cut a Notch. 'Twas by my Cunning, O incurable Afs, that *Anselmo* undertook to buy her. She was to have been delivered into my own Hands, and you industriously hinder'd it; and shall I again labour for you? No, I'd rather a thousand times be an Afs, a Stone Jug, a Cabbage, a Lantern, and that Signor *Satan* shou'd wring your Neck round.

Sir Mart. I must carry him to a Tavern, and let him discharge his Anger on the Glasses.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mascarille, Sir Martin Marr-all.

Masc. WELL, I can't help yielding to your Desires, and notwithstanding all my Protections, I'm going to embark in new Dangers for your Interests. I am so tender-hearted and easy, that if Dame Nature had made a Girl of *Mascarille*, I'll leave you to imagine what sort of one she wou'd ha' been: However, don't be so cock sure upon this as to go quite contrary to the Project I put in Practice, to make a Mistake and spoil the Design: We shall again excuse you to *Anselmo*, to get from him what

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we desire ; but if you play the Fool but once more, Farewel to the Object you sigh for.

Sir Mart. No, I tell you, I shall be wiser, never fear it ; you shall see——

Masc. Take care you be so ; I have begun a bold Stragem for your sake ; your Father is extremely slow to render you happy by his Death ; I just now kill'd him (I mean by Report ;) I spread it about that the good Man died suddenly of an Apoplexy ; and that I might the better feign this Death, I so managed it that he went to his Country-Seat ; for by my Order he was told that the Workmen that were at his House, had by chance, amongst the Foundations, which they are now laying, met with a Treasure ; he presently flew away and as every one is gone with him into the Country, except us two, I now kill him in People's belief, and produce a bury'd Phantom instead of him : I have told you what you're to do, Act your Part well, and if you perceive that I miss a word in mine, say absolutely that I'm a Fool. [Exit.

Sir Mart. This is a strange way to accomplish my Wishes ; but when one is in Love, what wou'd one not do to be happy ? If Love is a good Excuse for a Crime, it may well serve for that of a slight Trick, which its Flame obliges me now to approve of. Bless me ! What Expedition ! there they're talking together ; let's prepare to act our Part.

SCENE II.

Mascarille, Anselmo.

Masc. The News may well surprize you.

Ans. To die in that manner !

Masc. He has bilk'd us all strangely.

Ans. Not so much as to be sick !

Masc. Sure never was Man in such haste to die !

Ans. And what does *Sir Martin* ?

Masc. He takes on lamentably : He has beat himself till all his Body is Black and Blue ; and he is resolv'd to follow his Father to the Grave ; the Excess of his Passion made me bury the Corps in all possible haste, lest the sight of it shou'd tempt him to hang himself, or play some such mad Prank.

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Ans. That don't signify, you ought to have stay'd at least 'till the Evening, that I might ha' seen him once more. He that buries so soon often commits Murther, and some People are thought dead that only seem to be so.

Masc. I'll warrant him as dead as a Door-Nail: but to return to what we were talking of; Sir *Martin*, and 'tis a good Deed, is resolved to give his Father a fine Funeral, and to comfort him for his sudden Death, by honouring his Body: He inherits a good Estate; but as he is but raw in his Affairs, and his Estate lying mostly at a distance, or what he has being in Paper; he desires you to excuse his too great Violence, and to lend him for this last Duty at least —

Ans. You have told me already, and I'll go see about it. [Exit.]

Masc. Hitherto every thing goes on swimmingly; let's but effect the rest of this Project as well, and for fear of meeting with a Rock in the very Harbour, let's Steer the Ship both with Hand and Eye.

SCENE III.

Sir Martin, Anselmo, Mascarille.

Ans. I cannot without great Sorrow see him thus strangely huddled up. Alas! in so short a time! He was alive but this Morning!

Masc. A great Space may be travell'd in a little time.

Sir Mart. Oh!

Ans. But, dear *Sir Martin*, he was but a Man after all; Rome it self can give no Dispensation from Death.

Sir Mart. Oh!

Ans. Death seizes Men, without giving warning, and is always inexorable.

Sir Mart. Oh!

Ans. That fierce Creature wou'd not for any Entreaties miss one stroke of it murdering Teeth; every body must feel them.

Sir Mart. Oh!

Masc. Your Preaching will do no good; 'tis impossible to root out from his Breast this mighty Sorrow.

Ans. If notwithstanding these Reasons you will persevere in your Grief, dear *Sir Martin* moderate it a little.

Sir Mart. Oh!

Masc. He won't; I know his Humour.

Ans. According to your Servant's Message, I have here got'the Mony which you want to celebrate your Father's Obsequies.

Sir Mart. Oh! Oh!

Masc. How his Grief encreases at that Word! It is Death to him to think of this Misfortune.

Ans. I know you'll find by that good Man's Papers that I owe him a much greater Sum; but, even though I owed you nothing, you might freely dispose of my Purse. I am your Friend, and will shew it.

Sir Mart. Oh!

[Exit.

Masc. How sorrowful is my Master!

Ans. *Mascardille*, it would be proper for me to have a sort of a Receipt under his Hand.

Masc. Oh!

Ans. The Issue of things is uncertain.

Masc. Oh!

Ans. Get him to sign me a Note.

Masc. How shou'd he, in the Condition he is in? Give him but time to mitigate his Sorrow, and when his Grief has a little Interval I'll take care to get you the Security you desire; Farewel, my Heart swells with Trouble, I'll go weep with him. Oh!

[Exit.

Ans. The World is full of Crosses; every one daily meets with 'em; and here below —

SCENE IV.

Pandolphus, Anselmo.

Ans. Oh Heavens! how I tremble! *Pandolphus*! Was he asleep? How lean his Face is grown since his Death! Don't come any nearer, I beseech you; I don't care to have to do with a Dead Man.

Pand. From whence can this Whimsical Transport proceed?

Ans. Keep off, and tell me what brings you from the Grave; if you take all this trouble only to come and bid me Farewel, 'tis too much Ceremony, and I could very well

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well have spared your Compliment. If your Soul is disturb'd and wants Prayers, I'll promise you you shall have 'em; but good now don't frighten me. Upon the Word of a terrify'd Man I'll go this Minute and pray for you, to your full Satisfaction; therefore I beg you disappear, and may Heaven of its Goodness give your deceased Worship all Joy and Salvation.

Pand. (*Laughing.*) Notwithstanding my Provocation, I can't help Laughing.

Ans. You're very merry for a dead Man!

Pand. Do you jest? Or are you mad, to treat a live Man as if he were dead?

Ans. Alas! you are dead, I just now saw you —

Pand. What? Do you think I dy'd and knew nothing of the matter?

Ans. So soon as ever *Mascarille* brought me word on't, it struck me to the Heart.

Pand. But pray now are you asleep or awake? Don't you know me?

Ans. You have assum'd an Aerial Body just like your own, but in a moment it may become quite different. I'm mightily afraid lest you shou'd grow big like a Giant, and your Face frightfully ugly. For God sake don't assume any terrible Form, you have scared me enough already for once.

Pand. This Simplicity wherewith you accompany your Credulity, *Auselmo*, wou'd be good Sport for me at another time. and I shou'd not care how long the Pleasure lasted; but this Death and a supposed Treasure, of which I was disabus'd by the way, suggest to me a just Suspicion that *Mascarille* is a Cheat, and a great one too, on whom neither Fear nor Remorse have any effect, and who has strange Tricks to bring about his Designs.

Ans. Am I trick'd and defrauded? That wou'd be a fine thing indeed. Let's touch him and see; 'tis surely him. Pox take me for an Ass! Pray don't divulge this Story; there'd be some Farce made upon't. But, *Pandolphus*, help me to get the Mony I gave him to bury you.

Pand. Mony, say you? Oh! That's the Business. That's the secret Aim of all this. To your Loss be it; for my

part, I shan't trouble my self about it, but go and get Process issued against *Mascarille*; and if he can be caught, cost what it will I'll have him hang'd. [Exit.

Ans. And I like a Cully to give Credit to a Rascal, must lose both my Sense and Mony. Truly it becomes my Grey Hairs to be thus bubbled, without examining into the Matter! But here comes—

SCENE V.

Sir Martin, Anselmo.

Sir Mart. With this Passport I may easily make *Trufaldin* a Visit.

Ans. As far as I can see, your Grief is going off.

Sir Mart. What say you? No, 'twill never go off.

Ans. I come to tell you that I made a Mistake with you just now; and gave you, amongst those Pistoles, some which I think bad, and come to change 'em. The insupportable Villany of those false Coiners encreases so in this Kingdom, that one receives nothing without Suspicion. How well 'twou'd be if they were all hang'd?

Sir Mart. You oblige me in changing them: though I think I did not see any bad ones.

Ans. Shew 'em me, shew 'em me; I shall know 'em. Is here all?

Sir Mart. Yes.

Ans. So much the better; now I have you again, my dear Pistoles, go into my Pocket; you, my brave Sharper, shall have no more of 'em. You kill People that are in good Health, do ye! What wou'd you have done to me then, your poor decrepit Father-in-Law? Faith, I was going to do a fine thing! I shou'd have had a rare discreet Son-in-Law, in you; a topping Staff in my old Age: Go, die with Shame and Sorrow.

Sir Mart. I must needs say I'm bit; What a Surprize this is! How the Deuce shou'd he so soon find out the Stratagem.

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SCENE VI.

Masfcarille, Sir Martin.

Masc. What; are you here? I've been searching you all about; Well! Is the Business over at last? The best Cheat of 'em all cou'd not ha' done the like; Come, give me the Money that I may go buy the Slave; this will amaze your Rival.

Sir Mart. Ah! Dear *Mac*, our Fortune's changed; can you guess my hard Luck?

Masc. Why? What's the matter?

Sir Mart. *Anselmo*, inform'd of the Trick, has took a way from me all he lent us, pretending to change some of the Money, which he said was false.

Masc. Pshaw, you jest!

Sir Mart. 'Tis but too true.

Masc. Seriously?

Sir Mart. Seriously; it makes me inconsolable. 'Twill put you into a furious Passion,

Masc. Me, Sir? no, no, Passion is hurtful: you may do what you will; for my part, I shall make much of my self; let *Celia* after all be either free or a Slave; *Leander* buy her, or she stay where she is; 'tis no Bread and Butter of mine.

Sir Mart. Ah! don't be so indifferent, but be more indulgent to my want of Prudence. Had not this Misfortune happen'd must you not have confess'd that I did wonders, and that in the pretended Decease any one might ha' been deceived by so well-acted a Grief, and that the most piercing Eye wou'd have thought it true?

Masc. Yes, truly, you have great Reason to praise your self!

Sir Mart. Well, if I am faulty I'll confess it; but if ever you valued my Happiness repair this Mischance, and help me.

Masc. I must beg your Pardon, I can't spare time.

Sir Mart. *Masfcarille*; dear *Masfcarille*.

Masc. No.

Sir Mart. Be so kind.

Masc.

Masc. No,

Sir Mart. If you're inflexible I'll kill my self.

Masc. Do so, you deserve it.

Sir Mart. You won't take pity on me, then?

Masc. No.

Sir Mart. Do you see? my Sword's ready.

Masc. Yes.

Sir Mart. I'll run it in.

Masc. You may do as you please.

Sir Mart. Can you have the Heart to take away my Life?

Masc. Yes.

Sir Mart. Farewel, *Mascarille*.

Masc. Farewel, *Sir Martin*.

Sir Mart. What? —

Masc. Why don't you kill your self? Methinks you're tedious.

Sir Mart. I know you'd be glad if I'd play the Fool and kill my self, that you might have my Cloaths.

Masc. I knew 'twas all but Pretence; People may threaten if they will, but they're not so hasty to kill themselves.

SCENE VII.

Leander, Trufaldin, *Sir Martin*, *Mascarille*.

Trufaldin whispers *Leander*.

Sir Mart. What do I see? my Rival and *Trufaldin* together! He's buying *Celia*! Oh, I tremble for fear.

Masc. You need not doubt he'll do what he can, and if he has Money, he can do what he will; for my part, I'm glad on't, 'tis a just Recompence for your Blunders.

Sir Mart. What shall I do? Advise me.

Masc. How shou'd I tell?

Sir Mart. I'll go pick a Quarrel with him.

Masc. What will that produce?

Sir Mart. What wou'd you have me do to prevent his buying her?

Masc. Well, I pardon you; I cast another Eye of pity on

on you ; let me watch him ; I believe I shall fathom what he's doing a better way.

Truf. When you send, it shall be done.

Masc. I must Trick him, and get to be the Confident of his Designs, that I may frustrate them.

Lean. Thank Heaven, my Happiness cannot now be hinder'd. I have secured it, and have no more to do ; whatever my Rival may henceforth undertake, it is not in his Power to do me any more harm.

Masc. Oh, Oh, Oh ; Help, Murther, Help, Murther ; Oh, Oh ; Traytor, Barbarian !

Lean. What's the meaning of this ? What's the matter ?

Masc. He has beaten me to Mummy.

Lean. Who ?

Masc. Sir Martin.

Lean. For what ?

Masc. He turns me away and beats me unmercifully for a Trifle.

Lean. Truly he's in the wrong.

Masc. I swear if ever it lies in my Power I'll be revenged on him ; I'll make you know that Peoples Bones are not to be broken for nothing ; that tho' I'm a Servant, I have some Honour in me, and that when you have had my Service for four Years, I am not to be pay'd with a Cudgel, and have so sensible an Affront put upon my Shoulders. I tell you again, I shall find a way to be revenged on you ; you're in Love with a pretty Slave, you'd fain engage me to get her for you, but I'll be hang'd if I don't give her to another.

Lean. Hear me, *Mascarille*, and don't be in such a Passion ; I always liked you, and have often wish'd for a Servant witty and faithful, like you, to have the Fruits of his Zeal ; in a word, if you will serve me, you may.

Masc. Yes Sir, and so much the sooner as that propitious Destiny offers me, in serving you, an Opportunity of being revenged, and that by endeavouring to content you, I may punish that barbarous Wretch. In a word, I hope to get *Celia* for —

Lean.

Lean. My Love has done that already; I have now just bought her for less than her Value.

Maf. What? is *Celia* yours?

Lean. You shou'd see her this Minute, if I were the sole Master of my Actions; but my Father is that; and as I'm informed by a Letter, is resolved to have me marry *Hypolita*; I wou'd not have him know this, because 'twou'd anger him; therefore I deal with *Trusaldin*, from whom I just now came, in another's Name; and my Ring is the Token whereby he's to deliver *Celia* to me; but first I want some way to take from the Eyes of the World the Object which Charms mine, and to find a place where that amiable Captive may be private.

Masc. A little out of the City I believe I may offer you the House of an old Kinsman of mine; there you may safely put her, and none will ever know of it.

Lean. This is what I wanted. Here take my Ring then, and go fetch that Beauty for me; so soon as ever *Trusaldin* sees my Ring he'll deliver her to you; and you may carry her thither when—but Mum; here comes *Hypolita*.

SCENE VIII.

Hypolita, Leander, Mascariile.

Hyp. I have News to tell you, *Leander*; but will it please you or displease you?

Lean. I can't answer that Question till I know what 'tis.

Hyp. Give me your Hand then to the Church, and I'll tell you as we go.

Lean. Go, and do as I bid you.

Masc. Ay, I'll serve you a Dish of my dressing; was there ever in the World a more happy Fellow than me! Oh, how joyful *Sir Martin* will quickly be! To see his Mistress fall into our Hands by this Means; to receive all his Happiness from the very thing which he thought wou'd ha' made him unhappy! And to be blest'd by means of his Rival! After this Exploit I expect to be painted like a Hero, with a Laurel on my Head, with these Words at the

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FOURBUM IMPERATOR.

SCENE IX.

Trufaldin, Mascarille.

Masc. So ho!

Truf. What do you want?

Masc. This Ring will tell you.

Truf. I know the Ring; stay a little, I'll fetch you the Slave.

SCENE X.

Postman, Trufaldin, Mascarille.

Post. Pray, Sir, be so kind as to tell me where lives one

Truf. Who is it?

Post. I think his Name is *Trufaldin*.

Truf. What do you want with him? I am he.

Post. Only to give him this Letter.

Trufaldin Reads.

'I Have lately heard that my Daughter, who was stolen
' away from me at Four Years Old, is a Slave to
' you by the Name of *Celia*. If you ever knew what it
' was to be a Father, and are sensible of the Tenderness
' of Blood, keep that dear Child for me, as if she were
' your own. I am setting out my self to fetch her, and
' you shall be so well rewarded for your Care, that you
' shall bless the Day wherein you caused my Happiness.

From *Madrid*.

Don Pedro de Gusman,
Marquiss of *Montalcana*.

Truf. Their Nation deserves but little Credit, yet they
who told her to me, told me, she'd soon be fetch'd from
me, and that I shou'd have no Cause to murmur;
and here, by my Impatience, I was now going to lose
the fruits of a mighty Expectation. Had you come one
Moment later your Journey had been in vain, I was just
going to put the Girl into this Man's Hands; but 'tis e-
nough;

nough; I'll take great Care of her. (to *Masc.*) You hear what the Letter contains, so you may tell him that sent you, that I can't keep my Word with him; therefore he may fetch his Money again.

Masc. But the Harm you do him —

Truf. No Words.

Masc. Damn'd Packet! Fortune has frustrated all my Hopes! How unhappily did this Messenger come out of Spain! (may the Devil accompany him into his curs'd Country again) never had so good a Beginning such a bad Ending.

SCENE XI.

Sir Martin, Mascarille.

Masc. Pray what may be the Cause of all this Mirth?

Sir Mart. Let me Laugh a little longer, and then I'll tell you.

Masc. Well Laugh then, you have great Cause if you knew all.

Sir Mart. I shall be no longer the Object of your Complaints; you shall no more twit me in the Teeth with spoiling your Inventions: I my self have found out one, the most Cunning that ever was. 'Tis true, I am Hasty, and am sometimes too hot; But yet, when I have a mind to't, my Imagination's as good as any Body's in the World; and you your self shall confess that what I have done proceeds from a Degree of Wit which none can equal.

Masc. Well, Let's hear what this Imagination has produced?

Sir Mart. Just now, being struck with an extraordinary Terror, by seeing *Trufaldin* with my Rival, I cast about for some Remedy to that Evil; when collecting all my Invention, I conceived, digested and produced a Stratagem, which all yours, that you make such a Rout with, must lower the Flag to.

Masc. But what is it?

Sir Mart. Have a little Patience; I hastily feign'd a Letter to *Trufaldin* as from a great Lord, importing, that having Fortunately discover'd, that a Slave he had under the

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the Name of *Celia* was his Daughter, who was stolen from him, he was coming to fetch her, and conjured him to keep her, and take great Care of her; that, in order thereto, he was coming from *Spain*, and wou'd acknowledge his Civility by an handsome Present, that he might not be sorry he had caused his Happiness.

Masc. So?

Sir Mart. Hear me then; the Letter I tell you of was deliver'd to him; but do you know how? In so good time, that the Porter told me, were it not for that comical Trick, a Man was to have had her away that very Moment.

Masc. And did you do this without the Help of the Devil?

Sir Mart. Cou'd you have believed me capable of such a Witty thing? Why don't you praise my Cunning, which broke my Rival's Designs.

Masc. I want Eloquence to Praise you as you deserve; yes, to display this Sublime Act, this Fine Heroic Deed, this Great and Rare Effect of an Imagination, that for Smartness yields to none alive; my Tongue wants Power, and I wou'd I had those of all the most exquisite Scholars to express in noble Verse, or learned Prose, that you'll always be, in spite of Fate, what you always were; that is a Spirit of Contradiction, a Peplexer, a *Mar-all*, a shuffling, hair-brain'd, loobily Ass; More than I can say by an hundred Degrees; this is but an Abridgment of your Panegyric.

Sir Mart. What puts you in such a Passion with me? Have I done any thing? Tell me.

Masc. No, you have done nothing; but don't follow me.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you all over the World to know this Mystery.

Masc. Will you so? Then prepare your Legs; for I'll lead you a Dance.

Sir Mart. He'll get from me! O Misfortune! What am I to understand by his Discourse? What Harm can I have done?

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mascarille, *Solus*

Silence, my Good-nature, no more Entreaties; you are a Fool, I won't do't. Yes, my Wrath, you are in the right on't; 'tis insupportable to be doing over and over again what a Blockhead undoes; I ought to be Patient no longer, after the hopeful Stratagems he has marr'd. But let's argue a little without Passion; if I now obey my just Impatience, People will report that I sunk under Difficulties, and that my Cunning was all exhausted; then what will become of that Publick Esteem, which causes you to be look'd upon as a Sublime Cheat, and which you have acquired upon so many Occasions, being never yet known to miss your Aim? Honour, *Mascarille*, is a fine thing; do not pause in your noble Labours; and whatever your Master may ha' done to provoke you, make an End of your Designs, more for your own Glory than to oblige him: But what good can you do if you're thus perpetually cross'd by that adverse Demon? You see he always baulks your Expectations, and that you had as good pretend to hold Water in a Sieve as to stop that unbridled Torrent, which in a Moment overturns your best contrived Edifices. Well, once more we will do him a Piece of Service; and if he continues to break our Designs, we'll consent to withdraw all our Assistance from him. Yet our Affairs are in no very ill Posture, if we can but destroy our Rival's Hopes, and if *Leander*, weary of the Pursuit, wou'd leave a clear Field for my Intentions. I have an Ingenious Plot in my Head, from which I expect a glorious Success, if we can but remove that Obstacle: Good; let's see if he perseveres in his Love.

SCENE II.

Leander, *Mascarille*.

Masc. Sir, I have lost my Labour; *Trufaldin* won't keep his Word.

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Lean. He himself told me the whole Business; But, which is more, I have discover'd that all this Mystery of a Theft, and a great Lord, who is setting out from *Spain* to come hither to fetch her, is nothing but a Trick, an Idle Tale by which Sir *Martin* endeavour'd to hinder my having *Celia*.

Masc. Here's a Trick for you!

Lean. Yes, *Trufaldin* is so possess'd with this Story, so greedily swallows that ridiculous Bait, that he will not bear to be undeceived.

Masc. So that henceforward he'll guard her well? I see we have no more Hopes.

Lean. If at first I thought her Amiable, I now think her Adorable, and I am in Suspence, whether I had not best run to extremes to gain her; alter her Destiny by giving her my Hand, and turn her present Chains into those of Marriage.

Masc. Cou'd you Marry her!

Lean. I can't tell; but tho' there be some Obscurity in her Birth, her Agreeableness and Virtue are powerful Attractives.

Masc. Her Virtue?

Lean. Ha! What's that you mutter? Out with it; what do you mean by repeating that Word?

Masc. Sir, your Countenance changes; perhaps I had better hold my Peace.

Lean. No, no, speak.

Masc. Well then, out of Charity I'll disabuse you — That Girl —

Lean. Go on.

Masc. Is no such inhumane Creature; she can easily oblige some People; she's not Flint, to those that know where to take her; she seems Innocent, wou'd fain pass for a Recluse; but I may safely speak; you know I am skilful enough in a certain Trade to know such Cattle.

Lean. *Celia* then —

Masc. Yes, her Virtue is nothing but downright Grime, nothing but the Shadow of it, and which, as any one may find, vanishes at the gingling of a Purse.

Lean. What say you? shall I believe this?

L

Masci

Masc. Sir, 'tis nothing to me; you may, or you may not; no, don't believe me, pursue your Designs, take her, espouse her, give her your Hand; the whole City in a Body will acknowledge this Favour, and in her you'll Marry the Publick Good.

Lean. This is a strange Surprize!

Masc. He has bit at the Hook; Courage, Boy, if this takes, we shall pull an ugly Thorn out of our Foot.

Lean. This touches me in my most tender Part.

Masc. What! Can you—

Lean. Go to the Post-house, and see if there's ne'er a Letter for me. [*Exit Masc.*] Who cou'd ha' fail'd being deceiv'd by her? If what he says be true, never was any thing carry'd off with so good an Air.

SCENE III.

Sir Martin, Leander.

Sir Mart. What can make you so Sad?

Lean. Me?

Sir Mart. Yes, you.

Lean. I have no Cause to be so.

Sir Mart. I see *Celia* is the Cause on't.

Lean. My Head does not run upon such Trifles.

Sir Mart. Yet you had great Designs upon her, but you're in the right to talk so, since they come to nothing.

Lean. If I were foolish enough to esteem her, I wou'd despise your Cunning.

Sir Mart. What Cunning?

Lean. We know all.

Sir Mart. All, what?

Lean. Your Proceedings from one End to t'other.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me, I don't understand a Word on't.

Lean. You may pretend so, if you please; but take my Advice, don't be apprehensive for an Happiness which I shou'd be sorry to dispute with you; I don't love a Beauty that is fully'd, no Cast-off Miss.

Sir Mart. Soft and fair, *Leander*.

Lean. How Serious you are! you may serve her now without

without suspecting any Body, and reckon your self an happy Man; for her Beauty is not common, tho' the rest of her is.

Sir Mart. Leander, no more of this. You may use what endeavours you will against me for her; but don't abuse her; I must resent it, if I hear my Earthly Deity traduced; I can much better bear your Rivalship, than a Report to her Dishonour.

Leand. What I say I have from good Hands.

Sir Mart. Whoever told it you is a Rascal; she cannot have the least Stain fix'd upon her; I know her Heart.

Leand. But yet *Mascarille* is a competent Judge of this; 'tis he that condemns her.

Sir Mart. Aye?

Leand. He, I say.

Sir Mart. Then he impudently Slanders a Woman of Honour; thinking, perhaps, I'd only Laugh at it. I'll lay you a Wager he denies it.

Leand. I'll lay he don't,

Sir Mart. I'll break his Bones if he maintains such Falsities.

Leand. I'll presently cut his Ears off, if he don't persist in what he told me.

SCENE IV.

Sir Martin, Leander, Mascarille.

Sir Mart. Oh, are you there, Sir Rogue?

Masc. What now?

Sir Mart. Thou Tongue of the old Serpent, fruitful in Lies, dare you spit your Venom at *Celia*? and abuse the most excellent Virtue that can shine thro' Misfortunes like hers?

Masc. Hold your Tongue; I told him so on purpose.

Sir Mart. No, no, no winking and pinking; I'm Blind and Deaf to all you do and say; if 'twere my own Brother he shou'd pay dearly for it; and to asperse her I adore, is wounding me in my most tender Part; no, no, your Signs will do no good; what did you tell *Leander*?

Masc. Nay, if you are for Quarrelling I'll leave you.

Sir Mart. You shan't escape.

Masc. Oh.

Sir Mart. Speak then; confess.

Masc. Let me alone; I tell you 'tis a Stratagem.

Sir Mart. Come; what did you say? clear up the Dispute between us.

Masc. I said what I said; don't be in a Passion.

Sir Mart. I'll make you change your Note.

[Drawing his Sword.

Lean. Moderate your Heat.

[Stopping him

Masc. Was there ever such a Fool in the World?

Sir Mart. Let me be revenged on him.

Lean. You must not beat him in my Presence.

Sir Mart. What! Is it not in my Power to chastise my own Servant?

Lean. How your Servant?

Masc. Again! He'll discover all.

Sir Mart. If I beat him to Death, what then? he's my Servant.

Lean. He's mine now.

Sir Mart. This is very fine; how comes he to be yours? Surely —

Masc. (Softly) Hold.

Sir Mart. What have you to say?

Masc. (Aside.) Ah, damn'd Afs; he'll spoil my whole Project; he understands none of all my Signs.

Sir Mart. Why this is Comical, Leander; he not my Servant?

Lean. Did not you turn him away for some Fault?

Sir Mart. I don't know any thing on't.

Lean. And violently beat him into the Bargain?

Sir Mart. No not I. Drive him away! Beat him violently! Either you make a Jest of me, Leander, or he of you.

Masc. Go on Numpskull, go on; you'll further your Affairs mightily.

Lean. Then the Cudgelling is only imaginary?

Masc. He don't know what he says; his Memory —

Lean. No, no, all these Signs betoken no good; I smell a Rat; but I pardon you, for the Wittiness of the Invent-

on; 'tis well for me that I'm undeceived, and see by what Motives you impos'd upon me; and that having committed my self to your Hypocritical Zeal, I'm got off so well; this ought to be call'd an Advice to the Reader; your Servant, *Sir Martin*. [Exit.]

Masc. Take Courage, *Sir Martin*; all Happiness Accompanies us, let's set Sail again, let's act *Olibrius, the Murderer of Innocents*.

Sir Mart. He accused you of Slander against—

Masc. And you cou'd not bear my Artifice; nor let him remain in his Error, which did you good Service, and almost extinguish'd his Passion. (*Bantering him.*) No, honest Soul, he can't dissemble; I slyly got in with his Rival, shou'd have gain'd his Mistress; he hinders that by false Reports; I try to slacken his Rival's Flame, my Hero presently comes, and undeceives him; I may make what Signs I please to let him know 'tis a Trick; no, he pursues his Point, and is not satisfy'd till he has discover'd all; a great and sublime Effort of an Imagination that is not inferior to any in the World! A rare Piece, worthy to be presented to the King.

Sir Mart. No wonder if I frustrate your Designs; unless you tell me what you're going to attempt, I may make an hundred such Mistakes.

Masc. So much the worse for you.

Sir Mart. However, that for the future you mayn't be Angry with me without a Cause, give me a little inkling of your Designs; for I being kept ignorant of them, am taken unprovided.

Masc. I believe you'd make a very good Fencing-Master; because you are so Skilful in Crois Strokes, and at breaking Measures.

Sir Mart. Since 'tis done, 'tis too late to talk of it; however, let the worst come to the worst, my Rival can't traverse me, provided your Endeavours, which I confide in, be—

Masc. No more of that; let's talk of something else; I won't be so easily appeased, I am too angry; you must first do me a piece of Service, and then we shall see

if I ought again to take upon me the Conduct of your Amours.

Sir Mart. If that's all, I'll do it; tell me, have you need of my Hearts-Blood, my Arm?

Masc. What Folly this is! You're of the Humour of those Bravoës, who are always more ready to lug out their Sword than a Tester.

Sir Mart. What can I do then for thee?

Masc. Appease your Father's Anger.

Sir Mart. I am reconciled to him already.

Masc. Yes, but I am not; I kill'd him for you this Morning; the very Imagination of it shocks him, and such Reports to old Dotards like him are very disobliging; they make 'em sorrowfully reflect upon the Condition they're so near. The good Man, as old as he is, loves Life, and hates jesting in that Case; he's alarm'd at Prognostication, and is so angry with me, that I hear he has complain'd of me to the Justice; I'm afraid, that if I'm lodged at the King's Charge but one Quarter of an Hour, I shall be very difficultly got away; there have been for this good while a great many Writs out against me; for Virtue is always envy'd and pursued in this vile Age; therefore go appease him.

Sir Mart. I will; but then you promise——

Masc. We'll see what's to be done. (*Exit Sir Mart.*) But let's take a little Breath after so many Fatigues, and not Torment ourselves thus, Day and Night; *Leander* has it not now in his Power to hurt us, and *Celia* being stop'd by——

SCENE V.

Ergastus, Mascarille.

Erg. I was looking all about for you to serve you, in disclosing an important Secret to you.

Masc. What is't?

Erg. Does no Body hear?

Masc. No.

Erg. We are intimate Friends, I know your Designs and your Master's Love; Look to your selves, *Leander* intends

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tends to run away with *Celia*, and as I'm inform'd, he has got every thing ready, and hopes to get into *Trusford's* House in Masquerade; knowing that the Women of the Neighbourhood often visit him at Night in Masks.

Masc. Aye? Well, he is not yet arriv'd at the Height of his Happiness; I may perhaps Trip up his Heels yet; I have a Trick in my Head that will disappoint him; he don't know my Talents. Farewel, we'll drink together next time we meet. (*Exit Ergastus.*) We must draw to our selves all the Success of this amorous Project, and by a cunning and uncommon Surprise, attempt the good Fortune of it, without being in danger of the bad. If I Mask my self and get before him, *Leander* will have no Occasion to laugh at us; and if we get the Prize before he comes, he'll be at the Charge of the Undertaking for us; since because of his Design, which has already taken Air, the Suspicion will fall upon him, and we being safe from all Pursuits, need not fear the Consequences of that hazardous Enterprize; and by that means shall draw the Chestnuts out of the Fire with the Cat's Paw; Therefore let's go Mask our selves with some honest Fellows; for we must not delay to prevent our Adversaries: I know where the Hare lies, and can easily provide Men and Habits in a Moment; I don't let my Wit grow mouldy for want of Use; and if I have receiv'd from Heav'n the Gift of Cheating, I'm not one of those Good-for-nothing People that hide their Talents in a Napkin.

SCENE VI.

Sir Martin, Ergastus.

Sir Mart. So he intends to steal her away in a Masquerade?

Erg. Nothing surer; one of his Company having told me his Design, I presently inform'd *Mascarille* of it, and he said he wou'd spoil their Sport by an Invention which he immediately form'd; so meeting with you by Chance I thought I had best let you know it.

Sir Mart. You oblige me; I shall remember you for it; my comical Cur, I'll warrant, will play 'em some Trick;

Trick, but I too will second his Project : it shall never be said, that in an Affair which concerns me I stirr'd no more than a Post; this is the time; they'll be surpris'd at the sight of me ; Snigs ! Why did not I take some body with me to back me? But come what will, I have two good Pistols and a Sword. So ho ; within there ; a Word with you.

SCENE VII.

Sir Martin, Trufaldin.

Truf. What's the matter? Who's there?

Sir Mart. Take good Care of your Door to Night.

Truf. Why?

Sir Mart. Certain People design to make a Masquerading to steal *Celia* from you.

Truf. O Heav'ns !

Sir Mart. And, without doubt, they'll soon be here ; you may see all from the Window. Well? Did not I tell you so? Here they come? Hold, I'll affront them before your Face; We shall have pure sport if this holds.

SCENE VIII.

Sir Martin, Trufaldin, Masquarille Mask'd.

Truf. Oh ! Are these the Merry Blades that think to deceive me !

Sir Mart. Maskers, where are you running? May one know? *Trufaldin*, open the Door to these Mummers. Lord how pretty she is ! and how handsome her Air ! What ! do you grumble ? Can't one see your Face without any Harm ?

Truf. Go, Knaves, be gone; and you, Sir, good Night, and thank you heartily.

Sir Mart. Is it you, *Mascarille* ?

Masc. No, 'tis Some-body else.

Sir Mart. Alas ! What a Rebuff this is ! How adverse is our Destiny ! How cou'd I imagine, you shou'd take it in your Head to disguise your self thus ! Unhappy that I am, to play you such a Trick ! I have a good mind to beat my self soundly.

Masc. Adieu, sublime Wit, rare Imagination!

Sir

Sir *Mart.* Alas, if your Anger deprives me of your Succour, what Saint shall I implore?

Masc. Belzebub.

Sir *Mart.* If your Heart is not either Brass or Iron, do once more at least forgive my Imprudence; If to gain you I must embrace your Knees, see me —

Masc. Fiddlestick; Come, Comrade, there's some-body coming, let's be gone.

SCENE IX.

Leander and his Train Mask'd.

Lean. Let's make no Noise.

Truf. What! will my Door be besieged all Night with Maskers! Gentlemen, you'll get Cold; 'tis too late now to steal *Celia*, she desires you'd dispence with her to Night; she's a-Bed, and can't speak to you; I'm sorry she can't; But because you shou'd not take all this Pains for nothing, she presents you with this Pot of Perfume.

Lean. Fogh, how it stinks; I'm all bedaub'd with it we are discover'd, let's be gone.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Martin dress'd like an Armenian, Mascarille.

Masc. You're comically Bedizon'd.

Sir *Mart.* You revive my dead Hopes.

Masc. Aye, I always am pacify'd, I wear as much as I will to the contrary.

Sir *Mart.* Be assured that if ever it lies in my Power I'll Reward you; and tho' I had but one bit of Bread left in the whole World —

Masc. Do but take care what you do, in this new Design; However if you do commit any Folly you can't impute it to Surprise, for you ought now to know what you're to do, by Heart.

Sir *Mart.* But how did *Trufaldin* receive you?

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Masc.

Masc. I cheated the good Man with a pretended Zeal; I said I was come to tell him, that unless he took care of himself he'd be surprized; that some had a Design upon him, but above all upon her whose Birth a Letter had so falsely divulged; that they'd ha' fain drawn me in to be of their side, but that I slip't my Neck out of the Collar, and being zealous for his Interests, came to give him warning, that he might stand upon his guard. Then I fell a morallizing, and complain'd of the Cheats which are daily put in practice in this World; I told him, that for my part, being weary of it and its Infamies, I was resolv'd to work out my own Salvation, remove from Trouble, and spend the rest of my Days in peace with some honest Man; that if he thought fit, I should be very glad to do it with him; that I was so mightily taken with him, that without desiring any Wages for serving him, I'd put into his Hands what my Father bequeathed to me, and the Fruits of my Labour, which, in case I dy'd, shoud' be his. This was the only way to gain his Affection; and being minded to get an Interview between you and your Mistress, that you might agree what means to use to attain your Wishes, he himself invented a very good way, whereby you may safely lodge with her: Happening to talk to me about a Son he had lost, who he Dreamt last Night was return'd, he told me the following History; whereon I founded our Stratagem.

Sir Mart. That's enough, I know all; you have told it me twice already.

Masc. But tho' I had told it you above thrice, notwithstanding you say 'tis enough, you might be out in some Circumstances.

Sir Mart. But I'm impatient.

Masc. Pray no more haste than good speed: You're Skull's a little thickish, therefore be well instructed in this Adventure. *Trufaldin* is of *Naples*, and was heretofore call'd *Zanobio Ruberty*: Being suspected of an Insurrection which happened in the City (tho' he don't look like a Plotter) he was obliged to fly privately one Night. A little while afterwards he receiv'd News, that his Wife and Daughter, whom he left there, were Dead; and in this

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this Disturbance, being willing to settle somewhere, not only with his Wealth, but with the Hopes of his Family, a Son of his call'd *Horatio*, he writ to *Bolonia*, whether a Tutor call'd *Alberto* had carry'd him to learn the Sciences. But, as one Misfortune seldom comes alone, tho' he writ several times, during two whole Years he saw neither of 'em; wherefore believing them Dead, he came hither, where he has lived ever since by the Name of *Trufaldin*, without having for these Twelve Years had the least News from this *Alberto* or *Horatio*. This is the Substance of the History, which I've repeated that you may the better remember it. You are now to Personate an *Armenian* Merchant, who have seen 'em both in good Health in *Turkey*. If I, have invented this way to raise 'em to life again, upon his Dream; 'tis because it's very common in Adventures for People to be taken by some *Turkish* Corsairs, and then restored to their Family in the nick of time, after they have been thought lost for fifteen or twenty Years. For my part, I have heard twenty such Stories. Without puzzling your Brains about it, let us make use on't; what signifies it? You must say you heard them relate their Misfortune, and furnish'd them with wherewithal to Ransom themselves; but setting out before 'em upon an urgent Occasion, *Horatio* charged you to give a Visit to his Father, whose Mischance he was acquainted with, and with whom you're to stay 'till he arrives: You have now your Lesson.

Sir Mart. These Repetitions are superfluous. I comprehend it all at first.

Masc. Well then, I'll go make a beginning.

Sir Mart. Stay, *Mascarille*, one thing disturbs me: If he shou'd enquire what sort of Person his Son is?

Masc. A fine Scruple indeed! Ought you not to know that he was very little when he parted from him? And besides, Time and Slavery may have changed him?

Sir Mart. 'Tis true; but what if he should know me?

Masc. Have you no Memory? I told you just now that, besides that your Image may not be so imprinted

in his Mind, since he never had but a Minute's sight of you, your Beard and Cloaths alter you strangely.

Sir *Mart.* Very right. But well thought on; this Place in *Turky*?

Masc. I tell you 'tis all one, *Turky* or *Barbary*.

Sir *Mart.* But what's the Name of the City I saw them in?

Masc. *Tunis*. I think he'll keep me 'till Night: He tells me Repetition is superfluous, and I have already named this City a matter of twelve times.

Sir *Mart.* Well, go and begin; now I'm ready.

Masc. Take care and be prudent, and carry your self as you ought; put none of your fine Imaginations in practice.

Sir *Mart.* Let me alone; how diffident you are!

Masc. *Horatio*, a Scholar in *Bolonia*; *Trufaldin*, *Zanobio Ruberty*; a Citizen of *Naples*; the Tutor, *Alberto*.

Sir *Mart.* Do you reckon me a Fool, that you preach so much to me?

Masc. Not far from it.

[Exit.

Sir *Mart.* When I don't want him he's as humble as a Spaniel; but because he knows of how much use he is to me, he makes himself my Equal. I shall now be shone upon more nearly by those charming Eyes, which hold me in so sweet a Slavery; I shall now without fear describe to that Beauty the Torments I endure; I shall now hear my Sentence — But here they come.

SCENE II.

Trufaldin, Sir *Martin*, *Mascarille*.

Truf Heav'n be praised! My Destiny begins to moderate its Rigour.

Masc. You contradict the common Opinion of Dreams being false.

Truf. What Thanks! What Reward shall I give you, Sir? You whom I ought to call the Angel of my Happiness?

Sir *Mart.* These Compliments are superfluous; I can dispense with them.

Truf.

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Truf. I have seen some body like this *Armenian*, tho' I don't know where.

Masc. So I thought; but one sometimes sees People very like others.

Truf. You have seen that Son, on whom I build my Hopes, Sir?

Sir Mart. Yes, Signor *Trufaldin*, and he was extremely hearty.

Truf. He told you the History of his Life, and talk'd often of me, did he?

Sir Mart. Above ten thousand times.

Truf. Something less. I believe.

Sir Mart. He described you just as you are, your Face, your Mien —

Truf. How can that be, when he was but seven Years Old when he saw me last? And when his Tutor, in so long a time, wou'd scarce know me again?

Masc. Blood preserves the Image quite otherwise; Nature's Traces are so deeply fix'd, that my Father —

Truf. Enough. Where did you leave him?

Sir Mart. In *Turky*, at *Turin*.

Truf. At *Turin*! Why I think that City is in *Piedmont*?

Masc. O Dunderpate! You don't understand him, he means *Tunis*, and indeed 'twas there he left your Son; but the *Armenians* have a certain Vice of the Tongue which to us seems very rude; in all their words they change *nis* into *rin*, and say *Turin* for *Tunis*.

Truf. This Advertisement is necessary for the understanding him. How did he say he cou'd meet with his Father?

Masc. See if he answers a word. I wou'd fain repeat my Fencing a little; time has been, none was so skilful at that sport as my self, and I have *Sa*, *Sa'd* in a great many Schools.

Truf. I did not want to know any thing of that: What other Name did he say I should go by?

Masc. Ah Signor *Zanobio Ruberty*, what Joy Heav'n now sends you?

Sir Mart. That's your true Name, the other's feign'd.

Truf. But where did he say he was Born?

Masc. *Naples* is an agreeable Place to dwell in; but you have no Occasion to think so.

Truf. Must you needs interrupt us?

Sir Mart. In *Naples* his Destiny began its Course.

Truf. Whither did I send him when he was young? And under whose Conduct?

Masc. Poor Master *Alberto* had a great deal of Merit, to accompany from *Bologna* to *Turky*, that Son which you committed to his Care.

Truf. Again!

Masc. We are lost if this Conversation holds. [*Aside.*

Truf. I'd fain know their Adventures of you; in what Ship did —

Masc. I can't tell what's the matter, but I do nothing but gape. But Signor *Trufaldin*, do you consider, that the Gentleman may want some Refreshment? Besides, 'tis late.

Sir Mart. None for me, I thank you.

Masc. You're more hungry than you imagine.

Truf. Go in then.

Sir Mart. After you.

Masc. (*To Trufaldin.*) Sir, in *Armenia* the Masters of the House use no Ceremony. (*To Sir Mart.*) What! Not a word to say for your self!

Sir Mart. He at first surpris'd me, but never fear't, I shall pluck up my Courage, and be bolder.

Masc. Here comes our Rival, who knows nothing of this Stratagem.

S C E N E III.

Leander, Anselmo.

Ans. Stay, *Leander*, and let me tell you a thing which concerns your Repose and Honour; I don't speak to you as the Father of *Hypolita*, as a Man interess'd for my own Family; but as your Father, moved for your good, without flattering you, or disguising any thing: Therefore to be plain, as I shou'd be very glad a Child of mine shou'd be so serv'd upon the like Occasion: Do you know with

what

what an Eye every one beholds your Love for *Celia*, which has taken Air? How your Yesterday's Undertaking is talk'd of and ridicul'd? What Judgment is made of the capricious choice of a Wife, which 'tis said you have pitch'd upon? An Outcast of *Egypt*, a Wanderer, whose noble Occupation is that of begging? I blush'd at it both for you and my self too, who am concern'd in it; me, I say, to whose Daughter, who is promised to you, it will be the greatest Affront. Ah *Leander*! don't disgrace your self thus, but open your Eyes; if none is wise at all times, yet the shortest Errors are the best. When nothing but Beauty is the Portion, Remorse treads on the Heels of the Marriage Solemnity. and the most charming Wife has but a small Defence against that Coldness which follows Enjoyment. I tell you again, that those boiling Passions, that youthful Heat and Ardour at first give us a few agreeable Nights; but that Felicity is not at all durable, and our Passions growing cool, we have but ill Days after those pleasant Nights; hence proceed Cares, Trouble, Misery, and the Disinheriting of Sons thro' the Father's Anger.

Leand. In all you say, I hear nothing but what I have already represented to my self. I know how much I'm oblig'd to you for that signal Honour you're willing to do me, and which I'm unworthy of; and notwithstanding the Passion that opposes it, am sensible of your Daughter's Virtue and Merit; wherefore I'll endeavour —

Ans. That Door opens, let's go further, lest some secret Contagion comes from it, that may infect you.

SCENE IV.

Sir Martin, Mascarille.

Masc. We shall soon be discover'd, if you go on thus foolishly.

Sir Mart. Must I eternally hear your Reprimands? What can you complain of? Have I not succeeded in all I said since —

Masc. Mightily indeed; Witness the *Turks* whom you call'd *Heresicks*, and whom you swore Worship'd the *Sun* and *Moon*. What Angers me most is, that your Love for-

gets it self strangely near *Celia*, and is like Broth that boyls over.

Sir Mart. Can one be more reserv'd ? I hardly spoke to her.

Masc. That is not all ; by your Motions during one Minute's Eating, you gave more Matter for Suspicion, than another wou'd ha' done in a Year.

Sir Mart. How ?

Masc. How ? Every Body might perceive it. At Table with *Trufaldin* you did nothing but stare upon her , blush, remain stupid, and ogle, without ever minding what was given you ; you never were a-dry but when she Drank, and catch'd the Glas out of her Hands ; without ever rining it you drank up what she had left, and affected that side which her Mouth had toucht. Upon the Pieces which she had handled you laid your Paw more hastily than a Cat does upon a Moufe, and swallow'd them like Grey Peas. Besides, under the Table you made an insupportable Noife with your Feet, Tic, Tack ; you gave *Trufaldin* two lusty Kicks, and made him twice beat a couple of innocent Dogs for it, which, if they durst, wou'd have quarrel'd with you ; and yet you behaved your self finely. For my part, I sat upon Thorns all the time ; and notwithstanding the Cold, I sweat yet with the Pain I was in for you. Like a Bowler who keeps his Eyes on his Bowl, and twists his Body the Way he'd have it turn, I kept my Eyes on you, and try'd to restrain your Actions by an hundred Distortions of my Body.

Sir Mart. Lord, how easie 'tis for you to condemn things, when you don't know the agreeable Causes of them ! However to please you for once, I'll put a Force on my Love, and —

SCENE V.

Sir Martin, Mascarille, Trufaldin.

Masc. We were talking of *Horatio's* Misfortunes.

Truf. You do well. Mean time, will you do me the Favour to let me have a Word in Secret with him ?

Sir

Sir Mart. Else I shou'd be very indiscreet.

Truf. Do you know what I have just done?

Masc. No; But I wou'd know it if you please.

Truf. I just now cut down from a large Oak, of about Two Hundred Years Old, an admirable Branch, cull'd out on purpose; of a reasonable Bigness, whereof I have impatiently made a Club, about — aye, of this Bigness. (*Shews his Arm.*) Less at one End than t'other, but fitter to drub any Body, than Thirty little Switches: for it fills the Hand well, is green, knotty and heavy.

Masc. But pray who is this Preparative for?

Truf. First for You, and then for this pretended *Armenian*, this disguis'd Merchant, who wou'd fain impose upon me with a Tale of a Cock and a Bull.

Masc. What! Do you not believe —

Truf. Don't think to excuse it, he himself fortunately discover'd the Trick. telling *Celia*, with a squeeze by the Hand, that for her sake he came in this Disguise; he did not perceive *Feanetta*, my little God-Daughter, who over-heard it all Word for Word; and, tho' you were not mention'd, I don't doubt but you have a Finger in the Pye.

Masc. You wrong me. If you are really abused, I was the first that was deceived by his Story.

Truf. If you'd have me believe you, do you assist me to beat him; let's give it him with a good Will, and then I'll think you Innocent.

Masc. Aye, with all my Heart, and I'll do it so cordially, that you shall see I have no part in't. You shall be soundly swing'd, Mr. *Armenian*.

SCENE VI.

Sir Martin, Trufaldin, Mascarille.

Truf. (*Knocks at his Door to fetch the Sticks.*) A Word with you. What, Mr. *Cheat*, do you think to gull an Honest Man, and laugh at him?

Masc. To pretend to have seen his Son in another Country, to get the more easily into his House!

Truf.

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Truf. Come, come, march, Sir, march.

[*Beating Sir Martin.*]

Sir Mart. Ah Rascal.

Masc. Thus Sharpers —

[*Beating him.*]

Sir Mart. Villain!

Masc. — Are rewarded here. Keep that for my sake.

Sir Mart. What? Am I to be —

Masc. Troop, Troop, I tell you, or I'll break your Bones.

Truf. Well, come let's go in, I'm satisfy'd.

Sir Mart. What! Be thus affronted by a Servant! Dare he be so Villainous as to use his Master thus?

Masc. (*At Trufaldin's Window.*) Pray how does your Back do?

Sir Mart. What! Have you the Impudence to talk after that manner?

Masc. Why now see what 'tis, not to perceive *Jeanetta*, and to have an indiscreet Tongue; but for this Time I'm not at all Anger'd, I have done Scolding at and Cursing you; tho' the Action was very Imprudent, I have wash'd away the Fault on your Back.

Sir Mart. And I'll revenge that piece of Disloyalty!

Masc. You your self was the Cause on't.

Sir Mart. I?

Masc. If you had been Wiser when you talk'd to your Idol, you wou'd have seen *Jeanetta* behind you, who cunningly heard all you said.

Sir Mart. Cou'd a Word that I said to *Celia* be overheard?

Masc. Why do you think you're turn'd out else? You'd ha' been here still, if your Tongue had been but quiet; I can't tell whether you often play at Piquet, but I'm sure you lay out your Cards strangely.

Sir Mart. Oh! I'm the most unhappy of Mankind! But why must I be turn'd out by You?

Masc. I cou'd not do better than take upon me to do it, for by that means I clear my self from all Suspicion.

Sir Mart. Yet you need not have struck so plaguy hard.

Masc.

Masc. Have you no Sense ? *Trufaldin* watch'd me narrowly. And besides I was glad to assuage my Choler under that Pretence: In a word, 'tis done, and if you'll promise never to endeavour to be reveng'd on me, either directly or indirectly, for the Blows I so heartily gave you, I'll promise you, by Help of the Post I am now in, to content you in less than two Nights.

Sir Mart. Tho' you used me something too rudely, yet what would'st not that Promise get from me?

Masc. You promise, then?

Sir Mart. Yes, I do.

Masc. That's not all; promise never to meddle in any of my Enterprises.

Sir Mart. I do.

Masc. If you break your Word, Pox take you, quo' I!

Sir Mart. Then keep yours with me, and study my Repose.

Masc. Well, well; Go 'noint your Back, and change your Cloaths.

Sir Mart. Will my Ill Fate always heap Misfortune upon Misfortune?

Masc. What, not gone yet? March quickly; but besure you don't trouble your self about the Business; be satisfy'd with having me on your Side, and don't pretend to help my Designs. Be at quiet.

Sir Mart. I will.

Masc. I must study now what Course to take!

SCENE VII.

Ergastus, Mascarille.

Erg. Mascarille, I come to tell you a Thing which throws an ugly Rub in your way; there is this Moment arriv'd a young Gypsie, tho' he is not black; who looks like a Gentleman, and comes, with a very wan old Woman, to Ransom the Slave, which you labour for. He seems very hot for her.

Masc. This is certainly the Lover that *Celia* has so often spoke of. Was Destiny ever so perplex'd as ours! Out of one Trouble we run into another. It is no Advantage

vantage to us to hear that *Leander* is near flying the Pit; that his Father is arriv'd, when we had least Hopes of it, and weighs down the Scale on *Hypolita's* Side; that he has changed all by his Authority, and this very Day designs to conclude the Business; when one Rival removes, another more dangerous rises to destroy what small Hopes we had remaining. Yet, by my Art I believe I may stop 'em, and gain as much time as I shall want, to endeavour to finish this weighty Affair. A great Robbery has lately been committed, no Body can tell by whom; those Gypsies are seldom esteem'd Honest: I, upon a frivolous Suspicion, will cunningly get this Fellow put in Prison for some Days; I know some Blood-thirsty Officers of Justice, who are always ready on such Occasions. For the Expectation of a Present, there's nothing but what they'd blindly attempt, and the Purfes even of the most Innocent are condemn'd as Criminal when 'tis for their Profit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mascarille, Ergastus.

Masc. A H Blockhead! Double Blockhead! Will you never leave persecuting me?

Erg. Your Business had been done by the Care of the Exempt, and the Gypsie had been caged, had not your Master come in and like a Desperado knockt your Stratagem on the Head: I can't bear, say's he proudly, to see an honest Man drag'd thus to Prison; I like his Mien, and will be his Bail. Upon their refusing to set him free, he fell upon 'em, and they having no Aversion to their Carcasses, set a running, and I believe that they are flying yet, imagining they have a Sir *Martin* behind 'em.

Masc. The Sot don't know that that Gypsie is in the House already, to deprive him of his Treasure.

Erg. Well, Goodbuy, a certain Affair obliges me to leave you.

[Exit.

Masc.

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Masc. Yes, this last Prodigy quite stupifies me: One wou'd think, nay I'm entirely persuaded, that that Cross-grain'd Demon he's possess'd with, takes Delight in making me mad, and conducts him whithersoever his Presence may be most prejudicial. Yet I'll go on, and notwithstanding all this, see who'll Conquer, his Devil or my self. *Celia* is a little inclined to us, and is loth to depart; I must endeavour to improve this Opportunity. But here they come, let's think how we shall do it. That furnish'd House there is at my Disposal; if Fortune does but favour us, all will yet do well. None but I have a Power in it, and I have always the Key. Heav'n's, how many Accidents have we beheld in so short a time! And how often is a Trickster obliged to Change his Shape!

SCENE II.

Celia, Andrew.

And. You know, *Celia*, there's nothing but what my Heart has done to testify the Excess of its Ardor. When I was but Young, the War had given the *Venetians* a good Notion of my Courage, and by serving them I might, without flattering my self, have some time or other expected an honourable Employment, when for you I abandon'd all, and the speedy effect of a Metamorphosis which follow'd the sudden Change of my Heart, brought your Lover among your Companions; nor cou'd a thousand Accidents, or even your Indifference, stop my Perseverance. Afterwards, being by Chance much longer separated from you than I cou'd have imagin'd, I spared neither Time nor Pains to meet with you again. At length, having found the old Gypsie Woman, and impatiently hearing that for a certain Sum of Mony, without which your Band had been ruin'd, you were left in Pawn, I ran to break those Mercenary Chains, and to receive from you what Orders you thought fit. Yet when your Joy ought to sparkle at your Eyes; you're seized with a pensive Sadness. If you will retire, I have enough to serve us both at *Venice*. But if you still must be follow'd, I consent,
and

and all my Ambition shall be to serve you in what Condition you please.

Cel. Your Zeal for me is too visible, and I must be ungrateful to be uneasie at it; my Countenance does not now speak the Sense of my Heart. A violent Pain in my Head has seized me, and if I've any Power o'er you, you'd defer our Voyage for three or four Days, in which time my Illness may go off.

And. As long as you will; all my Desire is to please you; but let's see for a House to lodge in. Oh, Here's a Bill up.

SCENE III.

Masfcarille, Celia, Andrew.

And. Signor *Swift*, are you Master of this House?

Masc. Yes, at your Service.

And. May one have a Lodging in it?

Masc. Yea, I have a Room to Lett ready furnish'd. But I donna lodge ill Folk.

And. I suppose your House is free from all Suspicion.

Masc. I see, by your Feace, you're but a Novice in this Town.

And. I am so.

Masc. Is Mistress marry'd to you?

And. What!

Masc. Is she your Wife or your Sister?

And. Neither.

Masc. Oh I see what you come for; to buy Things, or to demand Justice at Court. The Law is good for nought, it Costs so much; the Attorney's a Miser, Counsellor a Knave.

And. 'Tis not for that.

Masc. Oh, then you bring the Woman to see the Tawn, and walk about?

And. 'Tis no matter; I'll be with you again in a Moment. I'll go fetch the old Woman presently, and forbid her carrying our Things.

Masc. What? Is not she well?

And. Her Head akes.

Masc.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. 121

Masc. I ha' good Wine and Cheefe i'th' House. Gang you in, gang you in.

SCENE IV.

Sir Martin, Andrew.

Sir Mart. (Alone.) Tho' the Transports of an impatient Heart are very pressing, yet my Word is engaged to be at quiet, to let another Work, and unconcern'd see how Heav'n will dispose of me. [*Andrew comes out.*] Do you want any Body in that House?

And. I just now took a Lodging there.

Sir Mart. The House belongs to my Father, and the Servant lies there a-Nights to take Care on't.

And. I can't tell that, but the Bill plainly shews 'tis to be Lett; Read it else.

Sir Mart. This amazes me, I confess; who cou'd put it up? Why! — Oh! Faith I guess it: aye; that must be the Cause.

And. May one know it?

Sir Mart. I'd make a great Secret of it to any Body else; but it don't signifie to you; you'll be discreet. Without doubt that Bill can be nothing else, I think, than some Invention of the Servant I mention'd, to put into my Hands a certain Gypsie that I like, and must obtain: I have already often miss'd of her.

And. What's her Name?

Sir Mart. *Celia.*

And. Ha! What say you? You need only ha' spoke; I shou'd have spared you all the trouble it has cost you.

Sir Mart. What! Do you know her?

And. Why 'twas I that just now ransom'd her.

Sir Mart. How surprising this is?

And. Her Health not permitting us to depart, I just now put her in those Lodgings; and am very glad that you have told me your Intention.

Sir Mart. What! shall I obtain my Happiness of you? Can you —

And. [*Knocks at his Door.*] You shall be satisfy'd presently.

Sir

Sir Mart. What can I say to you? What Thanks return you?

And. No, no; return me none, I'll have none,

SCENE V.

Mascarille, Sir Martin, Andrew.

Masc. What; is my plaguy Master there! He'll make some new Blunder now.

Sir Mart. Who the Deuce wou'd know you, Mascarille, in that comical Garb? You're wellcome.

Masc. I am a Man of Honour; I'm no Mascarille, nor Pimp neither.

[He Puns.

Sir Mart. Comical Dog!

Masc. Get gone, wall yau; don't make me your Gibe.

Sir Mart. Pull off your Mask, and own your Master.

Masc. 'Zblood, I know you not.

Sir Mart. All's settled; don't disguise your self.

Masc. If you doan't go, I'll gi' you a Slap o' the Chops.

Sir Mart. I tell you your Gibbridge is unnecessary; for we are agreed, and his Generosity has found the way to oblige me; I have all I can wish for, and you have no Reason to fear any thing.

Masc. If you are happily agreed I unswiss my self then, and become what I was before.

And. This Servant serves you with a great deal of Warmth; Stay a little, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

Sir Mart. Well; What do you say now?

Masc. I say I'm heartily glad to see that our Labours prove so successful.

Sir Mart. You did not care to throw off your Disguise, because you cou'd not believe me.

Masc. I knew you, and was something afraid; for the Accident is very surprising.

Sir Mart. But, then, confess I have done a great deal; at least, I have now repaired all my Faults, and shall have the Honour of having finish'd the Work.

Masc. Be it so; Fools have Luck.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Celia, Sir Martin, Andrew, Mascarille.

And. Is not this the Person you spoke to me of?

Sir Mart. What can equal my Happiness?

And. 'Tis true, I am obliged to you for a Good Turn; I shou'd be ungrateful not to own it; but yet, that good Turn wou'd be too dearly bought, if 'twas to be repay'd at the Expence of my Heart: Do you your self judge if, in the Transport her Beauty hurries me to, I ought to acquit my Debt to you at that Price; I know, you're generous and wou'd not have me do it; so farewell for a few Days; come, let's return. [Exit with Celia.]

Masc. [*Sings.*] I sing, and yet I have no great Heart to do it; you are finely agreed; he gives you *Celia*. Umph, You understand me.

Sir Mart. This is too much, I'll no more desire your Succour; I am a Dog, a Traitor, a detestable Dunce, unworthy of any of your Service, incapable of doing any thing well. No, give over your Endeavours for an unfortunate Wretch, who will not let himself be made happy. After so many Mischances, after all my Imprudence, Death only ought to assist me.

Masc. Aye, that's the best Way; Death is all he wants to crown his Follies. But in vain his Indignation for his Faults gives me leave to withdraw my Aid; come what will, I'll serve him, in spite of his Teeth, and obtain the Victory over his Devil; the Greater the Obstacle is, the Greater is the Glory, and the Hindrances we meet with are the Ornaments to Virtue.

SCENE VII.

Mascarille, Celia.

Cel. You may say and imagine what you will, but I have no great Expectation from this Put-off. The Success may persuade us how far they are from agreeing, and I have already told you that a Heart like mine wou'd not injure one to benefit another; and that by different Tyes

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I am very strongly bound to both of them. If Sir *Martin* has Love and its Power on his Side, *Andrew* for his Plea has Gratitude, which will not suffer even my most secret Thoughts to consult against his Interest. Yes, tho' he cou'd gain no more place in my Soul, tho' the Gift of my Heart does not Crown his Flame, yet at least for what he has done for me, I ought not to chuse another in Contempt of his Fidelity; but shou'd put as great a Force on my own Desires as on his: From these Obstacles, which my Duty proposes to me, Judge what you have to depend upon.

Masc. Why indeed these are great Rubs in our way, and I have not the knack of working Miracles. But I'll go use my utmost Endeavours, leave no Stone unturn'd, employ all my Faculties to find some wholesome Expedient; I'll soon let you know what's to be done.

SCENE VIII.

Celia, Hypolita.

Hyp. Since you came hither, the Ladies of the Neighbourhood may well complain of the Robberies your Eyes commit, if you thus deprive 'em of their greatest Conquests, and make all their Lovers faithless. None can withstand the Charms which you have the Art of striking 'em with at first View; a thousand Liberties, which offer themselves to your Chains, seem daily to enrich you with our Loss. As for me, I shou'd not have complain'd of the absolute Power of your exquisite Beauty, had it left me but one of all my Lovers, to comfort me for the loss of the rest; but 'tis inhuman to take 'em all from me; and I must complain of it.

Cel. This is a very Gallant Raillery; but I beg you'd spare me a little; your Eyes, your own Eyes, know themselves too well to fear any thing from me; they are well assured of the Power of their Charms, and are never capable of such Suspicions.

Hyp. Yet in what I say, I advance nothing but what's generally own'd; and without naming any body else,

'tis well known that *Celia* has enflamed *Leander* and Sir *Martin Mar-all*.

Cel. I believe you are very indifferent as to their Loss, when they're fall'n into such a Blindness, nor can you think a Lover very desirous that was capable of so bad a Choice.

Hyp. On the contrary, I am of quite another mind, and think your Beauty so deserving, see in it so many Reasons to excuse the Inconstancy of those who suffer themselves to be allured by it, that I cannot blame the new Passion, by which *Leander* has broken his Vows to me; and am now going, without either Hatred or Anger, to receive him again to my Obedience by a Father's Authority.

SCENE IX.

Mascarille, Celia, Hypolita:

Masc. Great News! Great News! Surprising Success! Wonderful Fortune!

Cel. What is't?

Masc. Hear. This without Flattery is——

Cel. What?

Masc. The Catastrophe of a true Comedy; the old Gypsy Woman just now——

Cel. So?

Masc. Was going thro' the Market, and thought nothing of the Matter, when another Woman, pretty much disfigured with Age, having stared her in the Face a long time, with a Torrent of abusive Language gave the Signal to a furious Combat: which instead of Arms, Muskets, Daggers and Arrows, only shew'd uplifted in the Air two Pair of wither'd Fists, wherewith those two Combatants endeavour'd to tear off what little Flesh old Age had left on their Bones: Nothing was hear'd but Bitch, Whore, Sow, and immediately there lay the Head-Gear on the Ground, and expos'd a couple of Bald-Pates, which render'd the Battle ridiculously frightful. *Andrew* and *Trusfaldin*, who at the Noise ran to the Place, as did a vast number of People besides, had much ado to part 'em, so eager they

they were. Yet each of them, after the Fray, endeavour'd to hide the Shame of their Heads; and every one wanted to know who began it; she, who first made the Uproar, having, notwithstanding her Fury, a long time view'd *Trufaldin*, 'Tis you, cries she, *unless my Eyes are deceived, who as I was told lived privately in this City; O lucky Meeting!* Yes, Signor *Zanobio Ruberty*, Fortune gives me the Knowledge of you, at the very Moment wherein I so tormented my self for your sake: When *Naples* beheld you leave your Family, I, you know, had your Daughter to breed up; I nursed her, and by a thousand Lineaments, even at four Years old, perceived her Gracefulness and Beauty: She you see there, that infamous Witch, getting acquainted in our House robb'd me of that Treasure. Alas! Your Wife conceived so much Grief from that Misfortune that I believe it help'd to shorten her Days; I fearing a sharp Reprimand for being so careless as to suffer her to be stol'n, sent you word that they were both dead. But, since I have found the Thief out, she must certainly know what's become of her. At the Name of *Zanobio Ruberty*, which she often repeated in this Narration, *Andrew* having for some time changed Colour, thus spoke to the surprized *Trufaldin*: What! Does Heaven thus happily bring me to him I have hitherto in vain sought for, and cou'd I possibly behold the Source of my Blood and Author of my Being without knowing him? Yes, Father, I am *Horatio* your Son. *Alberto*, whose Tutorship I was under, dying, and I feeling fresh Troubles rising in my Heart left *Bolonia* and my Studies, and wander'd for six Years in several Places, as Curiosity drove me; However, after that, a secret Desire spur'd me on to revisit my Kindred and Country, but, alas! I found you not in *Naples*, and cou'd hear nothing of you but upon frivolous Reports; wherefore, losing my labour in my Search for you, *Venice* for a time, put a stop to my vain Enquiry, and I afterwards lived, without knowing any thing of my Family but the Name. You may imagine if all this while *Trufaldin* stood unmov'd. In a word, to abridge what at more Leisure you may inform your selves particularly in; by the Confession of your Gypsy Woman, *Trufaldin* now finds you to be his Daughter; *Andrew* is your Brother; and as he can't think

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of Possessing his Sister, an Obligation he pretends he lies under has made him obtain you for my Master's Wife; whose Father, who was by all the time, consents to't, and to rejoice his whole Family, has propos'd his Daughter for the Spouse of *Horatio*. See how many Accidents here are at one Birth!

Cel. These Novelties amaze me.

Masc. All but the two She-Champions are coming after me; their Quarrel stays 'em. *Leander* is among 'em, and your Father too: I'll go tell my Master of this, and let him know that when there seem'd to be most Difficulty, Heaven work'd a Miracle in his Favour.

Hyp. I am as glad of this, as tho' 'twere my own Case. But here they are.

SCENE X.

Trufaldin, Anselmo, Pandolphus, Andrews, Celia, Hypolita, Leander.

Truf. Ah Daughter!

Cel. Ah dear Father!

Truf. Do you already know how Heaven has blest'd us?

Cel. I just now heard all this wonderful Adventure.

Hyp. (To Leander) You need not excuse your past Love, I having before my Eyes all you can say.

Leand. A generous Pardon is what I desire; but I call Heaven to witness, that in this sudden Return to my Duty, my Father's Power has done much less than my own Inclination.

And. (To Celia) Who wou'd ever have believed that my pure Flame wou'd one Day be condemn'd by Nature? Yet it was always so much govern'd by Honour, that with a little Alteration it may still continue.

Cel. For my part I check'd my self, and thought I was in the wrong whenever I felt any other than a very great Esteem for you; I cou'd not tell what powerful Obstacle kept me in so slippery a Path from falling, and diverted my Heart from the Confession of a Flame which my Senses endeavour'd to introduce into my Soul.

Truf.

Truf. But what wou'd you say of me, if so soon as I have found you, I shou'd be for giving you away, and engage you in Marriage to Sir Martin?

Cel. You may do with me as you please.

SCENE XI.

Trufaldin, Mascarille, Sir Martin, Anselmo, Pandolphus, Celia, Andrew, Hypolita, Leander.

Masc. Let's see if your Devil is able to destroy so solid a Foundation as this is? and if against the present Happiness that falls to you, you can arm your fine Imagination? Kind Fate, by an unthought of Accident, has crown'd your Desires, and *Celia's* yours.

Sir Mart. May I believe that the absolute Power of Heaven——

Truf. Yes, Son-in-law, 'tis true.

Pand. The thing is resolved upon.

And. By this I in part pay my Obligation to you.

Sir Mart. (To *Mascarille*) Let me embrace you a thousand and a thousand times in the Joy——

Masc. Oh, hold, hold, good now, you almost choak me; I tremble for *Celia*, if you caress her with so much Transport; she can excuse such Embraces.

Truf. (To *Sir Martin*) You know the Happiness Heaven has sent me; but since one and the same Day is so Fortunate to us all, let us not separate till 'tis over, and till *Leander's* Father too is fetch'd.

Masc. Aye, you're all provided; but is there no tender-hearted Virgin for poor *Mascarille*? seeing every Man have his Woman here, gives me an Itch for Marriage,

Ans. I have a Wife for you.

Masc. Come then; and may propitious Heaven give us Children, whose Fathers we may really be.



Dépit Amoureux :

THE

Amorous Quarrel.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ERASTUS, *in Love with Lucilia*
Alberto, *Father to Lucilia.*

Valerio, *Son to Polydor.*

Polydor, *his Father.*

Metaphrastus, *a Pedant.*

Rapiero, *a Bully.*

punch-gutted Ben, alias Renier, Servant to Erastus.

Mascarille, Servant to Valerio.

W O M E N.

Lucilia, *Albert's Daughter.*

Ascanius, *A Woman in Man's Cloaths.*

Frosina, *her Confident.*

Marinetta, *Maid to Lucilia.*

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THE Amorous Quarrel.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Eraustus, Ben.

ERASTUS.



Have a secret Disturbance of Mind
which breaks my Rest Day and Night.
To tell you the Truth, I'm afraid of
being deceived. You may be corrup-
ted in favour of a Rival, or at least
mistaken as well as I.

Ben. With humble Submission to
your Worship, I must tell you 'tis wronging my
Integrity, and shewing but small Skill in Physiognomy,
to suspect me of any Deceit. Few of my Bulk, thank
God, are accused of being Knaves or Plotters; nor do
I belie that Honour which is done to us, but am a down-
right Man in all my Manners. 'Tis true, I may easily be
deceived; however I believe nothing of the matter. I'm
a Dog if I know what can make you thus uneasy. *Lu-*
cilia, in my Opinion, shews Love enough for you; she
sees you, talks to you, at all times of the Day; and *Va-*
lerio,

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lerio, who causes your Disturbance, seems only endured at present thro' Constraint.

Eraſt. A Lover often feeds himself with false hopes; and those that are received best are not always loved best; whatever Love a Woman may shew, 'tis often but a Veil to cover a Passion for another. Besides, *Valerio* has of late shew'd too much Tranquility for a repulsed Lover, and his being indifferent as to the Favours you think are done me poisons their greatest Charms, troubles me more than you can imagine, holds my good Fortune in suspense, and makes me hard of belief to whatever *Lucilia* says to me. I wou'd have *Valerio* be transported with Jealousy, and upon his Displeasure and Impatience I shou'd found my Assurance. Dost thou thy self believe that 'tis possible for any one to see a Rival careſs'd as he does, without disturbance? And tho' you believe nothing of it, yet tell me is it not perplexing?

Ben. Perhaps his Love's gone off, knowing that he sigh'd in vain.

Eraſt. When frequent Repulses free any one from his Passion, he commonly avoids the Object he was touch'd with; nor does he break his Chain with so little trouble as to remain entirely indifferent; his having once loved will hinder that. If our Disdain does not encrease at the sight of her we lov'd, our Love is very near returning. Believe me, though our Flame be never so much extinguish'd, we are still prick'd with a little Jealousy, and cannot bear to see a Heart which we have miss'd of, possess'd by another.

Ben. For my part, I don't understand all this Philosophy; what I see I believe, and am not such an Enemy to my self as to be disturb'd without a Cause; why shou'd one study for Reasons to be miserable? Shall I alarm my self for Castles in the Air? Let Lent come before we keep it, I say. I think the Spleen a very troublesome thing, and never have it without a just Reason; nay, sometimes when I have Reason, I will not see that I have. I run the same risque in Love as you do, and your Trouble ought to be common to me; if the Mistress breaks her word with you, the Maid will certainly

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ly do as much by me ; but, I don't trouble my head about it. I believe People when they say, I love thee, and don't enquire whether *Mascarille* is repulsed or no. Let *Marinetta* suffer herself, if she will, to be kiss'd and stop'd by *Fodelet* at Pleasure, and let that charming Rival of mine laugh at it like a Fool ; I'll laugh too my bellyfull, and see who laughs with the best Grace.

Erast. This Talk sutes you.

Ben. But here she comes.

SCENE II.

Marinetta, Erastus, Ben.

Ben. 'St, 'ft, *Marinetta*.

Mari. What do you do there?

Ben. Faith we were just now talking of you.

Mari. Are you there too, Sir ! You have made me Trot about like a Horse.

Erast. How so ?

Mari. I have walk'd Ten Mile, I think, to look for you, and promise you——

Erast. What ?

Mari. That you were not either at Church, at Court, at Home, nor in the Park.

Ben. You may Swear it.

Erast. But tell me ; who sent you to me ?

Mari. One who bears you no very ill Will ; in a word, my Mistress.

Erast. Dear *Marinetta*, do your Tongue and your Heart go together ? Disguise not from me a fatal Mystery : I shall not hate you for discovering it to me : tell me if your charming Mistress does not abuse my Vows with a false Tendernefs.

Mari. Ha, ha, ha, What put this into your Head ? Does she not sufficiently shew her Inclinations ? what farther Security do you desire ? What wou'd you have ?

Ben. He'd have *Valerio* hang himself ; or else he won't think himself secure.

Mari. How so ?

Ben. He's Jealous to an excess.

O 2

Mari.

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Mari. What! of *Valerio*? Ha, ha. A fine fancy indeed! none but you cou'd have imagined it! I had a good Opinion of your Wit till now; but I see I was deceived. Has the Distemper touched thy Noddle too?

Ben. I Jealous! God forbid. Do you think I'm so mad as to go and make my self lean with Grief; for, besides the Opinion I have of your Truth, I have too good a one of my self, to think that you can like any body else. Where the Deuce can you find one equal to me?

Mari. Why ay, you're in the right; all a Jealous Man gets by his Suspicions is Uneasiness, and he advances by them the Designs of a Rival, whose Merit your Spleen opens your Mistress's Eyes to; and I know one, who, were it not for his Rival's Jealousy, had never been so happy as he now is. Be it as it will, 'tis acting an ill Part to shew your self suspicious in Love; 'tis in short being miserable upon Trust. This, Sir, I say by the bye.

Eraſt. Well, no more of this; what have you to say to me?

Mari. I ought not to tell you now, to punish you; but shou'd hide from you the Secret which has made me hunt for you. There, read that Letter, it will put you out of Suspence. Read it out, no body listens.

Eraſtus Reads.

' You told me your Love was capable of doing any thing. It will be crown'd to Day if you can get my Father's Consent. Tell him the Power you have over my Heart; I give you leave to do it. If he favours you, I shall answer with my Obedience,

What good Fortune is this! I ought to consider the Bearer as a Deity.

Ben. I told you so; I'm seldom deceived.

Eraſt. (reads again.) ' Tell him the Power you have over my Heart; I give you leave to do it. If he favours you, I shall answer with my Obedience.

Mari. If I shou'd tell her of your Jealousy, she'd soon disown all she has writ.

Eraſt.

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Eraft. I beseech you hide from her my Fear, which I thought had some Foundation : Or, if you tell it her, let her know I am ready to expiate my Error with my Death, and sacrifice my Life at her Feet, if thereby I have displeased her.

Mari. This is no time to talk of Death.

Eraft. I am mightily obliged to you, and intend shortly to make you a handsome Recompence for so valuable a Letter.

Mari. Well thought on. Do you know where I look'd for you just now ?

Eraft. Where ?

Mari. By the Market; you know where.

Eraft. Whereabouts ?

Mari. At the Shop where some time ago you promis'd me a Ring.

Eraft. I understand you.

Ben. Ah cunning Jade!

Eraft. 'Tis true ; I have delay'd too long to be as good as my word. But—

Mari. What I said was not to press you.

Ben. Alas for her! no, no.

Eraft. (*Gives her his Ring.*) You'll like this perhaps. Take it for that which I owe you.

Mari. Sir, I shou'd be ashamed to take it.

Ben. Poor shame-fac'd Creature; take it without more ado; none but Fools refuse Presents.

Mari. I shall keep it for a Remembrance.

Eraft. When may I thank that adorable Angel ?

Mari. Try to gain the Father.

Eraft. But if he refuses me, may I—

Mari. Then we must use our utmost Endeavours for you ; she must be yours one way or other; do your best, and we'll do ours.

Eraft. Adieu ; we shall know our Fate to Day. (*Eraftus reads the Letter again to himself.*)

Mari. Well, *Ben.* and what shall we say of our Love? You don't speak to me of it.

Ben. A Wedding between such as we is soon concluded. I'll have you. Will you have me ?

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Mari. Gladly.

Ben. Shake hands; enough.

Mari. Adieu, *Ben*, my Delight,

Ben. Adieu, my glittering Star.

Mari. Adieu, sweet Firebrand of my Flame.

Ben. Adieu, dear Comet, Rainbow of my Soul. God be praised our Affairs go swimmingly on; *Alberto* will refuse you nothing.

Eraſt. Here comes *Valerio* to us.

Ben. I pity the poor Wretch.

SCENE III.

Valerio, Eraſtus, Ben.

Eraſt. Well! Signor *Valerio*?

Val. Well! Signor *Eraſtus*?

Eraſt. How goes your Love on?

Val. How goes yours?

Eraſt. Better and better every Day.

Val. So does mine.

Eraſt. For *Lucilia*?

Val. The ſame.

Eraſt. I muſt needs confeſs you're a Model of Conſtancy.

Val. And your Firmneſs will be a rare Example to Poſterity.

Eraſt. As for me, I am not for that auſtere Love which is ſatisfy'd with Looks only; nor am I ſo much a Philoſopher as to ſuffer ill Uſage with Conſtancy; in ſhort, when I Love I deſire to be beloved.

Val. 'Tis very natural, I'm of your Opinion; the moſt perfect Object ſhou'd not be beloved by me, unleſs ſhe repay'd it.

Eraſt. However, *Lucilia*——

Val.——*Lucilia* does whatever I cou'd deſire.

Eraſt. You are eaſily contented then?

Val. Not ſo eaſily as you think.

Eraſt. I however may without Vanity believe I'm in her Favour.

Val.

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Val. I know I share good part on't.

Eraft. Don't abuse your self, but believe me.

Val. Believe me; don't let your Eyes cully you.

Eraft. If I might shew you a certain Proof that her Heart——But 'twou'd move you.

Val. If I might discover a Secret——But 'twou'd grieve you.

Eraft. I see I must humble your Presumption; you urge me to it. Read there.

Val. These words are tender.

Eraft. You know the Hand?

Val. Yes, I know *Lucilia's*.

Eraft. Well; what say you now to——

Val. (*Smiling.*) Adieu, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Ben. The Man's a Fool sure, why shou'd he laugh else.

Eraft. He surprizes me; I can't imagine what Mystery's in this matter.

Ben. Here comes his Footman, I think.

Eraft. Yes, 'tis he. Let's Pump him.

SCENE IV.

Mascarille, Eraustus, Ben.

Masc. Sure no Condition can be more unfortunate, than that of a young Lover's Servant.

Ben. Good Morrow.

Masc. Good Morrow.

Ben. Where's *Mascarille* going? What is he doing? Is he coming back from any place? Is he going to any place? Or does he design to stay where he is?

Masc. No, I'm not coming back, because I have not yet been where I'm going; nor am I going, for I am stop'd; nor do I design to stay, for this very moment I intend to be gone.

Eraft. Don't be so snappish, *Mascarille*.

Masc. Ha! Sir, your Servant.

Eraft. You are very hasty to be gone from us! Do I frighten you?

Masc. No, Sir.

Eraft. Give me thy Hand; we have now no longer cause of Jealousie; we'll be Friends, and my Flame, which I extinguish, gives place to your happy Designs.

Masc. Wou'd to Heaven 'twere true.

Eraft. *Ben* knows that I have another Mistress.

Ben. Certainly; and I yield *Marinetta* to you.

Masc. That don't signifie; our Rivalry will never come to Extremities. But is it certain, Sir, that you're disenamour'd, or do you jest?

Eraft. I find that your Master is happy in his Amours; and I shou'd be a Fool to pretend any longer to that Fair One's Favours, which he possesses in so high a degree.

Masc. You ravish me with this News; for, besides that I was a little afraid of so powerful a Competitor, you're in the right to slip your Neck out of the Collar: You do well to leave a Business wherein you are caress'd only for form sake; and I, knowing what passes, have a thousand times bemoan'd the false hope you were fed with. 'Tis a Shame to deceive a Man of Honour. But how the deuce did you come to find out the Trick? For the mutual Engagement of their Faith had no other Witnesses than the Night, myself, and two others; and the Knot which makes them happy in each other was thought a Secret to all the World.

Eraft. Ha! What say you?

Masc. I say that I am amazed, and can't imagine who told you, that under the Colour which deceives you and every body else, they have ty'd themselves by a secret Marriage.

Eraft. You lye.

Masc. Sir, with all my Heart.

Eraft. You are a Rascal.

Masc. I own it.

Eraft. And this Impudence deserves a sound Beating.

Masc. I'm in your Power.

Eraft. Hah! *Ben*.

Ben. Sir?

Eraft. I contradict a thing which I but too much fear.
(To *Masc.*) Do you think to fly? *Masc.*

Masc.

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Eraft.

Masc. Not in the least.

Eraſt. What! is *Lucilia* his Wife?

Masc. No, Sir, I did but jeſt.

Eraſt. What! did you jeſt! Knave?

Masc. No, I did not jeſt.

Eraſt. 'Tis true then, is it?

Masc. No; I don't ſay that.

Eraſt. What do you ſay then?

Masc. Alas! I ſay nothing, for fear of displeaſing you.

Eraſt. Tell me poſitively whether the thing be true or falſe.

Masc. 'Tis what you pleaſe; I don't come here to contradict you.

Eraſt. Will you ſpeak? Elſe here's ſomething will untie your Tongue.

Masc. 'Twill again make ſome fooliſh'd Speech or other: So I deſire you, if you think fit, to give me a Kick and a Cuff quickly, and let me be gone.

Eraſt. Thou ſhalt die, unleſs thou telleſt me the naked Truth.

Masc. Well, I will; but perhaps, Sir, 'twill diſturb you.

Eraſt. Speak; but take care what you ſay; nothing ſhall ſave you from my Fury, if you ſpeak falſe in the leaſt Point.

Masc. With all my Heart, eripple me, nay, which is worſe, kill me, if I have lyed in the leaſt in what I told you.

Eraſt. This Marriage is true then?

Masc. My Tongue made a falſe ſtep in telling it, but the buſineſs is juſt as I ſaid; after five nocturnal Viſits, (you all the while ſerving for a Colour) the Day before Yeſterday they ty'd the Nuptial Knot. *Lucilia* ever ſince makes a leſs ſhew of the violent Love ſhe bears my Maſter, and abſolutely will have him impute to Prudence all the Favours ſhe ſhews you, it being to hide their Secrets. If notwithstanding my Proteſtations you doubt of what I ſay, let *Ben* go with me ſome Night or other, and I'll privately ſhew him, that in the dark we have free Acceſs to her,

Eraſt. Out of my ſight, Villain.

Masc. With a very good will, I aſſure you. [Exit.

Eraſt. Well!

Ben.

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Ben. We are both bit, if this be true.

Eraſt. 'Tis too much ſo; there's a great deal of likelihood in what the Rascal ſaid; and *Valerio's* Deportment at the ſight of this Letter denotes their Familiarity; this Writing is only to cover the Love which that ungrateful Woman has for *Valerio*.

SCENE V.

Marinetta, Eraſtus, Ben.

Mar. I come to tell you, that this Evening my Miſtreſs permits you to ſee her in the Garden.

Eraſt. Dareſt thou ſpeak to me, double-hearted Traiteres? Go, out of my ſight, and tell your Miſtreſs not to trouble me any more with her Letters, and that this is the Eſteem I have for 'em. [Tears it.

Mar. Prithee tell me, *Ben*, what's i'th' wind now.

Ben. Haſt thou the Face to ſpeak to me, wicked Woman? Deceitful Crocodile; whoſe felonious Heart is worſe than a Satrap or a Leſtrigon. Go, go, tell your fine Miſtreſs, that for all her Suppleneſs, neither my Maſter nor I are any longer Fools, and that henceforth ſhe and you too may go to the Devil, if you will. [Exeunt.

Mar. Poor *Marinetta*, art thou awake? What Devil are they poſſeſs'd with? Is't thus they receive our Favours! How ſurprizing this will be to my Miſtreſs!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ascanius, Froſina.

Froſ. **T**Hank Heaven, I can keep a Secret.

Aſc. But is this Place ſecure enough for ſuch a Converſation? Let's take care that no body comes and ſurprizes us, or liſtens to our Diſcourſe.

Froſ. We ſhou'd be much leſs ſecure in the Houſe: Here we may eaſily ſee all round us, and may ſafely ſpeak.

Aſc.

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A/c. Alas! How painful it is to me to begin!

Frof. Sure this must be an important Secret!

A/c. Too important, since I intrust it to you with Regret, and wou'd not let you know it if I cou'd keep it conceal'd any longer.

Frof. 'Tis an Affront to scruple discovering any thing to me, whose Tongue you have found so silent in all your Concerns: Me who was nursed with you, and who buries in silence things of so great Importance to you! who knows——

A/c. Yes, you know the private Reason which hides from the Eyes of the World both my Sex and Parentage; you know I have continu'd in this Family from my Infancy, in order to preserve the Inheritance, which at the Death of young *Ascanius* (whom I personate) should ha' devolved elsewhere; and for this Reason, I open my Heart to you securely. But before we come to that, *Frosina*, pray clear up a doubt which I am still involved in; do you think *Alberto* knows any thing of the Secret which thus disguises my Sex, and renders him my Father?

Frof. Why truly this Point is pretty intricate to me too: The bottom of this Affair is a Secret to me, nor cou'd even my Mother give me any further insight to it. This Son, who was so much beloved, had large Legacies left him by a very rich Uncle, even before he was born; when this Son dy'd, his Mother, fearing that her Husband, who was absent, might almost have run mad, had he seen that great Estate devolve to another, made a Secret of his Death, and my Mother advis'd her to Forge a Son; you were taken into our Family and nursed, your Mother consented to the Cheat, which fill'd up the vacancy *Ascanius's* Death had made, and Secrecy was promised for a few Presents. *Alberto* has never known it from us; and as for his Wife, a sudden Death hinder'd her discovering it to him. But I find he holds Intelligence with your real Mother, and I know he, in private, helps her Necessities; perhaps he don't do it for nothing. On the other hand, he presses you to Marry, and I can't understand his meaning, as he intends the Match, without he

he believes you a Male, tho' he knows you're none of his. But we ramble too far from the point; let's return to the Secret which I am impatient to hear.

Asc. Know then that *Cupid* cannot be deceived, that my Sex has not been able to conceal it self from his Eyes; and that his subtle Shafts have, under this Habit, reach'd the Heart of a weak Woman; in short, I am in Love.

Fros. In Love!

Asc. Soft and fair, good *Frosina*; don't be quite so astonish'd, it is not time to be so yet; I have something else to tell you, that's much more surprizing.

Fros. What can that be?

Asc. I love *Valerio*.

Fros. Ha! you're in the right to love one from whom your Imposture retains a wealthy Inheritance; and who, if he had but the least Glimpse of your Sex, might soon regain the Estate; This is indeed a great Subject of Amazement!

Asc. I shall yet amaze you more; I am his Wife.

Fros. O Heav'ns! his Wife.

Asc. Yes, his Wife.

Fros. This is more indeed, and quite out-does all the rest.

Asc. Even this is not all.

Fros. No!

Asc. I am his Wife and he don't know it, nor has the least knowledge of what I am.

Fros. Hey day, I have done; so much every word confounds me. I own I can't comprehend these Ænigmas.

Asc. I'll explain 'em to you, if you will but hear me. *Valerio*, bound in my Sister's Chains, seem'd to me a Lover worthy of being hearken'd to; I cou'd not bear to see his Addresses repulsed, without being concern'd for his Interest. I'd have had *Lucilia* delighted in his Conversation; I blamed her Severity, and blamed it so effectually, that I my self, in spite of my Teeth, entertain'd those Sentiments which she cou'd not: Suffering my self to be overcome by those Sighs which she gave to the Winds. Thus, *Frosina*, my too weak Heart yielded to Services that were not paid to it; received a Wound by a rebounding

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Arrow, and with mighty Usury paid another's Debt. At length my Dear, Love obliged me to declare my self, tho' under a borrow'd Name. This too amiable Lover, in me thought he had, one Night, met *Lucilia*, grown favourable to him; and I so well managed that Conversation, that he ne'er found out the Deceit. Under that Veil which flatter'd his Imagination so much, I told him that I loved, but that finding my Father oppose my Sentiments, I ought at least to pretend to obey him; that therefore we must make a secret of our Love, and let the Night only be acquainted with it; that in the Day time we must avoid all secret Conversation, for fear of spoiling the whole Affair; that he should look on me with the same Indifference as he did before we had the least Intelligence together; and that neither of us shou'd, by Look, Word, or Writing, say any thing to each other. In short, without repeating the Address with which I have carried this Feint on, I have driven this bold Project to a Head, and have secured the Husband I mention'd to you.

Frof. What great Talents you're Mistress of! Wou'd one think it of you! with that Saint-like Mien? Yet you were pretty hasty in this Affair; for tho' the Beginning has happen'd according to your Wish, what think you will be the Issue on't, for it cannot be long conceal'd?

A/c. When Love is strong nothing can stop it; provided it gets what it wants, it makes light of whatever the Consequences may be. But I now discover my self to you, that your Advice may—— But here comes my Spouse.

SCENE II.

Valerio, Ascanius, *Frofina*.

Val. If my Presence shall in the least interrupt your Conversation I'll be gone.

A/c. No, no; since you was the Subject of our Discourse you may stay without any Harm.

Val. I the Subject of it?

A/c. Yes.

Val. How so? if I——

A/c.

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Asc. I was saying, that had I been a Woman, *Valerio* would please me sooner than any Man, and that if I were the Object of his Addresses, they shou'd not remain long unrewarded.

Val. These Protestations don't stand you in much, since an *If* lies in the Way; but you'd be finely Caught, if some Accident shou'd put you to the Proof.

Asc. Not at all; I tell you that if I reign'd o'er your Heart, I'd very willingly crown your Flame.

Val. And what if she that does reign o'er my Heart is one, with whom your Help might contribute to make me happy?

Asc. I shou'd not, then, answer your Desire.

Val. This Confession is not mighty obliging.

Asc. Why, *Valerio*, if I were a Woman and loved you tenderly, would you be so Unjust as to make me assist your Passion for some other Mistress? such a Task, would be too painful.

Val. But you not being a Woman —

Asc. What I said to you I said as a Woman; and so you ought to take it.

Val. So that I have no pretence, *Ascanius*, to the Love you have for me, unless Heav'n works a great Miracle in you. That is, if you be'n't a Woman, farewell to your Affection; you have no further Concern for me.

Asc. I'm more scrupulous than you can imagine; and am soon offended when Love's in the case; in short, I am Sincere; I won't promise to serve you, *Valerio*, unless you absolutely assure me that you have the same Sentiments, and Warmth of Friendship for me, and that, if I were a Woman, you'd love none besides me.

Val. I never before heard of such a Jealous Scruple; but as new as 'tis, it's obliging; and I here promise you whatever you demand.

Asc. But do you do it sincerely?

Val. I do.

Asc. Why then henceforth I promise to make your Interests! my own.

Val.

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Val. I have an important Mystery to reveal to you by and by, whereto the Effect of that Promise will be necessary.

Asc. And I too have a Secret to discover to you, where in your Heart may shew it self.

Val. Hey day! How can that be?

Asc. I love, but must conceal the Person; tho' 'tis one whom you have Command enough over to promote my Passion.

Val. Explain your self *Ascanius*, and be assured beforehand, that if your Happiness lies in my Power, 'tis as good as compleated.

Asc. You promise more than you imagine you do.

Val. No, no, tell me the Person I am to be employ'd to.

Asc. Not yet, but 'tis one that is very near you.

Val. Your Discourse amazes me; pray Heaven it be my Sister, that—

Asc. This is not a proper time to explain my self, I tell you.

Val. Why not?

Asc. For a certain Reason. You shall know my Secret when I know yours.

Val. I must gain another's Permission before I discover it to you.

Asc. Gain it, then; when we have disburthen'd our selves, we shall see which of the two will keep their Word best.

Val. Adieu, I am content.

Asc. And so am I, *Valerio*.

Frof. He thinks to find in you the Assistance of a Brother.

SCENE III.

Lucilia, Marinetta, Ascanius and Frosina.

Luc. 'Tis done; thus I may revenge my self; and if this Action is able to torment him, 'tis all I desire. Brother, I am strangely alter'd; I am now, after so much
Con-

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Contempt, resolv'd to encourage *Valerio*, and my Love turns on that side at present.

Asc. What say you, Sister? Are you changeable? This Inconstancy is somewhat extravagant!

Luc. Yours surprizes me much more! *Valerio* was once the Man you pleaded for; for him you have often accus'd me of Caprice, blind Cruelty, Pride and Injustice; yet when I resolve to love him, my Design displeases you, and you speak against his Interest.

Asc. I leave his, Sister, to embrace yours; I know he is bound in the Chains of another, and 'twou'd be a Dishonour to your Beauty, if you call him back and he don't mind the Summons.

Luc. If that's all, I shall take care of my Glory; I know what I am to believe of his Passion, and he very intelligibly explains himself to me: Thus you may safely discover my Sentiments to him; or if you refuse to do it, my own Mouth shall immediately let him know that his Ardor has touch'd me. How! you seem Thunder-struck, Brother, at what I say!

Asc. Sister, if you have any Love for me, if you are sensible to a Brother's Requests, quit this Design and do not take away *Valerio* from the Love of a Young Creature whose Interest is dear to me, and whom, if you'll take my Word, you ought to be concern'd for. The unfortunate Woman loves with Violence; to me alone she discloses her Flames, and so tender is her Passion, that it might tame the greatest Fierceness. Yes, you wou'd pity the Condition she'd be in, if she knew what a Blow you threaten her; and I so well feel her future Grief that I'm sure she'd Die on't, if you take from her the Love that charms her: *Erasus* is a Match that ought to satisfy you, and mutual Fires —

Luc. Brother, enough; I am not acquainted with the Person you're concern'd for. But pray give over this Discourse, and leave me to a Moment's Consideration.

Asc. Ah! Cruel Sister, you'll cause me to despair, if you do as you declare you will

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Marinetta, Lucilia

Mar. Your Resolution, Madam, is very sudden.

Luc. A Heart considers nothing when 'tis offended ; it flies to its Revenge, and hastily lays hold on whatever may serve its Resentment. The Traitor ! To shew such an extream Insolence !

Mar. You see it has put me so besides my self, that I a'n't recover'd of it yet, and tho' I continually study upon't, I lose all my Labour. For never any one express'd more Transport at good News than he did at that Letter, for which he no less then Deify'd me ; and yet at the next Message never any Body was used so scurvily. I can't imagine what cou'd happen in the short Interim that shou'd cause such a Change.

Luc. Nothing cou'd happen to disturb him , nor shall any thing secure him against my Hatred. What ! Do you think any thing but his Baseness cou'd occasion this unworthy Usage ! Will the unhappy Letter, which I am now sorry that I sent to him, allow of the least Excuse for such an Indignity ?

Mar. Why indeed you're in the right, this Quarrel is downright Treachery. We are bit, Madam ; and yet we listen to those Rascals who promise Wonders, and who to hook us in feign so much Languishing ; We let our Rigour melt to their Protestations, weak as we are ; Deuce take us for our Folly, and Pox on all Mankind, say I.

Luc. Well, well ; let him boast and laugh at us, he shan't have cause to Triumph ; I'll make him know that in a generous Soul, Contempt treads on the Heels of rejected Kindness.

Mar. However ; 'tis a great Happiness that People have a clear Conscience, and that one of the Parties has no advantage over the other. *Marinetta* was in the right to interpose t'other Night, when some People were in a very merry Humour. Another, in hopes of Matrimony,

P

wou'd

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wou'd have listned to the Temptation, but *nescio vos*, quo' I.

Luc. How foolishly you talk ! and how unseasonable your Sallies are ! my Heart is sensibly touch'd, and if e-ver that perfidious Lover shou'd by good Fortune, (which I'm in the wrong at present to hope for, for Heaven takes too much Pleasure in afflicting me to put it in my Power to be reveng'd) if e'er, I say, by a Propitious Chance, he shou'd come to offer me his Life as a Sacrifice, and retract this Usage at my Feet, I charge you never speak for him. On the contrary, I'd have you shew your Zeal by magnifying his Crime ; and if my Heart shou'd ever be inclin'd to descend to any Meanness, let your Affec-tion be then severe, and support my Anger as it ought.

Mar. Oh never fear that ; I have at least as much Pas-sion as you, and wou'd rather continue a Maid all my Life time, than suffer my Fat Rascal to move me again. If he comes —

SCENE V.

Alberto, Marinetta, Lucilia.

Alb. Go in, *Lucilia*, and tell *Ascanius's* Tutor I'd speak with him, to know of him the Cause of his late Uneasi-ness. [*Ex. Luc. and Mar.*] Into what a Gulph of Cares and Perplexity does an unjust Action drive us ! My Heart has long been punisht for Forging a Son thro' my too great Avarice ; and when I consider the Mischiefs I am plunged into, I wish I ne'er had thought on't. Sometimes I'm afraid of beholding my Family in Shame and Misery, by the Cheat's being discover'd. Sometimes I fear an hun-dred Accidents that may happen to this Son, whom 'tis so much my Concern to preserve. If any Business calls me Abroad, I'm afraid of this sorrowful News at my Re-turn ; Don't you know it ? Were you not inform'd on't ? Why you're Son is ill of a Fever, or his Leg or Arm is broken : In short, think on what I will, Grief in an hundred Shapes is continually coming into my Head. Ha !

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Metaphrastes, Alberto.

Meta. *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*

Alb. Master, I want —

Meta. Master is derived from *Magis-ter*; 'tis as tho' you said three times greater.

Alb. Let me Die if I knew that. But, in good time, be it so. Master then —

Meta. Proceed.

Alb. So I mean to do, unless you proceed in interrupting me thus. Once more, then, Master; for the third time; my Son troubles me; you know I love him, and that I have carefully educated him.

Meta. 'Tis true; *Filius non potest preferri nisi filius.*

Alb. Master, I don't think this Jargon at all necessary in Discourse; I believe you a great Latin Scholar and Sworn Doctor; I can take their Words for't who told me so: But in a Conversation I design to have with you, don't play the Pedant, and spit out an hundred fine Sentences as if you were in a Pulpit Preaching. My Father, tho' he had a wise Head, never taught me any thing but my Mass-Book, which, tho' I have repeated it Daily for Fifty Years together, is still high Dutch to me. Therefore, ha' done with your Pompous Learning, and adapt your Language to mine.

Met. Be it so.

Alb. Marriage seems to frighten my Son, and upon whatever Match I found his Heart, he seems cold to such a Tye, and draws back.

Met. Perhaps he may be of the Humour of *Mark Tully's* Brother, as he himself says in his Speech to *Atticus*. This Humour is call'd by the Greeks, *Atanatos*.

Alb. For God's sake ha' done with *Greece*, *Albany* and *Esclavonia* too, and all the other Nation you just now mention'd; they and my Son have nothing to do together.

Met. Well then? your Son?

Alb. I can't tell whether he has some secret Flame or

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no ; but something disturbs him, or I'm very much mistaken ; and Yesterday I perceived him, without being seen my self, in a Corner of a Wood where no Body goes.

Met. In the Recess of a Wood, you mean ; a By-place, *Latine secessus ; Virgil says, est in secessu locus —*

Alb. How the Devil cou'd *Virgil* say that ? since I'm sure that in that secret Place no living Soul was ever but we two.

Met. I named *Virgil* as a Famous Author of a more chosen Term than that you used, and not as a Witness of what you saw Yesterday.

Alb. I tell you I want neither chosen Term, Author nor Witness, and that my own Testimony is here sufficient.

Met. Yet you ought to chuse the Terms that are used by the best Authors, *tu vivendo, bonos*, as the Saying is, *scribendo, sequere peritos*.

Alb. Devil take you, will you hear me or no ?

Met. That is *Quintilian's* Precept.

Alb. Plague take the Babbler.

Met. And thereupon he has learnedly a Sentence which I'm sure you'd be glad to hear.

Alb. The deuce take this Rascal. O how I'm tempted to box that pair of Chops !

Met. What makes you in such a Passion, Sir ? What wou'd you have with me ?

Alb. I have twenty Times told you that I'd have you hear me.

Met. If that's all, you shall soon be satisfied ! I am silent.

Alb. You do well to be so.

Met. I am ready now to hear you.

Alb. So much the better.

Met. Let me die if I say another Word.

Alb. I wish you mayn't.

Met. Henceforth you shan't accuse me of Talkativeness.

Alb. So be it.

Met. Speak what you will.

Alb. I am going to do so.

Met.

Met.
Alb.
Met.
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Met. And don't be afraid of my interrupting you.

Alb. That's enough.

Met. I am more punctual than any Body.

Alb. So I believe.

Met. I have promised to say nothing.

Alb. That's sufficient.

Met. So, I'll now be dumb.

Alb. Very well.

Met. Speak; Come on; I'll give you the hearing at least; you shan't complain of my want of Silence; I won't so much as open my Mouth.

Alb. Traytor!

Met. But pray make haste and ha' done; I have heard you a good while, now 'tis my Turn to speak.

Alb. Detestable Blockhead——

Met. Hey, will you never ha' done; let me speak my share, or I'll be gone.

Alb. My Patience is——

Met. What, will you proceed? Not done yet? *per For-*
vem I am cloy'd.

Alb. I han't——

Met. Again! Good God! how you run on? I think nothing can stop you?

Alb. He provokes me!

Met. O what a strange Torture is this! I beseech you let me speak a little; a Fool that's silent cannot be known from a Wise Man that holds his Tongue.

Alb. Faith I'll make you hold yours.

[*Exit.*

Met. From thence comes that Sentence of the Philosopher, *Speak that I may know thee*. Therefore, if the Power of Speech is taken from me, for my part I had as good lose my Humanity, and change my Being for that of a Beast. I have had the Head-ake this eight Days. O how I hate eternal Talkers. Besides, if learned Men are not heard, if their Mouths are always stopt, the Order of every thing must be overturn'd; The Hen will devour the Fox; the Child teach the old Man; the Lamb pursue the Wolf; the Fool make Laws; the Woman fight; the Judge be try'd by the Criminal; the Master whipt

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whipt by his Scholar; the Sick Man prescribe to the Sound; the timorous Hare——

Enter Alberto with a Bell, which he rings in his Ears.
Mercy on me, help, help. *[Ex. Running.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mascarille, Solus.

Masc. **H**Heaven is sometimes favourable to a rash Design, and we must disintangle our selves as well as we can from an unhappy Business. As for me, who have imprudently let my Tongue run too much, the only Remedy I cou'd use was to push my Point, and confess to our old Patron the whole Business. This Son of his disturbs my Brain with his Follies, more than a Flask of old Wine wou'd; and that *Erastus*, by declaring what I discover'd, will no less embroil me; however, before his Anger's kindled, something may happen for Us, and the two old Men may agree. This is what I am going to Attempt; and from my Master am sent to *Alberto*.

[Knocks.]

SCENE II.

Alberto, Mascarille.

Alb. Who's there?

Masc. A Friend.

Alb. What cou'd bring you hither, *Mascarille*?

Masc. I come, Sir, to bid you good Morrow.

Alb. Ha! You give your self a great deal of Trouble about it! Well, good Morrow to you with all my Heart.

[Exit.]

Masc. A sudden Reply! What a blunt Man he is!

[Knocks again.]

Alb. *(Re-enters.)* What else do you want?

Masc. You did not hear, Sir.

Alb. Did not you bid me good Morrow?

Masc.

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Masc. Yes.

Alb. Well then, good Morrow to you, I say,

[*Is going; Masc. stops him.*]

Masc. But I likewise come to salute you in the Name of Signor Polidor.

Alb. That's another Case. Did your Master bid you salute me?

Masc. Yes.

Alb. I am obliged to him; go, I wish him happy.

[*Exit.*]

Masc. This Man's an Enemy to Ceremony. (*Knocks, and Re-enter Alb.*) I have not yet finish'd his Compliment, Sir, he wou'd desire one thing of you, instantly.

Alb. Well, whenever he pleases I'm at his Service.

Masc. Stay; I shall soon ha' done. He desires to talk with you a Moment about an important Affair, and he'll come hither.

Alb. What can he want to talk to me about?

Masc. I tell you 'tis a great Secret which he has just discover'd, and which certainly is of mighty Concern to both of you. This is my Message.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Alberto, Solus.

Alb. O just Heav'ns! how I tremble! We have no great Acquaintance with each other. Some Tempest is going to overthrow my Designs, and this Secret is certainly that which I apprehend; the hope of Gain has made some body faithless to me, and so there's an Eternal Blot upon my Honour; my Cheat is discover'd; O how hard it is to keep the Truth long conceal'd. How much better it had been for me to have follow'd the Instigations of a Legal Fear, by which I was often tempted to restore to Polidor the Wealth that is his due, to prevent the Noise the thing will make, and get the Affair bury'd in Silence! But alas! 'Tis now too late, and this Wealth which wrongfully came into my Family will, in its Departure from it, sweep away the greatest part of my own.

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Alb. Did not you bid me good Morrow?

Masc.

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Masc. Yes.

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SCENE IV.

Polidor, Alberto.

Pol. To marry thus without my Knowledge! Can such an Action end well; I know not what to think on't, and I fear the great Wealth and the just Anger of the Father. But there he is alone.

Alb. O Heav'ns, here's *Polidor*!

Pol. I tremble to accost him.

Alb. Fear retains me.

Pol. How shall I begin?

Alb. What shall I say?

Pol. He seems disturb'd.

Alb. He changes Colour.

Pol. I see, Signor *Alberto*, by the Trouble that appears in your Eyes, that you already know what brings me hither.

Alb. Alas! I do so.

Pol. The News indeed may well surprize you, and I cou'd scarce believe what I was just now told.

Alb. I ought to blush with Shame and Confusion.

Pol. I must needs confess the Action unfair, and don't go about to excuse the Guilty.

Alb. Heav'n pities poor Sinners.

Pol. You must consider well this Point.

Alb. 'Tis good to be Charitable.

Pol. That's very certain.

Alb. Mercy, O Signor *Polidor*, Mercy.

Pol. 'Tis I that ought to implore it of you.

Alb. Upon my Knees I beg it.

Pol. 'Tis more my Duty than yours to do so.

Alb. Have Pity on my Misfortune.

Pol. 'Tis I that am the Suppliant in this Affair.

Alb. You cleave my Heart with your Goodness.

Pol. You confound me with so much Humility.

Alb. Once more, Pardon.

Pol. Alas, I beg it of you.

Alb. I am extremely sorry for this Action.

Pol. And it touches me to the quick.

Alb. I conjure you not to make it publick.

Pol.

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Pol. Alas, Signor *Alberto*, I desire the same.

Alb. Preserve my Honour.

Pol. With all my Heart I'll do it.

Alb. As for Money you shall have what you please.

Pol. I desire no more than what you freely give; I make you Master of all those things; and shall be too well content, if you can be so.

Alb. Ha! What a Godlike Man! What excess of Mildness!

Pol. How Patient you are, after so great a Misfortune!

Alb. May all things prove prosperous to you.

Pol. May Heav'n preserve you.

Alb. Let us embrace like Brothers.

Pol. With all my Heart, and I'm overjoy'd that every thing is happily concluded.

Alb. I thank Heav'n for't.

Pol. Do not deceive me, your Resentments give me Cause to fear; and *Lucilia* having committed a Fault with my Son, and you being powerful both in Riches and Friends—

Alb. Hey-day? What do you talk of Faults and *Lucilia* for?

Pol. Let us not begin a useless Conversation; I own my Son is very faulty, and, if that will satisfy you, will confess he only is guilty; that your Daughter was too virtuous ever to have made so dishonourable a Step, had she not been incited to't by an evil Seducer; that the Traitor has led aside her innocent Virtue, and by that means destroy'd the Expectation of your Cares. But since the thing is done, and we're happily united, let's talk no more of it, but repair the Offence by the Solemnity of a fortunate Alliance.

Alb. O Heav'ns! What a Mistake is this! What do I hear! From one Trouble I fall into another that's as great. In these different Transports, I know not what to Answer; and if I speak I'm afraid of confounding my self. [*Aside.*

Pol. What are you musing upon, Signor *Alberto*?

Alb. Nothing. I beg you to defer our Conference for a small time; and a sudden Illness seizes me, which obliges me to leave you.

Q

SCENE

SCENE V.

Polidor solus

Pol. I read his Disturbance in his Face, and though his Reason before got the better, yet his Anger is not totally appeased. The Image of the Affront returns to him, and he tries to disguise his Trouble by leaving me. I share in his Confusion, and his Grief touches me. Time must settle his Mind; for Sorrow that's restrain'd, redoubles. O, here comes my Young Fool, that causes all this Confusion.

SCENE VI.

Valerio, Polidor.

Pol. So, Sir; will your fine doings always disturb a poor old Father? You act wonders every Day; we hear of nothing else.

Val. What do I do that's so Criminal? How do I merit a Father's Wrath?

Pol. I am a strange Man, and of a terrible Humour, to accuse so wise and peaceable a Son! Why he lives like a Saint, and from Morning to Evening is always at Prayers! Does any one say, that he perverts the Order of Nature, and turns Day into Night: O 'tis a Cheat! That he neither considers Father nor Kindred, upon several Occasions: Horrible Falsity! That he not long ago secretly marry'd the Daughter of *Alberto*, without apprehending the Disorder that would follow: Sure you take him for another! the Innocent Creature don't so much as know what you mean! Rascal, Heav'n sent you for my Punishment, will you always follow your own Imaginations? Shall I ne'er, before my Death, see you wiser?

[Exit.]

Val. From whence can this proceed? I know of none that cou'd discover it but *Mascarille*: but he'll ne'er confess it, I must use Cunning to sift it out of him.

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SCENE VII.

Mascarille, Valerio.

Val. Mascarille, my Father knows our Secret.

Masc. Does he know it?

Val. Yes.

Masc. Who the Devil cou'd tell it him?

Val. That I can't imagine; But it has had such 'a Success, that I have all the Reason in the World to rejoice. He did not give me an angry Word; but excused my Fault, and approved of my Flame; I'd fain know who cou'd make him so tractable. I can't express to you the Joy it gives me.

Masc. And what wou'd you say, Sir, if 'twas I that procured you this good Fortune?

Val. Aye, aye; I see you want to procure your self one by it. It won't do.

Masc. I tell you 'tis I that told it your Father, and obtain'd you this Happiness.

Val. Are you in Earnest?

Masc. The Devil take me if I ben't, and if it is not as I say.

Val. And may he take me if I don't this Moment reward you for't.

[Drawing his Sword.]

Masc. Ha, Sir, what now! I bar surprise.

Val. Is this the Fidelity you promised me? Had I not pump'd you, you wou'd ne'er ha' confess'd the Trick which I rightly imagined you had play'd me. Traytor, your babbling Tongue has provoked my Father against me, and utterly ruin'd me; you shall irretrievably die.]

Masc. Hold, hold, my Soul is not prepared to die. Good now, see the Success of this Accident before you kill me. I had good Reasons for revealing a Marriage which you your self cou'd scarce conceal. 'Twas a Master-piece of Policy, and the Issue, you'll find, will condemn the Wrath you are in. Why need you be angry, if your Desires are fully satisfied through my Cares, and an End be put to the Constraint you are under?

Val. And what if all this is nothing but Flams?

Q 2

Masc.

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Masc. Why then 'twill be time enough to kill me. But my Projects may chance to succeed. God will assist his Servants, and when you have gain'd your Point, you'll thank me for my Conduct.

Val. Well, we shall see. But, *Lucilia* —

Masc. Hold; here comes her Father.

SCENE VIII.

Alberto, Valerio, Mascarille.

Alb. The more I disintangle myself from the Perplexity I was first in, the more I am disturb'd at the strange Story which gave so dangerous a Change to my Fear: *Lucilia* affirms that 'tis a Lye, and spoke with an Air that took away all Suspicion-----Oh, Sir, is it you whose notorious Boldness makes a Jest of my Honour, and invents this unworthy Story?

Masc. Signor *Alberto* be milder, and don't be so angry with your Son-in-Law.

Alb. My Son-in-Law, Rascal? You look as if you moved the Springs of this Machine, and were the Inventor of it.

Masc. I see nothing in all this that should put you into a Fury.

Alb. Do you think it well done to defame my Daughter, and scandalize a Family in this Manner?

Masc. He's ready to do whatever you'd have him.

Alb. What wou'd I have him do, but tell Truth? If he had any Passion for *Lucilia*, he might have courted her honourably. He shou'd have attack'd her on the side of Duty, and ask'd Permission of her Father, and not have had recourse to this base Feint, which gives so sensible a Blow to Virtue.

Masc. What! Is not *Lucilia* under secret Tyes to my Master?

Alb. No, Traitor, nor shall she ever be so.

Masc. Soft and fair; if the thing's already done will you, approve of that secret Chain?

Alb. And if 'tis certainly not so, will you have your Bones broken?

Val. Sir, 'tis easie to make what he says appear.

Alb.

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Alb. Aye, Trim, Tram, like Maſter like Man. O! impudent Liars!

Maſc. What I ſay is true.

Val. Why ſhou'd we endeavour to make you believe it elſe?

Alb. They underſtand one another, like two Pick-pockets in a Fair.

Maſc. Let's come to the Proof, and without Quarrelling call out *Lucilia*, and let her ſpeak.

Alb. And what if ſhe contradicts you?

Maſc. There's no fear of that. Do you only promiſe your Conſent, and I'll undergo the greateſt Punishment, if, with her own Mouth, ſhe don't confeſs the Faith ſhe has given and the Ardor that moves her.

Alb. We muſt ſee this.

Maſc. Come, all will do well.

[To *Val.*

Alb. *Lucilia*, a Word with you.

Val. I fear----

Maſc. Fear nothing.

SCENE IX.

Lucilia, and the reſt.

Maſc. Signor *Alberto*, Silence. At length, Madam, every thing conſpires to make you happy, and your Father, being inform'd of your Flame, leaves you your Huſband and confirms your Deſire, provided that, baniſhing all frivolous Fears, one Word from your Mouth corroborate what we ſay.

Luc. What does this Impudent Rascal mean!

Maſc. So, I'm already honoured with a Title.

Luc. Pray, Sir, what may be the Cauſe of this gallant Tale?

Val. I beg your Pardon, charming Object, for letting a Servant ſpeak; but our Marriage is, without my Conſent, diſcover'd.

Luc. Our Marriage?

Val. 'Tis all told, adorable *Lucilia*, 'tis in vain to diſſemble.

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Luc. What! Has the Ardor of my Flame made you my Husband?

Val. 'Tis a Happiness which ought to make a thousand jealous. But I impute this much less to the Ardor of your Flame, than to the Goodness of your Soul. I own you have Cause to be angry, 'twas a Secret you would fain have conceal'd, and I my self put a Bridle to my Transports, that I might not violate your Commands; but—

Masc. Yes, 'twas I that told it; where's the great harm on't?

Luc. Was there ever an Impossture equal to this? Dare you affirm this even in my Presence, and hope to obtain me by such a Stratagem? A fine Lover, indeed! who would wound my Honour since he can't reach my Heart, and would have my Father reward him, by giving me to him, for a foolish Story. Even tho' every thing contributed to your Passion, my Father, Destiny and my own Inclination, yet my just Anger shou'd oppose my Inclination, Destiny and my Father; I'd sooner lose my Life than marry one that thought to gain me by these Means. Go; if my Sex, with Decency, cou'd be provoked to any Violence, I'd make you know what it was to use me thus.

Val. 'Tis done, she'll never be appeased.

Masc. Let me speak to her. Good Madam, why all this Grimace? What's your Meaning? What Caprice makes you thus obstinate against your own Desires? If your Father was a morose Man, the Case were otherwise; but he yeilds to Reason, and he himself told me, that would you but confess, you might obtain what you would of him. I believe you're a little ashamed to make an open Acknowledgment of the Love that mollifies you; but if it has lost you a little Liberty, yet a good Marriage will adjust every thing; and though some may hit you in the Teeth with the Fire that consumes you, yet 'tis not so bad as Murther. We know the Flesh is brittle sometimes, and a Maid is neither Block nor Flint. You were not the first, *that's certain*, not will you, I believe, be the last.

Luc.

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Luc. What! can you hear this impudent Talk, and not return a Word!

Alb. What wou'd you have me say? This Accident puts me quite beside my self.

Masc. Troth, Madam, you ought to ha' confess'd all before now.

Luc. What ought I to ha' confess'd?

Masc. What? Why that which pass'd between my Master and you; a fine Jest indeed!

Luc. Why what has pass'd between your Master and I, audacious Monster?

Masc. I think you ought to know more of that than I; that Night was too happy for you to have forgot it so soon.

Luc. Father, we've too long borne an impudent Footman.
[Hits him a box on the Ear.]

SCENE X.

Valerio, Mascarille, Alberto.

Masc. I think she gave me a Box on the Ear, did not she?

Alb. Go, Rascal; her Hand has done what her Father praises her for.

Masc. And yet may the Devil take me if I said any thing but what was true.

Alb. And yet may I lose an Ear if you carry it off so impudently.

Masc. Shall I bring two Witnesses to justify what I say?

Alb. Shall I bring two of my Servants to baste you?

Masc. Their Testimony joyn'd to mine ought to be of Weight.

Alb. Their Arms may make up the Impotence of mine.

Masc. I tell you, *Lucilia* does this through Shame-facedness.

Alb. I tell you I have a Reason for all this.

Masc. Do you know *Ormin*, the fat Scrivener?

Alb. Do you know *Grimpant*, the City Executioner?

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Masc. And *Simon* the Tailor, that was formerly so famous?

Alb. And the *Gibbet* that stands in the middle of the Market?

Masc. You shall see, they will confirm this Marriage.

Alb. You shall see, they will put an End to thy Life.

Masc. Them they took for Witneses of their Promises.

Alb. They shall shortly revenge my Cause.

Masc. And these Eyes saw 'em engage their Word.

Alb. And these Eyes shall see thee take a Swing.

Masc. By the same Token, *Lucilia* had a Black Veil on.

Alb. By the same Token, one may read your Destiny in your Forehead.

Masc. O! obstinate old Man!

Alb. O! damnable Rascal! you may thank my Age which makes me incapable of punishing the Affront you have put upon me, now; but I promise you you shall have it another time.

SCENE XI.

Valerio, Mascarille.

Val. See the fine Success of—

Masc. I understand what you mean; every Body is arming against me; and I can see nothing but Cudgels and Gibbets preparing for me. Therefore, that I may be at rest, I'll go and cast my self headlong from a Rock; if, in the Dispair I'm now in, I can meet with one that's high enough. Farewell, Sir.

Val. No, no; your Flight is vain; if you do die it shall be in my Sight.

Masc. I can't die when any body looks at me, and by that Means my Death wou'd be delay'd.

Val. Follow me, Traitor, follow me; I'll shew you whether this is a jesting Matter or no.

Masc. Unhappy *Mascarille*, to what Misfortunes are you condemn'd for another's Trespafs.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ascanius, Frosina.

Fros. 'TIS a sad Accident.

Asc. Ah! my Dear *Frosina*, Fate has absolutely decreed my Ruin: The Affair, now it's come to this pitch, will never stop there; 'twill go thorough stich, and *Lucilia* and *Valerio* surpriz'd at the Novelty of such a Mystery will one Day search further into it, and then all my Projects will prove Abortive. For whether *Alberto* shares in the Stratagem, and that he himself is deceived with the rest of the World, if it ever happens that my Family is discover'd, and so the Wealth that he has engross'd goes to another, judge you whether he'll have cause to endure my Presence; his Interest being destroy'd, he'll leave me to my real Birth; his Tenderness is over; and tho' my deceiv'd Lover may now have some Affection for me, yet will he Marry a Girl that's without either Fortune or Family?

Fros. I think you argue right; but these Reflections ought to have come sooner. Who hinder'd you from knowing all this before? There was need of no great Witchcraft to see, from the first Moment you had a Design upon him, all that you did not foresee till now. The Action spoke it; and so soon as ever I knew it I Prophesied what issue 'twou'd have.

Asc. But what must I do? my Trouble cannot be equall'd: Put your self in my place, and give me your Advice.

Fros. Suppose me to be you, and you me; Counsel me *Frosina*, in the Condition I am in. What remedy is there? I beg you tell me.

Asc. Alas! don't Jest now; 'tis taking but little share in my violent Sorrow to laugh, and see how my Affairs stand.

Fros.

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Fros. *Ascanius*, I am very sensible of your Sorrow, and will do all I am able to bring you out on't. But what can I do? I can't well see any Means to turn this Affair to the Advantage of your Love.

Asc. If nothing can assist me I must die.

Fros. Die! Why'tis-always time enough for that. Death is a Remedy that's ever at Hand, and one ought to use it as late as possible.

Asc. No, no, *Frosina*, no; unless your propitious Counsel conducts my Destiny amongst these Precipices, I shall entirely abandon my self to Despair.

Fros. Do you know my Thought? I must go see if---but *Erastus* is coming this way and may hinder us, we may talk on't as we go along; come, let's retire.

SCENE II.

Erastus and Ben.

Erast. Again repulsed?

Ben. Never was Ambassador less hearken'd to: I had no sooner told her that you desired a Moment's Discourse with her; but she haughtily answer'd me, *Go, go, I value him just as much as I do thee; tell him he may walk;* and upon this fine Answer turn'd her back to me and went on: *Marinetta* too, with a disdainful Fleer, and a *be gone Tun-belly'd Skip*, left me as her Mistress had done; so that our Fortunes are much alike.

Erast. Ungrateful Wretch! to receive so proudly the speedy return of a Heart justly provok'd! What! is the first Transport of Love, abus'd in all Appearance, so unworthy of Excuse? Ought I, in that fatal Moment, to have been insensible at a Rival's Happiness? Another wou'd not have done what I have done; and wou'd have been less surpriz'd at so much Boldness. Is it too late to throw off my just Suspicions? I did not require her to swear that they were false; and when no body can tell what to think on't, my impatient Heart yields to her all its Glory, and endeavours to excuse it self; and can hers have so little insight into this profound Respect, as not to see the greatness of my Flame?

Far

Far from confirming my Soul, and furnishing it with Arms against the Alarms a Rival tries to give it, the faithless Woman leaves me to my Jealousie, and denies me either to send, write, or speak to her Ha! A Love that can forget such an Offence must not be very violent; and her Anger, which is so ready to arm it self with Rigor, sufficiently shews me the bottom of her Heart, and the value I now ought to set upon all that her Caprice cou'd e'er flatter me with. No, I'll be no longer bound to one whose Love I have so little of; and since she shews such a Coldness whether she keeps me or no, I'll have the same Indifference.

Ben. And so will I; let us both be angry, and put our Love in the List of our old Sins: We must learn how to deal with this wav'ring Sex, and to shew 'em that we're not entirely destitute of Courage. He that will bear their Contempt shall have enough on't, I see. If we had Wit enough not to undervalue ourselves, the Women wou'd not carry it so haughtily as they do. O how proud our Folly has made 'em! I'll be hang'd if we shou'd not see 'em cling about our Necks more than we desire, were it not for those servile Submissions, by which our Sex is continually spoiling 'em.

Erast. For my part, nothing vexes me so much as Contempt; and, to punish her's by as great a one, I am resolv'd to place my Love on some new Object.

Ben. And I'll trouble my Head no more about Women; I reneunce the whole Sex, and think 'twou'd be well if you did so too. For, d'ye see, Woman is, as one may say, Master, a certain Animal, hard to be known, and whose Nature is very much enclined to Evil: And as an Animal is always an Animal, and will never be otherwise than an Animal, tho' its Life lasted for an hundred thousand Years: So, without Contradiction, a Woman is always a Woman, and will never be otherwise than a Woman, as long as the World endures. Wherefore a certain *Greek* Author says, That a Woman's Head might pass for the unstable Sand; For, pray observe this weighty Argument; As the Head is the chief of the Body, and as the Body without a Head is worse than a Beast;

Beast ; unless the Chief does agree with the Head, and every thing is well regulated, a strange Confusion happens ; the brutish Part then aspires to govern the Sensitive, and one pulls one way, and t'other another ; one calls for soft, t'other for hard ; in short, every thing goes no body knows how : This is to shew that a Woman's Head is like a Weather-Cock on the Top of a House, which turns with every Wind. Wherefore Cousin *Aristotle* often compares her to the Sea ; which makes People say that nothing in the World is so unstable as the Water. Now, by Comparison ; for Comparison makes us more distinctly comprehend any thing, and we Students love a Comparison better than a Similitude. By Comparison, therefore, if you please Master : As the Sea, when a Storm rises, begins to foam, the Wind blows and makes a dev'lish Confusion, Waves dash against Waves, and the Ship, in spite of the Mariner's Teeth, goes sometimes down to the Cellar, and sometimes up into the Garret ; so when a Woman is fantastick a sudden Tempest is seen, which will break out by certain — Scolding ; and then a — certain Wind, which by certain — Waves in a certain — manner like a heap of Sand — When — In short Woman is worse than the Devil.

Eraſt. Well argued.

Ben. So, so ; but I see 'em coming this way, Sir, stand firm.

Eraſt. Never fear it.

Ben. I'm afraid her Eyes will captivate you again.

SCENE III.

Lucilia, Marinetta, Eraſtus and Ben.

Mari. There he is yet ; but don't yield to him.

Luc. Don't think me so weak.

Mari. He comes towards us.

Eraſt. No, no, Madam, don't believe I'm coming again to talk of my Flame ; that's over, I'm resolved to cure my self of it ; I know how much of your Heart I always possess'd. So constant an Anger for but the Shadow of an Offence discovers your Indifference but

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too plainly, and I must convince you that Disdain above all things will wound any generous Mind. I must confess my Eyes observed in yours, Charms which they never found elsewhere, and the Pleasure I took in my Chains would have made me prefer 'em even to Scepters, had they been offer'd me : Yes, my Love for you was certainly great, I lived in you, and must even own that tho' I'm affronted I shall find it very difficult to disengage my self: Nay, 'tis possible that notwithstanding the Cure I am attempting, my Heart may for a long time bleed with this Wound, and, freed from a Yoke wherein consists all my Happiness, I must resolve never to love any other. But 'tis no matter, and since your Hatred so often repulses a Heart which Love brings back to you, this is the last Importunity you shall ever receive from my rejected Addressees.

Luc. If you'd oblige me, Sir, you'd let alone this last.

Eraſt. Well, Madam, you shall be satisfy'd : I for ever break off all Acquaintance with you, since you'll have it so, and may I die when I next have a desire to converse with you.

Luc. So much the better ; you oblige me.

Eraſt. No, no, don't be afraid that I'll break my Word ; tho' I were so weak as never to efface your Image from my Heart, yet you shan't have the Advantage to see me return.

Luc. If you do 'twill be in vain.

Eraſt. I'd sheath my Sword in my Breast, if ever I shou'd be so egregiously mean as to see you again after this unworthy Usage.

Luc. With all my Heart, let's talk no more on't.

Eraſt. Yes, yes ; let's talk no more on't ; and to cut off all superfluous Discourse, and give you a certain Proof, ungrateful Woman, that I for ever throw off your Chain, I'll keep nothing that may put me in mind of what 'tis necessary for me to forget ; here's your Picture ; it presents to the Eye an hundred wonderful Charms which you're adorn'd with, but underneath it hides an hundred as monstrous Faults, and in short I restore you the Impostor.

Ben.

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Ben. Well said.

Luc. And I, to follow your Design of giving back every thing, restore you this Diamond which you forced me to take.

Mar. Very well.

Eraſt. Here's likewise a Bracelet of yours.

Luc. And this Agath Seal is yours.

Eraſt. (Reads.) *You love me with an extream Love, Eraſtus, and want to know my Heart: If I don't love Eraſtus as much, yet I'm pleas'd with being thus beloved by Eraſtus....* You here assure me that you approve of my Service; 'tis a Falſity worthy of this Punishment. [Tears it.

Luc. (Reads.) *I am ignorant what Fate my burning Love will have, and how long it muſt ſuffer: But, O charming Beauty, I know I ſhall for ever love you.* This assures me of your infinite Love; both the Hand and the Letter told a Lye. [Tears it.

Ben. Go on.

Eraſt. This is yours: That makes it deſerving of the ſame Fortune. [Tears it.

Mar. Go on.

Luc. I ſhou'd be ſorry to ſpare one. [Tears 'em.

Ben. Don't have the laſt.

Mar. Proceed thus to the end.

Luc. Here's all.

Eraſt. And thank Heav'n, here's all too. May I be cut off from the Earth, if I don't keep my Word.

Luc. Heav'n confound me if mine is frivolous.

Eraſt. Farewel then,

Luc. Farewel then.

Mar. So far ſo good.

Ben. You triumph.

Mar. Come, let's leave him.

Ben. Let's be gone after this bold Stroke.

Mar. What do you ſtay for now?

Ben. What more do you want to do?

Eraſt. Ha! *Lucilia, Lucilia*, a Heart like mine is rack'd by ſuch an Accident.

Luc. *Eraſtus, Eraſtus*, a Heart like yours may be eaſily repair'd by another.

Eraſt.

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Erast. No, no, search all the World over, I'm sure you'll never find one so true to you: I don't say this to move you; I shou'd be in the wrong now to have any such Desire: My most ardent Respect cou'd never oblige you, you had a Mind to break off with me; I must think no more on't: But no Body after me, whatever they may pretend, will have half the Passion I had for you.

Luc. When one loves a Person, one uses her otherwise, and makes a better Judgment of her.

Erast. When one loves a Person, Probability may move one's Soul to Jealousie. But when one loves 'em, one can never bear to destroy 'em as you do.

Luc. Pure Jealousie is more respectful——

Erast. We regard more compassionately an amorous Offence.

Luc. No, your Heart, *Erastus*, was never sincere.

Erast. No, *Lucilia*, you never loved me.

Luc. You're mightily concern'd, I suppose; perhaps 'twou'd be much better for me if——but no more of this superfluous Talk: I don't say what my Thoughts are.

Erast. Why not?

Luc. Because we break off Acquaintance, and they're now unseasonable.

Erast. Do we break off Acquaintance?

Luc. Yes; have we not done so already?

Erast. And you are satisfy'd with it?

Luc. Yes, as much as you.

Erast. As much as me?

Luc. 'Tis weakness to shew People that we're grieved at the loss of 'em.

Erast. But, cruel Woman, 'tis you that wou'd have it so.

Luc. I? Not at all; 'twas you.

Erast. I? I thought I had obliged you in it.

Luc. Not at all, you did it for your own Satisfaction.

Erast. But what if my Heart desired its Prison again? If, anger'd as it is, it beg'd Pardon——?

Luc.

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Luc. No, no, I shou'd be too weak, I'm afraid I might too soon grant your Request.

Eraft. Ha! You cannot grant it, nor can I ask it too soon; give your consent, Madam; so pure a Flame ought to remain Immortal for your own sake. At length I ask it: Do you pardon me?

Luc. Lead me home.

SCENE IV.

Marinetta, Ben.

Mar. Oh cowardly Woman!

Ben. Weak Courage!

Mar. I blush with Indignation.

Ben. I swell with Rage: Don't imagine that I'll yield so.

Mar. Don't think I'll be so foolish.

Ben. Come on, come on, you shall soon see what my Anger is capable of doing.

Mar. I am not the Person you take me for; you han't my silly Mistress to deal with. There's a fine Phiz indeed to be in love with! Shou'd I fall in Love with that, I beseech you! Girls like me——

Ben. Aye! are you thereabouts? There, there, take your old fashion'd Point, and Halfpenny Ribbond; it shan't have the Honour of being upon my Ear.

Mar. And to shew you how I despise you, there take your Half hundred of *Paris* Needles, which you gave me Yesterday with such a boasting.

Ben. There take your Rich Sixpenny Knife.

Mar. There take your Scissars with their Brass Chain.

Ben. I had forgot the piece of Cheese you gave me the Day before Yesterday: There: I wou'd I cou'd bring up the Broth you gave me, that I might have nothing of yours.

Mar. I have none of your Letters about me; but I'll burn every Man-Jack of 'em.

Ben. Yours shall go to Pot too.

Mar. See you don't come with your Whinings to me again.

Ben.

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Ben. To hinder our ever reconciling again, we must break a Straw; a Straw broken concludes a thing, amongst Persons of Honour; none of your *doux yeux*, I will be angry.

Mar. None of your Ogles; I'm too much provoked.

Ben. Break this Straw; this is the only way to—
What! do you laugh?

Mar. You make me.

Ben. Deuce take your Laughter, all my Anger's already dulcify'd: What do you say? shall we fall out, or no?

Mar. What you will.

Ben. What you will.

Mar. Nay, it shall be what you will.

Ben. Can you consent never to have me love you?

Mar. I? What you will.

Ben. What you will: Tell me.—

Mar. I'll tell you nothing.

Ben. Nor I.

Mar. Nor I.

Ben. Faith we had better give over this Grimace: Come, shake hands, I pardon you.

Mar. I forgive you.

Ben. Bless me! how I'm bewitch'd to your Charms.

Mar. What a Fool *Marinetta* is, when her dear Punch-gutted *Ben's* in the case.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mascarille, Solus

Mas. **W**HEN Darkness spreads it self over the City;
I'll go to *Lucilia's* Chamber, quoth my Master; therefore go and prepare the Dark Lanthorn, and what Arms are necessary. When he said this, it sounded to me as if he had said, go quickly and get a Halter to hang your self. Come on, Master; my Amazement did not then give me time to answer you; but I will now, and confound you into the bargain: Therefore Defend
R your

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your self, and let's softly dispute the Case. You say you have a mind to go visit *Lucilia* to Night? Yes, *Mascarille*. And what do you mean to do there? The Action of a Lover that wou'd be satisfy'd. 'Tis the Action of a Man that has lost his Wits, to go and venture his Carcass when there's no occasion for't. But do you know what Motive induces me to this? *Lucilia* is angry. So much the worse for her. But Love will have me go and appease her. Love's a Fool, and don't know what he says; pray will this Love guard us from a Rival, or a Father, or a Brother, enraged? Why, do you think any of 'em intend us any harm? Yes marry do I; especially this damn'd Rival. But, *Mascarille*, what I chiefly depend upon is, that we'll go well arm'd, and if any Body interrupts us, we must have a small Skirmish. Aye, but hold there, quoth your Servant: I skirmish! Lord help you! Am I an *Orlando*? I a *Hector*? You don't know me, I see; when I consider that two Inches of cold Iron in this dear Body, is enough to send me to the Grave, I'm quite disgusted with this method. But you shall be arm'd Cap-a-pe. So much the worse; 'twill incumber me in running; and besides, there's no Armour but those Devilish sharp Tools will pierce. Why you'll be posted for a Coward. With all my Heart; provided my Chops may but wag: At Table you may esteem me as good as four if you will; but good now esteem me nothing when there's broken Pates going forward: In short, If you are charm'd with your other World, I am not; and I like the Air of this very well; I an't so greedy of Death and Wounds; and if you will play the fool, it shall be by your self, for me.

S C E N E II.

Valerio, *Mascarille*.

Val. I never had a more uneasy Day: Sure the Sun has forgot himself; he has such a course to run before he reaches his Bed, that I believe he'll ne'er ha' done it; his slowness makes me mad.

Masc.

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Masc. And all this Impatience is only to go in the dark, and grope out some troublesome business or other! You see *Lucilia* is obstinate in her Repulses.

Val. None of these superfluous Tales. Tho' I were sure to meet with a hundred deadly Ambuscades, the Torments of her Wrath are so very painful, that I'll either appease it or meet my Death: I am resolved.

Masc. I approve your Design; but, Sir, the deuce on't is we must get in secretly.

Val. What then?

Masc. And I'm afraid I shall be a rub in your way.

Val. How so?

Masc. I'm plagued to Death with a Cough, and I'm afraid the Noise on't will discover you: I'm every Minute--
(Coughs often.) See how it disturbs me.

Val. Oh 'twill go off, if you'll take a little Liqueurish.

Masc. I don't think it, Sir. I shou'd be mighty glad to go with you; but I shou'd never forgive my self if any Misfortune shou'd happen thro' me to my dear Master.

SCENE III.

Rapiero, Valerio, Mascarille.

Rap. Sir, I come, out of good will, to inform you, that *Erastus* is very much enraged against you; and that *Alberto* designs to break your *Mascarille's* Bones, upon account of his Daughter.

Masc. What have I to do in all this? Have I done any thing that my Bones are to be broken? Am I the Guardian of the Virginity of all the Girls in Town, that I am to be thus menaced? Have I any thing to do in the Temptation? Can I help it, if the Devil prompts Men to —?

Val. Oh! they'll lower their Sails, I'll warrant 'em! *Erastus*, however hot his Love may make him, will get no more than we by the bargain.

Rap. Sir, if you have any need, my Arm's entirely at your Service. You know Sir, I'm no Flincher.

Val. I'm obliged to you, Signior *Rapiero*.

Rap. I have likewise two Friends I can give you;
R 2 they're

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they're Men that will fight with any Body, and on whom you may safely depend.

Masc. Take 'em, Sir, take 'em; take 'em,

Val. You're too complaisant.

Rap. Little *Giles* might have been of Service too, had not a fatal Accident deprived us of him. 'Twas a great Pity Sir; you know the Trick Justice served him, I suppose! He Died like a Heroe; and when he was broken on the Wheel, the Dog did not so much as cry Oh.

Val. Signior *Rapiero*, such a Man is to be Lamented; but as for your Guard, I thank you, I want 'em not.

Rap. Well, be it so; but remember he seeks you, and may play you a scurvy Trick.

Val. To shew you how much I dread him, I my self, if he seeks me, will offer him what he wants; and I'll go this Minute all over the Town with no other Company but him.

Masc. What! Will you tempt God, Sir! Don't be so presumptuous! Law! Don't you see how you're threaten'd, and how——

Val. What are you looking at?

Masc. I think I smell a Cudgel that way—— If you'll take my prudent Advice, don't let us be so obstinate as to remain in the Street, let's go and shut our selves up.

Val. Shut our selves up! Rascal; Dare you propose so base an Action! Without more Words, resolve to follow me.

Masc. Why, Sir! dear Master! Life is sweet! A Body Dies but once, and that's for such a plaguy while!

Val. Sirrah, I'll beat you to Mummy if you dispute any longer. Here comes *Ascanius*; let's leave him; we must see what Course he'll take. In the mean time let's just step into the House, and take what Arms we shall want to fight with.

Masc. I have no great hankering after Duelling. Curse on Love and those damn'd Women, who will be tasting it, and then look as if Butter wou'd not melt in their Mouths.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Ascanius and Frosina.

Asc. Is it true, *Frosina*? Do I not Dream? Good now tell it me word for word.

Frof. You'll know the Particulars in time, if you'll be Patient; Such Accidents are but too often repeated. 'Tis enough for you to know, that after this Will, which was upon Condition a Boy was Born, the last time *Alberto's* Wife was with Child, 'twas of you; she Under-hand, having long before laid the Plot, changed you for the Son of *Agnes*, the *Nose-gay Woman*, who gave you to my Mother to Nurse. Death depriving her of this Infant Ten Months afterwards, *Alberto* being absent, the Fear of her Husband, and his Paternal Love, occasion'd a new Stratagem. His Wife then retook her true Daughter, and you was turn'd into him who before supply'd your Place; and the Death of that pretended Son was hid from *Alberto*, under Pretence 'twas his Daughter that Died. This is the whole Mystery, which your supposed Mother has hitherto conceal'd; she gives Reasons why she did so, and has perhaps more yet to give, whereby all her Interests were not yours. In short, this Visit, from which I expected so little, has been of more Service to your Love than cou'd have been imagin'd. This *Agnes* disowns you, and the Business of your Marriage made the revealing of the Secret necessary; we have both of us inform'd your Father of it, and a Letter of his Wife's has confirm'd it all. Pushing our Point yet farther, a little good Fortune join'd to our Cunning has so adjusted the Interests of *Alberto* and *Polidor*, and discover'd the Mystery to the latter so by degrees, that we might not make things appear too terrible; in a word, so prudently inclin'd his Mind to an Accommodation, that he shews as much Desire to confirm those Knots which your Levity ty'd, as your Father.

Asc. Ah! *Frosina*, how great is the Joy you display to me!

Frof.

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Fros. Farther; the Good Man, having a mind to make himself Merry, has forbid us as yet to mention it to his Son.

SCENE V.

Polidor, Ascanius, Frosina.

Pol. Come hither, Daughter, now I may call you so; I know the Cause of your Designs. You have shew'd so much Boldness, Wit and Mildness in your Stratagem, that I forgive it you, and think my Son will be happy in such a Wife, when he knows 'tis you. You are worth a World; that I'll assure him: But here he comes. Let us improve the Accident to our Mirth; go and fetch 'em all hither quickly.

Asc. The first Compliment I make you shall be Obedience.

SCENE VI.

Mascarille, Polidor and Valerio.

Masc. Disgraces are often reveal'd by Heaven: I Dream'd to Night of Pearls unstrung, and broken Eggs, Sir; this Dream crows me.

Val. Poltron.

Pol. Valerio, a Battle is coming on wherein all your Valour will be necessary, you're to meet a powerful Adversary, I'll promise you.

Masc. And will no Body stir to hinder two Men from cutting one another's Throats. I wou'd willingly; but, Sir, if any fatal Accident shou'd take away your Son, don't accuse me.

Pol. No, no; In this Case I my self urge him to do what he does.

Masc. Unnatural Father!

Val. This Sentiment, Father, becomes a Man of Courage, and I revere you for it. My Action might have offended you, and I was in the wrong to do what I did without a Father's Consent; but how angry soever my Fault may make you, Nature always shews it self more

Powers

The AMOROUS QUARREL. 177

Powerful, and you do well not to suffer *Erastus* to provoke me more.

Pol. They just now made me afraid of His Threats, but things have since changed their Face; and without Possibility of flying, you'll be attack'd by a stronger Enemy.

Mas. Is there no making it up?

Val. I fly! Heaven forbid. And who is this stronger Enemy?

Pol. Ascanius.

Val. Ascanius!

Pol. Yes; he'll be here presently.

Val. What, he that promised to serve me!

Pol. Yes, 'tis he that intends to entertain you, and is resolved to let a single Combat determine the Quarrel, in the Field of Honour, whither he summons you.

Masc. He's a Brave Man; and knows that generous Hearts don't desire other People to second 'em: I'm well come off.

[*Aside.*

Pol. He accuses you of a Cheat, and his Resentment seem'd to me reasonable; so that *Alberto* and I agreed that you shou'd give *Ascanius* Satisfaction for this Affront. But that it shou'd be publickly, and without any Delay, as such Cafes require.

Val. What, Father, and did *Lucilia* obstinately —

Pol. *Lucilia* is to Marry *Erastus*, and condemns you too: and the better to prove what you said false, is resolved to be Marry'd before your own Eyes.

Val. Ha! This Impudence is enough to provoke me indeed: Sure she has lost all Sense of Faith, Conscience and Honour!

SCENE VII.

Alberto, Lucilia, Erastus, and the rest.

Alb. Well; where are the Combatants? Ours is coming. Have you prepared the Courage of yours.

Val. Yes, I am ready, since you will force me to't; and if I at all hesitated, 'twas a Remainder of Respect that made me do it, and not the Valour of the Arm that opposes me. But now all that Respect is blown away, my Mind

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Mind is resolved to undergo any Extremity; and such a strange Perfidiousness is used, that my Love must be revenged. Not that that Love designs to pretend any more to you; no, all its Heat dissolves into Wrath; and when I've made your Shame Publick; your guilty Marriage shan't in the least disturb me. This Proceeding, *Lucilia*, is scandalous; scarce can I believe it, tho' I'm Eye Witness on't; 'tis shewing your self an Enemy to Modesty: you ought to Die for Shame.

Luc. This Talk might affect me, had I not one to Revenge my Cause. Here comes *Ascanius*, he'll soon make you change your Note.

SCENE VIII.

Ascanius, Frosina, Marinetta, Ben, and the rest.

Val. He shan't, tho' he join'd to his twenty more Arms. I'm sorry he defends a guilty Sister: but since, thro' an Error, he is for quarreling with me, we'll answer him and you too, my *Hector*.

Eraft. I was to have had my Share in this; but since *Ascanius* has taken it upon him, I'll have no further Hand in't, but let him finish it.

Val. You do well: Prudence is always seasonable but—

Eraft. He'll give us all Satisfaction upon you.

Val. He?

Pol. Don't be deceived: you don't yet know what strange Youth *Ascanius* is.

Alb. He's now Ignorant of it; but he'll soon shew him

Val. Let him do it now.

Mar. Whar, before every Body?

Ben. That wou'd not be modestly done.

Val. Am I your Jest? I'll break the Head of him that Laughs. Let's see the End.

Ascan. No, no, I'm not so bad as I'm represented: shall rather shew my Weakness in this Business than anything else. Heaven, who disposes of us all, did not force my Heart to oppose you, but reserved it an easie Story to you to finish the Fate of *Lucilia's* Brother.

The AMOROUS QUARREL. 179

Caninus, far from boasting the Power of his Arm, would receive Death from your Hands; yea he will die if his Death might conduce to your Satisfaction, by giving you, in the Presence of all these Persons, a Wife, who justly belongs to you.

Val. No, tho' all the World, after her Perfidiousness and Impudence—

Asc. Let me tell you, *Valerio*, that she who is engaged to you is guilty of no Crime against you: Her Flame is still pure, and her Constancy unshaken, and here I take your own Father for witness.

Pol. Yes, Son, we have now sufficiently ridiculed your Fury, I see 'tis time to undeceive you; she to whom you're bound by Oath is concealed under the Habit you there behold; a worldly Interest, in her very Infancy caused this Disguise, which deceives so many People; and lately Love has caused another which deceived you, in joining their Family to ours. Do not look round you thus, I speak seriously: Yes, 'tis she, whose subtle Wit obtain'd your Hand in the Night under *Lucilia's* Name, and who, by this Stratagem, which none perceived, has sow'd so much Dissention amongst us. But since *Ascanius* now makes room for *Dorothea*, we must disabuse your Love, and by a more sacred Knot strengthen the other.

Alb. This is the single Combat which is to repair your Offence, and against which there are no Laws, as there are against Duelling.

Pol. This Event confounds you; but your Hesitation will be vain.

Val. No, I don't design to be against it; if this Accident suprizes me, it is with a pleasing Surprize, and I'm seiz'd at once with Wonder, Love and Delight. Is it possible that those Eyes—?

Alb. This Habit, dear *Valerio*, will not admit of your Compliments; let's give her another, and you, in the mean time, shall know every Particular.

Val. *Lucilia*, Pardon me, if being abus'd—

Luc. That Injury is soon forgot.

Alb. Come, this Compliment will do well at home, we may then all be Ceremonious if we will.

Eraft. But in the mean time you forget that there is more to be done. Our Loves are indeed crown'd, but who must possess *Marinetta*? *Mascarille* or *Ben*? This Affair must be determined by Bloodshed.

Masc. No, no, my Blood will do better in my Body; let him have her, a God's Name, 'twill do me no hurt: I know *Marinetta's* Humour too well to think that Marriage will obstruct my Courtship.

Mar. And do you think I shall make you my Gallant? As for a Husband, whatever he is, we ought to accept of him, and not use many Ceremonies about it; but a Gallant must be handsome.

Ben. Hear me, when Marriage has join'd our Carcasses, I bar Sparks.

Masc. Why, Brother, do you think to marry her for your self only?

Ben. What do you think? I'll have a Virtuous Wife; or I'll throw the House out o'th' Window.

Masc. You'll be quiet, like the rest; threatening Sweethearts often degenerate into peaceable Husbands.

Mar. Don't fear my Fidelity, good Husband. Flattery will do no good with me; I'll inform you of my Gallants.

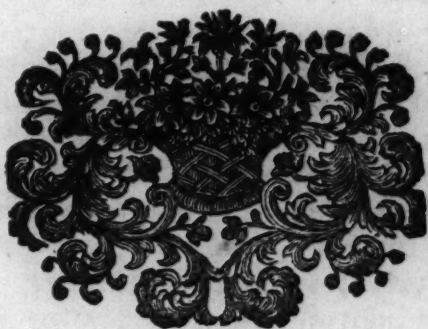
Masc. Oh! Oh! A fine Practice indeed! A Husband made a Confident——

Mar. Hold your Tongue, Knave of Clubs.

Alb. The third time, I say, let us go in, that we may pursue this joyful Conversation more freely.



Les Precieuses Ridicules:
THE
Affected Ladies.
A
COMEDY.



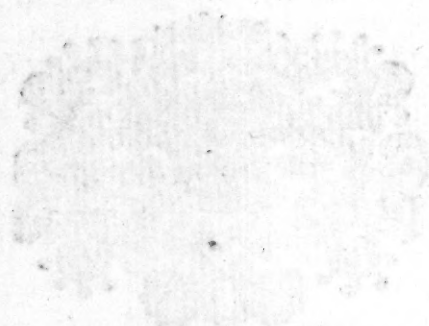
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P R E F A C E.

TIS a strange thing that People shall be put in Print in spite of their Teeth. I think nothing so unjust, and I cou'd Pardon any other Violence sooner than that.

Not that I here mean to Play the modest Author, and to despise my Comedy, out of a Point of Honour. 'Twere an Affront to the whole Town, to Tax them with applauding a Trifle. As the Publick is the absolute Judge of this sort of Works, it wou'd be Impertinence in me to contradict them; and tho' I had had the worst Opinion in the World of my Affect-ed Ladies, before 'twas acted, yet I ought now to think it tolerable, since so many People have agreed in their Approbation of it. But since a great Part of the Graces, that were admired in it, depend on the Action and the Air of Delivery, it was my Interest to hinder it from being stript of those Ornaments, and the Success it had in the Acting was so good, that it satisfied me without going any further. I was resolv'd, I say, never to let it appear by Day-light, that I might not give Occasion to the Proverb; and I did not care to have it leap from the Theatre of Bourbon, into the Gallery of the

S 3

Palais,

P R E F A C E.

Palais. Yet 'tis what I cou'd not avoid, and I am so unhappy as to see a stol'n Copy of my Play in the Hands of the Booksellers, together with a Privilege obtain'd by surprise. In vain I cry'd, O Tempora! O Mores! In Print I must be, or have a Law-suit, and the latter is rather worse than the former. Therefore I'm obliged to yield to Fate, and consent to a Thing, which will be done, whether I will or no.

Lord! what an uncouth thing it is to publish a Book the first time! and how queer an Author looks! If they had given me time, I might have prepared my self better, and taken all the Precautions, that the Gentlemen Authors, now my Brethren of the Quill, are us'd to take upon such Occasions. Besides I wou'd have chosen some great Lord for the Protector of my Work, whether he wou'd or no, and whose Liberality I wou'd have made a Tryal of by a florid Dedication. I wou'd have endeavour'd to have writ a fine learned Preface, and I don't want Books that would have furnish'd me with all that can be said upon Tragedy and Comedy; the Etymology of both of 'em, their Origin, their Definition and so forth. I wou'd likewise have spoken to some Wit-ensuring Friends, who wou'd not have refused to have made some Commendatory Verses, French or Latin. Nay, I have some that wou'd have praised me in Greek, and you know to be praised in Greek has a wonderful Efficacy in the Front
of

P R E F A C E.

of a Book. But I am publish'd without having time to look about me; and I can't so much as get leave to speak two Words to justify my Intentions as to this Comedy. I wou'd have shewn that it is throughout confined within the Bounds of a modest and innocent Satyre; that the most excellent Things are subject to be copy'd by ill Mimicks, who deserve to be toss'd in a Blanket; that these vicious Imitations of the most perfect Things always gave Subject to Comedy, and that by the same Reason for which the truly Learned, and the truly Brave, never yet thought fit to take Offence at the Doctor in a Play, or the Bravo, no more than a Judge, Prince or King, to see Trivelin, or any other, ridiculously acting a Judge, a Prince, or a King: So the truly fine Ladies wou'd be in the wrong to be piqued at the Affected Ones being expos'd for awkwardly imitating them. But, as was said before, I have not Time given me to breathe, and M. de Luines will bind me up this Moment; so since Fate will have it so, and there's no help for't, I must be Content.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

GORGIBUS, *A rich Citizen.*
La Grange, } *Repulsed Lovers.*
Du Croisy, }

The Marquis de Mascarille, Valet to La Grange.

Viscount Jodelet, Valet to Du Croisy.

Almanzor, Footman to the Affected Ladies.

Two Chairmen.

Violins.

W O M E N.

Magdelon, *Daughter to Gorgibus,* } *The Affected*
Cathos, *Niece to Gorgibus,* } *Ladies.*

Marotta, Woman to the Affected Ladies.

Two Neighbour Ladies.

T H E



THE Affected Ladies.

SCENE I.

La Grange, Du Croisy.

Du C R O I S Y.

R. *la Grange.*

La Gran. Well?

Du Crois. Look at me a little, without laughing.

La Gran. And what then?

Du Crois. What say you of our Visit? Are you satisfied with it?

La Gran. Do you think either of us has any great Cause to be satisfied?

Du Crois. Why truly, not much.

La Gran. For my Part, I must confess, I was quite ashamed on'r. Were two Country Pusses ever known to take upon 'em so much, or two Men used with more Contempt than we? They scarce deigned so much as to give us Chairs. I never saw such Whispering as was between 'em, so much gaping, rubbing their Eyes, and asking what a Clock 'twas. Did they return any Answer, besides Yes and No, to all we said? In short, must it not
be

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be confess'd, that if we had been the Scum of the Earth, we cou'd not have been worse used?

Du Croif. You seem to lay it mightily to Heart.

La Gran. I do so, and am resolved to be revenged for this Impertinence. I know what made 'em despise us: The affected Air has not only poison'd *Paris*, but the Country too; and our ridiculous Ladies have suck'd in a good share on't. In a word, they're amphibious, between the Prude and the Coquet; I see what a Man he must be that gains their Favour; and if you'll take my Advice, we'll serve 'em a Trick that shall shew 'em their Folly, and teach 'em how to know whom they have to deal with.

Du Croif. How do you mean to do it?

La Gran. I have a Valet call'd *Mascarille*, who, in the Opinion of several People, passes for a sort of a Wit; for nothing now is cheaper than Wit. He's an extravagant Coxcomb, and has taken it into his Head to pass for a Man of Quality. He pretends to Gallantry and Poetry, and has such a Disdain for others of his condition, that he calls 'em Brutes.

Du Croif. And what do you intend to do with him?

La Gran. What do I intend to do with him? He shall-- but let's be gone from hence.

S C E N E II.

Gorgibus, *du Croisy*, *la Grange*.

Gorg. What, you have seen my Niece and Daughter! Do Matters stand well? What's the Result of this Visit?

La Gran. That you may learn better of them than of us: All we can say is, that we thank you for the Favour you have done us, and remain your very humble Servants.

Du Croif. Your very humble Servants.

Gorg. Hey day! They seem to be dissatisfy'd: What can be the Cause on't? I must know. So ho there.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Marotta, Gorgibus.

Mar. What do you want, Sir?

Gorg. Where are your Mistresses?

Mar. In their Clofet.

Gorg. What are they doing?

Mar. They are making some Lip-salve.

Gorg. Bid 'em come down to me. — These Hussies with their Salves, I think, have a mind to ruin me. There's nothing in the whole House but Whites of Eggs, Puppydog-water, and a thousand other Slops, that I can't name. Since we have been here, they have used the Fat of a Dozen Hogs at least, and four Servants might live every Day on the Legs of Mutton they waste.

SCENE IV.

Magdelon, Cathos, and Gorgibus:

Gorg. There's great occasion indeed for so much Expence to grease your Snouts. Pray tell me what you have done to these Gentlemen, to make them depart so coldly? Did not I command you to receive 'em as Persons that I design'd for your Husbands?

Mag. And in what Esteem, Father, wou'd you have had us held the irregular Proceeding of those Men?

Cath. How cou'd a reasonable Woman, Uncle, like their Persons?

Gorg. Why not?

Mag. Theirs is fine Gallantry indeed! To begin by Marriage!

Gorg. And where the deuce wou'd you have 'em begin? By Whoredom? Is it not a Proceeding which both of you, and I too, have cause to rejoice at? Is any thing more obliging? Does not the Sacred Knot they aspire to testify the Virtue of their Intentions?

Mag. Ah Father! what you say is perfectly Cit like; I'm ashamed to hear you talk thus; you ought to learn a fine Air in things.

Gorg.

Gorg. I care neither for Air nor Song. I tell you Marriage is a sacred thing; and to begin by that is the part of an honest Man.

Mag. Lord! if every one was like you, there'd be an end of Romances; what a fine thing 'twould be if *Cyrus* shou'd be immediately marry'd to *Mandana*, and if *Aronce* shou'd be presently join'd to *Clelia*!

Gorg. What's all this?

Mag. Father, my Cousin will tell you as well as I, that Marriage ought never to come 'till after other Adventures. A Lover, to make himself agreeable, must utter fine Sentiments, act the gentle, the tender, and the passionate, and his Courtship must be according to the Rules. First, he must see in the Church, in a Garden, or at some publick Ceremony, the Person of whom he becomes enamour'd, or else, must be fatally carry'd to visit her by a Kinsman or a Friend, and must depart thoughtful and melancholy. He for some time conceals his Passion from the Object beloved, and yet pays her several Visits, wherein some gallant Question must necessarily be brought on the Carpet, to exercise the Wits of the Assembly. The Day of his Declaration comes; and that must be made in an Alley of some Garden, whilst the rest of the Company's at a distance. This Declaration is follow'd by a sudden Anger, which we express at the expence of a Blush, and which, for a time, banishes the Lover out of our sight. He afterwards finds a way to appease us, to accustom us insensibly to hear of his Passion, and to get from us that Confession, which causes us so much Disturbance. After this come the Adventures; the Rivals that cross an Establish'd Inclination; the Persecutions of Fathers; Jealousies founded upon false Appearances; Complaints, Despairs, runnings away with us, and the Consequences. Thus ought things to be transacted; and these are Rules, which in good Gallantry, cannot be dispensed with. But to come point blank to the Conjugal Tye! To make Love only with the Marriage Contract, and take a Romance just by the Tail! Once more, Father, nothing can be more Trades-man-like; I'm sick at the sole Conceit of it.

Gorg.

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Gorg. What the Devil Jargon do I hear? Here's a deal of lofty Style?

Cath. Indeed, Uncle, my Cousin has hit it right. How could one give those who are entirely incongruous in Gallantry, a kind Reception? I could lay a Wager they never saw the * Map of Tenderness; and Billets Doux, little Cares, gallant Letters, and pretty Verses, are Regions unknown to them. Don't you see that their whole Person shews it, and that they have not the Air which at first sight gives us a good Opinion of People? To make a Love-Visit with a plain Leg; a Hat without Feathers; a Head irregular in Hairs, and Cloaths that are indigent of Ribbons! what Lovers are these! What a Frugality of Dress, and Barrenness of Conversation! It is not to be borne. I likewise observed, that their Bands were not made by a good hand, and that their Breeches were not large enough by half a Foot.

Gorg. I think they are both Mad, I can't comprehend this Cant. *Cathos* and you *Magdelon*!

Mag. Good now Father leave off those strange Names, and call us otherwise.

Gorg. Strange Names? Why, are they not your Christian Names?

Mag. Lord! how vulgar you are! for my part, I'm amazed you could get such a witty Girl as I am. Did you ever hear *Cathos* or *Magdelon* mention'd in a fine Style? Must it not be confess'd, that one of those Names is sufficient to spoil the finest Romance in the World?

Cath. 'Tis true, Uncle; an Ear, ever so little nice, would suffer extremely at the hearing those words pronounced; and the Name of *Polixena*, which my Cousin has chosen, and that of *Aminta*, which I have given my self, have a Grace which you must needs acknowledge.

Gorg. Hear me; one word's as good as a hundred. I can't imagine why you should have other Names than those that were given you by your Godfathers and Godmothers;

* *A small Piece in the Romance of Clelia,*

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mothers; and as for the Gentlemen we're talking of, I know their Families and Estates, and you shall absolutely marry 'em. I'm weary of having you upon my Hands, and the Care of two Girls is too weighty a Charge for a Man of my Age.

Cath. For my part, Uncle, all I can say to you is, that I think Marriage an extreme shocking thing. How can one bear to think of lying by the side of a naked Man?

Mag. Suffer us to breathe a little among the *Beau Monde* of *Paris*, at which we're but just arriv'd. Let us have time to make the Contexture of our Romance, and don't press the Conclusion so much.

Gorg. They're quite spoilt, I see. Once more; I don't understand this Gibbridge, I will be Master, and to cut off all this Discourse, you shall either be both shortly marry'd, or you shall be both Nuns; that's the Word.

SCENE V.

Cathos, Magdelon.

Cath. Lord, my Dear, how deep is thy Father sunk in gross Matter! how thick is his Understanding, and how gloomy is his Soul!

Mag. What wou'd you have, my Dear? I am ashamed for him. I can hardly perswade my self that I am really his Daughter, and I believe that in time some Adventure will discover me to be of a more illustrious Birth.

Cath. I believe it, 'tis very likely; and for my part too, when I behold my self, I—

SCENE VI.

Marotta, Cathos, Magdelon.

Mar. Here's a Footman asks if you're at home, and says his Master is coming to wait on you.

Mag. Learn, Blockhead, to express your self less vulgarly. Say, here's a necessary Utensil wants to know if you are at present visible.

Mar. Mistress, I don't understand *Latin*, and never study'd Philosophy, as you have, in *Cyrus the Great*.

Mag.

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Mag. Impertinent Wretch! How can this be borne! and pray who is this Footman's Master!

Mar. He said the Marquiss of *Mascarille*.

Mag. Ah my Dear! a Marquiss! Yes; go and tell him we are to be seen. 'Tis undoubtedly a Wit, that has heard talk of us.

Cath. Certainly, my Dear.

Mag. We had better receive him in this Parlor than in our Chamber; let us adjust our Hair however, and maintain our Reputation. Quick, come in here, and hold to us the Counsellor of Graces.

Mar. Faith I don't know what Creature that is; you must speak like a Christian, if you'd have me understand you.

Cath. Bring us the Looking-Glass, Ignorance. And take care not to defile it by the Communication of your Image.

SCENE VII.

Mascarille and two Chairmen.

Mas. So ho, Chairmen, so ho. La, la, la, la, la, la, I think these Rascals design to bruise me to mummy by beating me against the Walls and Pavement.

1 *Chair.* Sir, the Door is narrow. Besides, you wou'd have us bring you quite in.

Masc. Ay to be sure, Sirrah; wou'd you have me expose my Feathers to the Inclemency of the Weather, and contaminate my Shoes? Go, take your Chair away.

2 *Chair.* Pay us then, Sir?

Masc. Hem.

2 *Chair.* Sir, I desire you'd give us Mony.

Masc. (*Giving him a Box on the Ear.*) What, Sirrah, ask Mony of a Person of my Quality!

2 *Chair.* Are poor Folk to be paid thus? Will your Quality dine us?

Masc. I shall make you know your self. Dare these Rascals play upon me?

1 *Chair.* (*Taking up one of the Poles of his Chair*) Come, pay us quickly.

Masc. Ha?

1 *Chair.*

Chair. I say I'll have Money immediately.

Masc. He's in the right.

Chair. Come quickly then.

Masc. Ay; you speak something like; but t'other's a Knave, and don't know what he says. There, are you satisfy'd?

Chair. No, I am not satisfy'd, you gave my Comrade a Blow, and —

Masc. Stay, there's for the Blow. You may obtain what you will of me, if you go rightly about it. Come and take me up again by and by, to carry me to Court.

SCENE VIII.

Marotta, Mascarille.

Mar. Sir, my Mistresses are coming to you presently.

Masc. Don't let 'em hurry themselves, I can wait.

Mar. Here they come.

SCENE IX.

Magdelon, Cathos, Mascarille, and Almanzor.

Masc. (After having saluted 'em.) Ladies, you'll undoubtedly be surprized at the Boldness of my Visit; but your Reputation draws this unhappy Business upon you, and Merit is to me so charming, that I run every where after it.

Mag. If you pursue Merit, you must not hunt in our Grounds.

Cath. If there's Merit in our House, 'tis you have brought it along with you.

Masc. Ah! I must deny that. Fame is true as to your Deserts, and you pique, repique, and capot all the Gallantry in Paris.

Mag. Your Complaisance goes a little too far in the Liberality of its Praises; my Cousin and I shall take care not to give too much Credit to your Flattery.

Cath. My Dear, we must call for Chairs.

Mag. Almanzor.

Alm.

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Alm. Madam.

Mag. Convey us hither, quickly, the Conveniencies of Conversation.

Masc. But am I safe here?

Cath. What are you afraid of?

Masc. Some Theft upon my Heart, some Attempt upon my Freedom. I behold Eyes that seem to be naughty Boys, for insulting over Liberty, and using a Heart barbarously. What the Deuce, so soon as ever one comes near 'em they're upon their murdering Guard. Ah! Faith I'm distrustful, and I must run away, I would not warrant my self secure here.

Mag. My Dear, he's the jovial Character.

Cath. I see he's an *Amilcar*.

Mag. Don't be afraid, our Eyes have no ill Design, and your Heart may rest satisfy'd of our Behaviour.

Cath. But pray, Sir, don't be inexorable to that Elbow-Chair, which, for this Quarter of an Hour, has stretch'd out its Arms to embrace you.

Masc. (*After having comb'd himself and settled his * Can-nions.*) Well, Ladies, what do you say of *Paris*?

Mag. Alas! what can we say on't? It would be the Antipodes to Reason not to confess that *Paris* is the only Place for Wonders, the Center of good Taste, Wit, and Gallantry.

Masc. For my Part, I think out of *Paris* there's no living for well-bred People.

Cath. 'Tis an incontestible Truth.

Masc. 'Tis a little dirty, indeed, but then there are Chairs to be had.

Mag. 'Tis true, a Chair is a wonderful Safeguard from Dirt and ill Weather.

Masc. Sure, Persons of so much Wit as you receive a great many Visits!

Mag. Alas, we are not yet known; but we are likely to be so, and we have a particular Friend who has promised to bring us all the Gentlemen who have help'd in the New Miscellanies.

Cath. And certain others, whom he named to us for the Sovereign Arbitrators of fine Things.

Masc. I'll do your Business better than any one; they

T all

* A sort of *Pataloons*.

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all Visit me, and I may say I never rise without half a dozen *Beaux Esprits* at my *Levée*.

Mag. Lord, we shou'd be infinitely obliged to you if you'd do us that Kindness; for, in short, if one wou'd be one of the *Beau Monde*, one must be acquainted with those Gentlemen. 'Tis they that influence Reputation at *Paris*; and you know that tho' one only keeps Company with 'em 'tis enough to spread a Rumour that one is a wonderful Critick. But for my part, what I chiefly consider is, that by these witty Visits, we're instructed in a hundred things, which are necessary to be known, and which are the very Essence of a *Bel Esprit*. Thereby one every Day learns the little Gallant Stories, pretty Commerce in Prose or Verse. One perfectly knows that such a one has compos'd the prettiest Piece in the World upon such a Subject, such a one has adapted words to such a Tune; this Man has made a Madrigal upon an Enjoyment; that Man has compos'd Stanza's upon Infidelity; Mr. *Such-a-one* yesterday Evening writ a Copy of six Verses to Mrs. *Such a one*, to which she returned him an Answer this Morning at Eight a Clock; such an Author has form'd such a Design; this Man is upon the Third Part of his Romance; that Man is putting his Works into the Press; this is what makes one be valued in Company, and if one's Ignorant of these Things, I wou'd not give a Pin for all the Wit in the World.

Cath. Indeed I think it mighty Ridiculous for a Person to pretend to Wit, and not know the least Quatrain that is made every Day; and for my part, I shou'd be the most ashamed Woman in the World, if any one shou'd ask me if I had seen such a new Piece, and I had not seen it.

Masc. 'Tis true, 'tis a Shame to one not to be one of the first that knows what's done. But don't trouble your selves; I'll establish at your House an Academy of Wits, and promise you that there shan't be a Rhime made in *Paris*, but you shall know it by Heart before any of the rest. For my Part, such as you see me, I write a little when I have a mind to'r, and you may see things of mine in all the witty Assemblies of Ladies in *Paris*; at least two hundred Songs, as many Sonnets, four hundred Epigrams, and above a thousand Madrigals, without reckoning *Ænigmas* and Descriptions.

Mag.

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Mag. I must needs confess I am furiously for Descriptions; nothing's so Gallant.

Masc. Descriptions are difficult and require a profound Wit; you shall see some of mine that won't displease you.

Cath. For my Part I love *Ænigma's* terribly.

Masc. They exercise the Wit; I have made four already this Morning, which I'll give you, to guess at.

Mag. Madrigals are agreeable, when well turn'd.

Masc. That's my particular Talent, and I'm about turning all the *Roman* History into Madrigals.

Mag. That must be infinitely fine, I bespeak one Copy at least, if 'tis printed.

Masc. I promise you one a-piece, well Bound. 'Tis beneath my Quality, indeed; but I only do it for the Book-seller's Profit, who are always importuning me.

Mag. I believe 'tis a great Pleasure to see ones self in Print.

Masc. Without doubt. But well thought on; I must repeat to you an Extempore which I made yesterday at a Dutchess's of my Acquaintance, whom I went to visit; I'm old Dog at Extempores.

Cath. An Extempore is the Touch-stone of Wit.

Masc. Listen then.

Mag. With all our Ears.

Masc. Oh! Oh! *my wand'ring Thoughts did stray,*

Thoughtless of Harm, whilst you I view,

Your Eyes by stealth my Heart subdue,

Stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief, I say.

Cath. Ah Heavens! this is Gallant to the utmost Degree.

Masc. All I do has a Cavalier Air; it don't savour at all of the Pedant.

Mag. 'Tis above two thousand Leagues from it.

Masc. Did you observe the beginning, Oh! Oh? this is extraordinary, Oh! Oh! like one that thinks on't all of a sudden, Oh! Oh! Surprise; Oh! Oh!

Mag. Yes, I think, Oh! Oh! admirable.

Masc. 'Tis nothing.

Cath. Nothing, say you? These sort of things can never be enough admired.

Mag. Certainly; I had rather have made Oh! Oh! than an Epic Poem.

Masc. What a fine Taste you have!

Mag. Why, indeed, 'tis not stark naught.

Masc. But don't you likewise admire. *My wandring Thoughts did stray. my wandring Thoughts did stray; 'twas unawares; a natural way of speaking. my wandring Thoughts did stray. Thoughtless.* That is innocently, without Malice, like a poor Sheep; *Whilst you I view*, that is heedfully consider you, observe you, contemplate. *Your Eyes by Stealth* — What do you think of that, *by Stealth*? Is it not well chosen?

Cath. Mighty well.

Masc. *By Stealth*, Perdue; it looks as if 'twere a Cat which had snapt a Moufe. *By Stealth.*

Mag. Nothing can be better.

Masc. *My Heart subdue*, takes it from me; forces it from me. *Stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief.* Wou'd not you think a Man were crying, and running after a Thief; *Stop Thief stop Thief, stop Thief.*

Mag. It must be confess'd it has a witty and gallant Turn.

Masc. I'll sing you the Tune I made to't.

Cath. Have you learnt Musick?

Masc. I? No, not at all.

Cath. Then how cou'd you make a Tune?

Masc. Persons of Quality know every thing without Learning.

Mag. Certainly, my Dear.

Masc. Hear if you like the Tune; hem, hem; la, la, la, la, la. The Brutality of the Season has furiously damnified the Delicacy of my Voice; but no matter, 'tis à la Cavalier.

Sings.

Oh! Oh! my wandring Thoughts, &c.

Cath. How passionate an Air this is! 'tis enough to kill one with Delight.

Mag. There's something Cromatick in it.

Masc. Don't you think the Thought will express'd in the singing? *Stop Thief, stop Thief.* And then as if one cry'd very earnestly, *St-o-o-o o-o-op Thief.* And then all of a sudden as out of Breath, *Stop Thief.*

Mag. This 'tis to know the Nicety of Things, the grand Nicety, the Nicety of Niceties. The whole is wonderful.

I'll

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I'll assure you I'm rapt both with the Tune and Words.

Cath. I never yet saw any thing so bold.

Masc. All I do comes to me naturally and without Study.

Mag. Nature has used you like a Passionate Mother, and you're her Fondling.

Masc. What do you spend your time in, Ladies?

Cath. Nothing at all.

Mag. Since we've been here we have had a terrible Fast from Diversions.

Masc. I'm at your Service to Usher you to the Play, if you will; and there's a new one to be play'd, which I shou'd be glad to have you see with me.

Mag. This Offer is not to be refused.

Masc. But, I beg you'd clap it, for I'm ingaged to promote the Piece, the Author came this Morning to desire me to do it. 'Tis the Custom here for Authors to come and read to us Persons of Quality their new Pieces, to engage us to approve of 'em and give 'em Reputation; and I'll leave you to imagine if, when we say any thing, the * Pit dare contradict us. For my part I am very Punctual in that; and when I have made a Promise to a Poet I always cry, *That is fine*, before the Candles are lighted.

Mag. Well, when all's done, *Paris* is an admirable Place; there happens in it every Day, some Thing or other, which in the Country one might, tho' never so witty, be ignorant of.

Cath. 'Tis enough; since we're instructed, we shall cry up every thing that's said.

Masc. I can't tell whether or no I'm deceived; but methinks, by the Air of your Faces, you should have written a Play.

Mag. Why indeed we have done some such thing.

Masc. Faith we must see it. As a Secret, I too have composed one, which I design to have acted.

Cath. What Comedians do you mean to give it to?

Masc. That's a fine Question indeed! To the Royal Comedians, they only are capable of making Things be esteem'd; the others are ignorant Wretches that act just as one would talk, who cannot bluster out the Verses nor dwell

* The Pit in France is the worst Place, as our Gallery is here.

* The Pit in France is the worst Place, as our Gallery is here.

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dwell upon a good Passage; and how shou'd one know where a fine Verse is, if the Comedian don't stop at it, and thereby warn you to clap.

Cath. Indeed that is a way to make an Audience perceive the Beauty of a Work; things only are esteem'd as they are put in a proper Light.

Masc. What do you think of my Trimming? Is it agreeable to my Cloaths?

Cath. Yes.

Masc. Is the Ribbon well chosen?

Mag. Furiously well. 'Tis a fine Plumb Colour?

Masc. How do like my Cannions?

Mag. They are extremely genteel.

Masc. I may however boast that they're a Quarter of a Yard larger than any that are made.

Mag. I must needs say I never saw more Elegance in Drefs.

Masc. Fix upon these Gloves the Reflection of your Smelling Faculty.

Mag. They smell terribly fine.

Cath. I never smelt a better temper'd Odour.

Masc. And this here? [*Puts his Wig to their Nose to smell to.*]

Mag. 'Tis extremely noble; the Sublime is deliciously touch'd in it.

Masc. You say nothing of my Feather, how do you like it?

Cath. Frightfully well.

Masc. Do you know that this little top Feather, cost me a *Louis d'Or*? For my part, I have this Folly, I love every thing that's fine.

Mag. I assure you, then, we sympathize. I am furiously nice in all I wear; and cannot bear to have even my Stockings from an indifferent Hand.

Masc. (*Bawling suddenly out.*) Hold, hold; Damme, Ladies, you use me very ill; This is not well done, I have cause of Complaint.

Cath. What ails you?

Masc. What! both at once against my Heart? to attack me right and left? 'Tis contrary to the Law of Nations; two to one's odds; I shall cry out Murther.

Cath. It must be confess'd, he says things in a particular Manner.

Mag.

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Mag. He has an admirable turn'd Wit.

Cath. You're more afraid than hurt, your Heart cries before 'tis wounded.

Masc. 'Oons! but I'm all one Wound from Head to Foot.

SCENE X.

Marotta, and the rest,

Mar. Madam, here's one wants to speak with you.

Mag. Who is't?

Mar. The Vicount *Jodelet*.

Masc. The Vicount *Jodelet*!

Mar. Yes Sir.

Cath. Do you know him?

Masc. He's my particular Friend.

Mag. Desire him, quickly, to walk in.

Masc. We han't seen each other this good while, and I'm overjoy'd at this Accident.

Cath. Here he comes.

SCENE XI.

Jodelet, and the rest.

Masc. Ah Vicount!

Jod. (*Embracing*) Ah Marquiss.

Masc. How glad am I to meet you!

Jod. How joyful am I to see you here!

Masc. Come; prithee kiss me—

Mag. My dear, we now begin to be known; the *Beau Monde* have found the way to our House.

Masc. Ladies, let me present this Gentleman to you. Upon my Word he's worth your Knowledge.

Jod. 'Tis just we shou'd pay you your due, and your Charms exact their Lordly Rights over all sorts of People.

Mag. You drive your Civility to the utmost Confines of Flattery.

Cath. This Day ought to be mark'd in our Almanack with a red Letter.

Mag. Come, Boy; must you always be told things over and over? Don't you see that we want an increase of Chairs?

Masc. Don't be amazed to see the Vicount thus, he's
but

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but just recovered from a fit of Sickness, which makes him Pale as you see.

Fod. 'Tis the Fruits of Court-Attendance and Fatigues of War.

Masc. Do you know, Ladies, that you behold in the Vicount one of the Heroes of the Age? He's a very brave Man.

Fod. You're not inferior to me, Marquiss; we know that you can do something too.

Masc. 'Tis true, we have seen each other upon Occasion.

Fod. And where 'twas very hot too.

Masc. (Looking at both the Ladies.) But not so hot as 'tis here. Ha, ha, ha.

Fod. Our Acquaintance began in the Army, and the first time we saw each other he commanded a Regiment of Horse on the Gallies of Malta.

Masc. 'Tis true; but yet you were in the Service before me, and I remember that I was but a petty Officer when you commanded two thousand Horse.

Fod. War is a fine thing; but, faith, the Court don't Recompence Men of Merit like us, as it ought.

Masc. And that made me hang up my Sword.

Cath. For my part, I have a furious Tendernefs for Men of the Sword.

Mag. I love 'em too; but I'd have Bravery season'd with Wit.

Masc. Vicount, do you remember that Half Moon we gain'd from the Enemy at the Siege of Arras?

Fod. What do you talk of a Half Mcon? Was not it a whole One?

Masc. I think it was.

Fod. Faith I have good Reason to remember it; I was wounded there with a Granadoe in my Leg. Pray feel; you'll perceive the Impression, there 'twas.

Cath. 'Tis true, the Scar is large.

Masc. Give me your Hand and feel this; there, just on the back Part of my Head; are you at it?

Mag. Yes, I feel something.

Masc. 'Tis a Musket-shot, which I receiv'd the last Campaign I served in.

Fod. Here's another Wound, which went quite thro' me at the Attack of Gravelin.

Masc.

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Masc. (*Putting his Hand on the Button of his Breeches.*)
I'll shew you a furious Wound.

Mag. No, no, we believe you without looking on't.

Masc. They're honourable Marks, and shew what a Man is.

Cath. We don't doubt of what you are.

Masc. Vicount, is you're Coach here?

Jod. Why?

Masc. We'll carry the Ladies abroad, and give 'em a Treat.

Mag. We can't stir out to Day.

Masc. Let's have Musick then, and Dance.

Jod. Faith that's well thought on.

Mag. That we consent to; but then we must have some Augmentation of Company.

Masc. Soho, Champagne, Picard, Bourignon, Casquaret, Basque, Verdure, Lorrain, Provencal, Violette. The Devil take all these Lacquies. I don't think there's a Gentleman in France so ill served as I am. These Rascals always leave me alone.

Mag. Almanzor, tell the Marquiss's Men to go and fetch Violins, and bring some of the Neighbours to People the Solitude of our Ball.

Masc. Vicount, what do you say of these Eyes?

Jod. What do you think of 'em, Marquiss!

Masc. I think that our Liberty will hardly 'scape Scot-free; at least, for my part, I receive strange Blows, and my Heart now hangs but on one Thread.

Mag. How natural is all he says! he gives things a mighty agreeable Turn.

Cath. 'Tis true, he spends his Wit freely.

Masc. To shew you that what I say is true, I'll make an Extempore Verse on't.

[*He Studies.*]

Cath. I beseech you devoutly to let's hear something made upon Us.

Jod. I shou'd be glad to do so too; but I'm a little incommoded in my Poetick Vein, thro' the many Bleedings I have lately suffered.

Masc. Deuce take it! I always make the first Verse well, but I'm plagued with the rest. Faith this is a little

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too

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too sudden, I'll make you an Extempore if you'll give me time, and you shall think it the finest in the World.

Fod. He's devilish witty.

Mag. And his Wit's Gallant, and well turn'd.

Masc. Vicount, how long is't since you saw the Countess?

Fod. 'Tis above three Weeks since I last visited her.

Masc. Do you know that the Duke came to see me this Morning; and wou'd fain have carry'd me into the Country to hunt a Stag with him?

Mag. Here come our Friends.

SCENE XII.

Marotta, Lucilia, Celimene, and the rest.

Mag. Lord, my Dear, we beg your Pardon. These Gentlemen had a Mind to give us a Dance, and we sent for you to fill up the Vacuums of our Assembly.

Luc. We are certainly obliged to you.

Masc. This is a Ball made in haste; but e'er long we'll give you a more formal one. Is the Musick come?

Alm. Yes, Sir, they're here.

Cath. Come then, my Dears, seat your selves.

Masc. (*Dancing alone by way of Prelude.*) La, la, la.

Mag. His Shape is extremely Elegant.

Cath. He looks as if he could Dance very properly.

Masc. (*Taking Magdelon.*) My Freedom will soon Dance the Courant, as well as my Feet. Quicker, Violins, Faster. O ignorant Wretches? There's no dancing with 'em. The Devil take you, can't you play in Measure? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la? They're Country Scrapers!

Fod. (*Dancing afterwards.*) Soho, not so fast; I'm but just recover'd of a Fit of Sickness.

SCENE XIII.

Du Croisy, La Grange, and the rest.

La Gran. (*With a sick in his Hand.*) Ah, ha, Rogues, what are you doing here? we have look'd for you these three Hours.

Masc.

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Masc. (*Feeling himself beaten*) Oh, Oh; you did not say you'd strike so hard.

Jod. Ah, ah, ah.

La Gran. It becomes you, Villain, to pretend to Quality, indeed.

Du Croisf. This will make you know your selves.

SCENE XIV.

Mascarille, Jodelet, Cathos, Magdelon, Marotta, Lucilia, Celimene.

Mag. What's the meaning of this ?

Jod. 'Tis a Wager.

Cath. What, suffer your selves to be beaten thus!

Masc. Lord, I wou'd not seem to feel it, because I am naturally violent, and shou'd ha' been guilty of some Extravagance.

Mag. To endure such an Affront as this in our Presence?

Masc. 'Tis nothing, let's go on. We have known one another a great while, and amongst Friends one wou'd not be provoked at so small a matter.

SCENE XV.

Du Croisy, La Grange, and the rest.

La Gran. Faith, Rascals, I'll promise you shan't make a Jest of us. Come in there.

Enter three or four Bravos.

Mag. How dare you be so bold as to disturb us thus in our own House?

Du Croisf. Shall we suffer our Footmen to be better receiv'd than we? to Court you, and give you a Ball at our Expence?

Mag. Your Footmen?

Gran. Yes, our Footmen; and 'tis not just in you to debauch 'em thus.

Mag. O Heav'ns, what Insolence is this !

Gran. But they shan't have the Advantage of our Cloaths to allure you; and if you will love 'em, faith it shall be for their natural Beauty. Come, uncase quickly.

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Jod.

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Jod. Farewel Finery.

Masc. There's our Marquisate and Vicountship in the dirt.

Du Crois. What, Knaves, dare you interfere with us? I'll assure you shall go somewhere else to gain the Ladies Favours.

Gran. 'Tis the Devil to supplant us with our own Cloaths.

Masc. O Fortune, how great is thy Inconstancy!

Du Crois. Quick, pull off every thing.

Gran. Make haste and carry away all these things. Now, Ladies, in their present Condition you are free to continue your Amours with 'em, and this Gentleman and I protest that we won't be at all jealous.

[*Celim. and Lucil. Exit.*]

Cath. What Confusion is this!

Mag. I burst with Indignation.

Violins. (*To the Marquis.*) Who's to pay us?

Masc. Ask the Vicount.

Viol. (*To the Vicount.*) Who's to give us our Mony?

Jod. Ask the Marquis.

S C E N E XVI.

Gorgibus, Mascarille, Magdelon, Cathos.

Gorg. So; you have made rare Laughing-stocks of us, truly; the Gentlemen have told me fine things of you.

Mag. Ah! Father, we've been served a deadly Trick.

Gorg. Yes, 'tis a deadly Trick; but 'tis the effect of your Impertinence, Hussies. They resented the Usage you gave 'em, and now, unhappy that I am, I must put up the Assront.

Mag. No, I swear, we'll be revenged on 'em, or I'll die in the Attempt. And you, Rascal dare you stay after your Impudence?

Masc. Use a Marquis thus? See how the least Disgrace makes one be despised by those that before caressed one! Come, Brother, let's go seek our Fortune elsewhere; I see that here nothing but vain Appearance will take, and naked Virtue goes unregarded.

S C E N E

SCENE XVII.

Gorgibus, Magdelon, Cathos, *Violins.*

Viol. Sir, we expect you to pay us for them, since we play'd here.

Gorg. (*Beating 'em.*) Yes, yes, I'll pay you; but it shall be in this Coin. And you, you Sluts, I don't know why I shou'd not serve you the same Sawce; we shall be the Jest and Laughter of every Body, and see what your Extravagances have brought upon us. Go, and for ever hide yourselves. And you, who caused their Folly, you idle Trash, pernicious Amusements for lazy People, Romances, Verses, Songs, and Sonnets, the Devil take you all.

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